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ART. I. — *A Tour on the Prairies.*

The Crayon Miscellany, by the Author of the Sketch Book. No. 1.—*A Tour on the Prairies.* Philadelphia. 1835.

WE regard Washington Irving as the best living writer of English prose. Let those who doubt the correctness of this opinion name his superior. Let our brethren in England name the writer, whom they place before Washington Irving. He unites the various qualities of a perfect manner of writing; and so happily adjusted and balanced are they, that their separate marked existence disappears in their harmonious blending. His style is sprightly, pointed, easy, correct, and expressive, without being too studiously guarded against the opposite faults. It is without affectation, parade, or labor. If we were to characterize a manner, which owes much of its merit to the absence of any glaring characteristic, we should perhaps say, that it is, above the style of all other writers of the day, marked with an expressive elegance. Washington Irving never buries up the clearness and force of the meaning, under a heap of fine words; nor on the other hand does he think it necessary to be coarse, slovenly, or uncouth, in order to be emphatic.

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At the present day, mere ordinary good writing is no great affair. The daily newspapers are filled with it. Every election brings out compositions, we will not say equal to those of Junius, but such as if, by any accident, they could be shuffled in, among the letters of the 'shadow of a great name,' with the requisite change of topics and dates, would furnish no easy means of detection, from internal evidence. For this reason, it is certainly no great praise, at the present day, to say of an author, that he writes well. But to accord to him, with any shew of justice, the praise of being the best writer of the time, is, for the same reason, a far higher tribute, than would be paid, in the same judgment, bestowed at any other period in the history of our language.

Did Mr. Irving's merit in this respect rest in the mere point of criticism, we should deem it a matter of less import, though by no means insignificant; for of all the fine arts, which is more admirable than fine writing? But we desire to make a national matter of our countryman's merit in this respect. Mr. Irving, before his long residence in Europe, was a popular and successful writer; and the style of his earliest productions has all the essential merits of those recently published. We do not say, that there has been no improvement; for what kind of a mind would it be, that should make no progress, in the art of its choice, during seventeen years of successful cultivation? But all the elements of Washington Irving's style are as visible in his contributions to the Salmagundi, and in Knickerbocker, as they are in his last work. We commend this to the worshipful company of tourists and critics in England, as a phenomenon worthy of consideration; not the ordinary rabble of tourists and critics, but your philosophical Captain Halls, and your Quarterly Reviewers of high education and high breeding. Captain Hall, who has been wrecked on the Loo-choo islands, where they speak a terribly corrupt Chinese, found the Americans harder to understand, than *any* people he had ever fallen in with! We pity the poor captain the fagging it will cost him, to work his way through this first number of the Crayon Sketches. If we had a spare copy of one of the miscellaneous tracts of Confucius, we would get it forwarded to the captain, as his *délassement*, from the labor of puzzling out this last specimen of Jonathan's *patois*. If, however, he has prepared himself, by a pretty diligent study of the Sketch Book and the Life of Columbus,

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he may, in the course of the summer, master all but the hard places and the more outrageous Americanisms, which none but a na ive, fresh caught, could be expected to grapple with. The whole would furnish a pretty introduction to the study of Channing, Cooper, and Bryant, should the captain form the adventurous purpose of going to the bottom of the American language; — a purpose, however, which would need to be pursued with some caution, lest he should be betrayed, meantime, into forgetfulness of his mother tongue. We remember to have heard of an unfortunate professor at I eyden, who had actually studied himself out of the possession of any vernacular dialect. A native of Pomerania, he had been early transplanted to Holland. Being there wholly occupied with lecturing in the Latin language, he lost his German, without acquiring Dutch. At the end of thirty years, he could have held a very tolerable conversation with a Greek scholiast, and he spoke a Latin more exquisitely Ciceronian than that of Cicero himself, but could not have asked for a piece of bread and butter from the mother who bore him. Should Captain Hall take us at our word, and devote himself too exclusively to the American dialect, he might end in wholly dispossessing himself of that English undefiled, which forms the glory of the native citizen of Westmoreland and Yorkshire, the land of Cockayne and the land of cakes.

In bestowing upon Mr. Irving the praise of a perfect style of writing, it must not be understood, that we commend him, in a point of mere manner. To write as Mr. Irving writes, is not an affair, which rests in a dexterous use of words alone; at least not if we admit the popular, but unphilosophical distinction, between words and ideas. Mr. Irving writes well, because he thinks well; because his ideas are just, clear, and definite. He knows what he wants to say, and expresses it distinctly and intelligibly, because he so apprehends it. There is also no affectation in the writer, because there is none in the man. There is no pomp in his sentences, because there is no arrogance in his temper. There is no overloading with ornament, because with the eye of an artist, he sees when he has got enough; and he is sprightly and animated, because he catches his tints from nature, and dips his pencil in truth, which is always fresh and racy. No man contemplates, with greater tenderness than we do, the frailties of Dr. John-

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son; none respects more the sound parts of his moral system; or admires more the vigor of the elephantine step, with which he sometimes tramples down insolent error and presumptuous sophistry. But let no young man, who wishes to learn to write well, study his style. Let him rather obey the precept, than follow the example of the venerable sage, whose vigorous judgment often broke out into candor, and give his days and nights, not to the volumes of the Rambler, but of the Spectator. And if he wishes to study a style, which possesses the characteristic beauties of Addison's, its ease, simplicity, and elegance, with greater accuracy, point, and spirit, let him give his days and nights to the volumes of Irving.

Washington Irving has been much and justly commended in England and America, but full justice has not yet been done him. Compare him with any of the distinguished writers of his class of this generation, excepting Sir Walter Scott, and with almost any of what are called the English classics of any age. Compare him with Goldsmith, one of the canonized names of the British pantheon of letters; who touched every kind of writing, and adorned every kind, that he touched. In one or two departments, it is true, that of poetry and the drama, departments which Mr. Irving has not attempted and in which much of Goldsmith's merit lies, the comparison partly fails; but place their pretensions, in every other respect, side by side. Who would think of giving the miscellaneous writings of Goldsmith a preference over those of Irving, and who would name his historical compositions with the life of Columbus? If in the drama and in poetry Goldsmith should seem to have extended his province, greatly beyond that of Irving, the life of Columbus is a *chef d'œuvre* in a department, which Goldsmith can scarcely be said to have touched; for the trifles on Grecian and Roman history, which his poverty extorted from him, deserve to enter into comparison with Mr. Irving's great work, about as much as Eutropius deserves to be compared with Livy. Then how much wider Irving's range in that department, common to both, the painting of manners and character! From Mr. Irving we have the humors of contemporary politics and every-day life in America, — the traditionary peculiarities of the Dutch founders of New-York, — the nicest shades of the school of English manners of the last century, — the chivalry of the middle ages in Spain, — the glittering visions of Moorish Romance, — a large cycle

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of sentimental creations founded on the invariable experience, — the pathetic sameness, — of the human heart, — and lastly, the whole unhackneyed freshness of the West, — life beyond the border, — a camp outside the frontier, — a hunt on buffalo ground, beyond which neither white nor Pawnee, man nor muse, can go. This is Mr. Irving's range, and in every part of it he is equally at home. When he writes the history of Columbus, you see him weighing doubtful facts, in the scales of a golden criticism. You behold him, laden with the manuscript treasures of well-searched archives, and disposing the heterogeneous materials, into a well-digested and instructive narration. Take down another of his volumes, and you find him in the parlor of an English country inn, of a rainy day, and you look out of the window with him upon the dripping, dreary desolation of the back-yard. Anon, he takes you into the ancestral hall of a baronet of the old school, and instructs you in the family traditions, of which the memorials adorn the walls and depend from the rafters. Before you are wearied with the curious lore, you are on the pursuit of Kidd the pirate, in the recesses of Long-Island; and by the next touch of the enchanter's wand, you are rapt into an enthusiastic reverie of the mystic East, within the crumbling walls of the Alhambra. You sigh to think you were not born six hundred years ago, that you could not have beheld those now deserted halls, as they once blazed in triumph, and rang with the mingled voices of oriental chivalry and song, when you find yourself once more borne across the Atlantic, whirled into the western wilderness, with a prairie wide as the ocean before you, and a dusky herd of buffaloes, like a crowded convoy of fleeing merchantmen, looming in the horizon and inviting you to the chace. This is literally *nullum fere genus scribendi non tigit nullum quod tetigit non ornviit.* Whether any thing like an equal range is to be found in the works of him, on whom the splendid compliment was first bestowed, it is not difficult to say.

To what class of compositions the present work belongs, we are hardly able to say. It can scarcely be called a book of travels, for there is too much painting of manners, and scenery, and too little statistics; — it is not a novel, for there is no story; and it is not a romance, for it is all true. It is a sort of sentimental journey, a romantic excursion, in which nearly all the elements of several different kinds of writing are

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beautifully and gaily blended into a production almost *sui generis*. It is a creation of Mr. Irving's mind, not out of nothing, that is, as we have said, it is not a mere romance; but to shew how much has been done by the taste and genius of the writer, how little has been thrown into his hands, by the subject itself, we need only remark how differently the same topics are treated in Mr. Irving's chapters, and in the Journal of the expedition under Colonel Dodge, who, in the course of the year 1834, made an excursion, with his regiment of mounted dragoons, into the same region. Among Col. Dodge's interpreters and hunters we find our friend *Beatte*, who performs so important a part in Mr. Irving's train; and by the way, let us first see how differently the same individual figures in Lieutenant Wheelock's journal, and Geoffrey Crayon's tour: —

"Beatte a Frenchman, who has lived nearly all his life among the Osages, has charge of this band, and is celebrated for his skill as a hunter."

The personage thus very properly dismissed, with military brevity, by Lieutenant Wheelock, appears in the following guise, in Mr. Irving's pages.

"For our own parts, the Commissioner and myself were desirous, before setting out, to procure another attendant well versed in wood craft, who might serve us as a hunter; for our little Frenchman would have his hands full when in camp, in cooking, and on the march, in taking care of the pack-horses. Such a one presented himself, or rather was recommended to us, in Pierre Beatte, a half-breed of French and Osage parentage. We were assured that he was acquainted with all parts of the country, having traversed it in all directions, both in hunting and war parties; that he would be of use both as guide and interpreter, and that he was a first rate hunter.

"I confess I did not like his looks when he was first presented to me. He was lounging about, in an old hunting frock and metasses or leggins, of deer skin, soiled and greased, and almost japanned by constant use. He was apparently about thirty-six years of age, square and strongly built. His features were not bad, being shaped not unlike those of Napoleon, but sharpened up, with high Indian cheek bones. Perhaps the dusky greenish hue of his complexion, aided his resemblance to an old bronze bust I had seen of the Emperor. He had, however, a sullen, saturnine expression, set off by a slouched woollen hat, and elf locks that hung about his ears.

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"Such was the appearance of the man, and his manners were equally unprepossessing. He was cold and laconic; made no promises or professions; stated the terms he required for the services of himself and his horse, which we thought rather high, but showed no disposition to abate them, nor any anxiety to secure our employ. He had altogether more of the red than the white man in his composition; and, as I had been taught to look upon all half-breeds with distrust, as an uncertain and faithless race, I would gladly have dispensed with the services of Pierre Beatte. We had no time, however, to look about for any one more to our taste, and had to make an arrangement with him on the spot. He then set about making his preparations for the journey, promising to join us at our evening's encampment."

The following example will show more forcibly, than any labored comments, how much Mr. Irving has made of his materials. In the journal just cited, we read,

"Camp Choctaw, July 13th. Passed through the last of the cross timbers, and entered the grand Prairie; marched at half past eight o'clock from camp Choctaw, west by north twenty-three miles, and encamped on a creek; highly beautiful country, tolerably well-watered; command impeded to day by sick men in litters; Indians, supposed to be Pawnees, were seen to day; *wild horses* in large herds; one of the Indian guides caught one of them; immense herds of buffalo; passed several springs of rock-oil. (petroleum.)"

Such is the matter-of-fact, the official skeleton of the wild horse of the Prairie; behold how the artist clothes it with sinews and flesh, and breathes into it the breath of life.

"We had encamped in a good neighborhood for game, as the reports of rifles in various directions speedily gave notice. One of our hunters soon returned with the meat of a doe, tied up in the skin, and slung across his shoulders. Another brought a fat buck across his horse. Two other deer were brought in, and a number of turkeys. All the game was thrown down in front of the captain's fire, to be portioned out among the various messes. The spits and camp kettles were soon in full employ, and throughout the evening there was a scene of hunters' feasting and profusion.

"We had been disappointed this day in our hopes of meeting with buffalo, but the sight of the wild horse had been a great novelty, and gave a turn to the conversation of the camp for the

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evening. There were several anecdotes told of a famous grey horse, that has ranged the prairies of this neighbourhood for six or seven years, setting at nought every attempt of the hunters to capture him. They say he can pace and rack (or amble) faster than the fleetest horses can run. Equally marvellous accounts were given of a black horse on the Brasis, who grazed the prairies on that river's banks in the Texas. For years he outstripped all pursuit. His fame spread far and wide; offers were made for him to the amount of a thousand dollars; the boldest and most hard riding hunters tried incessantly to make prize of him, but in vain. At length he fell a victim to his gallantry, being decoyed under a tree by a tame mare, and a noose dropped over his head by a boy perched among the branches.

"The capture of the wild horse is one of the most favorite achievements of the prairie tribes; and, indeed, it is from this source that the Indian hunters chiefly supply themselves. The wild horses that range those vast grassy plains, extending from the Arkansas to the Spanish settlements, are of various forms and colors, betraying their various descents. Some resemble the common English stock, and are probably descended from horses that have escaped from our border settlements. Others are of a low but strong make, and are supposed to be of the Andalusian breed, brought out by the Spanish discoverers.

"Some fanciful speculatists have seen in them descendants of the Arab stock, brought into Spain from Africa, and thence transferred to this country; and have pleased themselves with the idea, that their sires may have been of the pure coursers of the desert, that once bore Mahomet and his warlike disciples across the sandy plains of Arabia.

"The habits of the Arab seem to have come with the steed. The introduction of the horse on the boundless prairies of the Far West, changed the whole mode of living of their inhabitants. It gave them that facility of rapid motion, and of sudden and distant change of place, so dear to the roving propensities of man. Instead of lurking in the depths of gloomy forests, and patiently threading the mazes of a tangled wilderness on foot, like his brethren of the north, the Indian of the West is a rover of the plain; he leads a brighter and more sunshiny life; almost always on horseback, on vast flowery prairies and under cloudless skies.

"I was lying by the Captain's fire, late in the evening, listening to stories about those coursers of the prairies, and weaving speculations of my own, when there was a clamor of voices and a loud cheering at the other end of the camp; and word was passed that Beatte, the half-breed, had brought in a wild horse.

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"In an instant every fire was deserted; the whole camp crowded to see the Indian and his prize. It was a colt about two years old, well grown, finely limbed, with bright prominent eyes, and a spirited yet gentle demeanor. He gazed about him with an air of mingled stupefaction and surprise, at the men, the horses, and the camp fires; while the Indian stood before him with folded arms, having hold of the other end of the cord which noosed his captive, and gazing on him with a most imperturbable aspect. Beatte, as I have before observed, has a greenish olive complexion, with a strongly marked countenance, not unlike the bronze casts of Napoleon; and as he stood before his captive horse, with folded arms and fixed aspect, he looked more like a statue than a man.

"If the horse, however, manifested the least restiveness, Beatte would immediately worry him with the lariat, jerking him first on one side, then on the other, so as almost to throw him on the ground; when he had thus rendered him passive, he would resume his statue-like attitude and gaze at him in silence.

"The whole scene was singularly wild; the tall grove, partially illumined by the flashing fires of the camp, the horses tethered here and there among the trees, the carcasses of deer hanging around, and in the midst of all, the wild huntsman and his wild horse, with an admiring throng of rangers almost as wild.

"In the eagerness of their excitement, several of the young rangers sought to get the horse by purchase or barter, and even offered extravagant terms; but Beatte declined all their offers. 'You give great price now;' said he, 'to-morrow you be sorry, and take back, and say, d—d Indian!'

"The young men importuned him with questions about the mode in which he took the horse, but his answers were dry and laconic; he evidently retained some pique at having been undervalued and sneered at by them; and at the same time looked down upon them with contempt as greenhorns, little versed in the noble science of woodcraft.

"Afterwards, however, when he was seated by our fire, I readily drew from him an account of his exploit; for, though taciturn among strangers, and little prone to boast of his actions, yet his taciturnity, like that of all Indians, had its times of relaxation.

"He informed me, that on leaving the camp, he had returned to the place where we had lost sight of the wild horse. Soon getting upon its track, he followed it to the banks of the river. Here, the prints being more distinct in the sand, he perceived that one of the hoofs was broken and defective, so he gave up the pursuit.

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"As he was returning to the camp, he came upon a gang of six horses, which immediately made for the river. He pursued them across the stream, left his rifle on the river bank, and putting his horse to full speed, soon came up with the fugitives. He attempted to noose one of them, but the lariat hitched on one of his ears, and he shook it off. The horses dashed up a hill, he followed hard at their heels, when, of a sudden, he saw their tails whisking in the air, and they plunging down a precipice. It was too late to stop. He shut his eyes, held in his breath, and went over with them, — neck or nothing. The descent was between twenty and thirty feet, but they all came down safe upon a sandy bottom.

"He now succeeded in throwing his noose round a fine young horse. As he galloped alongside of him, the two horses passed each side of a sapling, and the end of the lariat was jerked out of his hand. He regained it, but an intervening tree obliged him again to let it go. Having once more caught it, and coming to a more open country, he was enabled to play the young horse with the line until he gradually checked and subdued him, so as to lead him to the place where he had left his rifle.

"He had another formidable difficulty in getting him across the river, where both horses stuck for a time in the mire, and Beatte was nearly unseated from his saddle by the force of the current and the struggles of his captive. After much toil and trouble, however, he got across the stream, and brought his prize safe into the camp.

"For the remainder of the evening, the camp remained in a high state of excitement; nothing was talked of but the capture of wild horses; every youngster of the troop was for this harum scarum kind of chase; every one promised himself to return from the campaign in triumph, bestriding one of these wild coursers of the prairies. Beatte had suddenly risen to great importance; he was the prime hunter, the hero of the day. Offers were made him by the best mounted rangers, to let him ride their horses in the chase, provided he would give them a share of the spoil. Beatte bore his honors in silence, and closed with none of the offers. Our stammering, chattering, gasconading little Frenchman, however, made up for his taciturnity, by vaunting as much upon the subject as if it were he that had caught the horse. Indeed he held forth so learnedly in the matter, and boasted so much of the many horses he had taken, that he began to be considered an oracle; and some of the youngsters were inclined to doubt whether he were not superior even to the taciturn Beatte.

"The excitement kept the camp awake later than usual. The hum of voices, interrupted by occasional peals of laughter, was

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heard from the groups around the various fires, and the night was considerably advanced before all had sunk to sleep.

"With the morning dawn the excitement revived, and Beatte and his wild horse were again the gaze and talk of the camp. The captive had been tied all night to a tree among the other horses. He was again led forth by Beatte, by a long halter or lariat, and, on his manifesting the least restiveness, was, as before, jerked and worried into passive submission. He appeared to be gentle and docile by nature, and had a beautifully mild expression of the eye. In his strange and forlorn situation, the poor animal seemed to seek protection and companionship in the very horse that had aided to capture him.

"Seeing him thus gentle and tractable, Beatte, just as we were about to march, strapped a light pack upon his back, by way of giving him the first lesson in servitude. The native pride and independence of the animal took fire at this indignity He reared, and plunged, and kicked, and tried in every way to get rid of the degrading burthen. The Indian was too potent for him. At every paroxysm he renewed the discipline of the halter, until the poor animal, driven to despair, threw himself prostrate on the ground, and lay motionless, as if acknowledging himself vanquished. A stage hero, representing the despair of a captive prince, could not have played his part more dramatically. There was absolutely a moral grandeur in it.

"The imperturbable Beatte folded his arms, and stood for a time, looking down in silence upon his captive; until seeing him perfectly subdued, he nodded his head slowly, screwed his mouth into a sardonic smile of triumph, and, with a jerk of the halter, ordered him to rise. He obeyed, and from that time forward offered no resistance. During that day he bore his pack patiently, and was led by the halter; but in two days he followed voluntarily at large among the supernumerary horses of the troop.

"I could not but look with compassion upon this fine young animal, whose whole course of existence had been so suddenly reversed. From being a denizen of these vast pastures, ranging at will from plain to plain and mead to mead, cropping of every herb and flower, and drinking of every stream, he was suddenly reduced to perpetual and painful servitude, to pass his life under the harness and the curb, amid, perhaps, the din and dust and drudgery of cities. The transition in his lot was such as sometimes takes place in human affairs, and in the fortunes of towering individuals:—one day, a prince of the prairies,—the next day, a pack-horse!"

This scene alone is sufficient to show our readers, if perchance any of them need the information, that Washington

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Irving possesses, in the highest degree, the gift of the poet, *the maker*. And delightful it is to reflect, as in a case like this, how little it imports to the man, to whom this divine gift is imparted, what materials he shall take in hand to employ it upon, or where he shall lay the scene of his creations. The time has been, when, baited and persecuted by the whole body of British critics, on the poverty of our national literature, (at a period too, when the people of America were diffusing the English civilization over the continent with a rapidity, absolutely unexampled in the annals of mankind; — doing, in two hundred years, more to extend the empire of mind, than had been done in the mother country, in two thousand,) we were all at our wits' ends, to assign causes for the want of that particular form of polite literature, which cannot subsist, but in the bosom of a dense and wealthy population, and in a highly artificial state of society. Among the causes, to which we were driven, it was one, that works of imagination could not be expected in a country, where there are no feudal castles; — no traditions of chivalry; — no moss-clad ruins: a sufficient reason, perhaps, why the imagination in America should not habitually dwell on pictures of this class; but no more. Many things in the state of society are necessary to form a flourishing school of polite literature; but the want of any one class of subjects, elsewhere existing, is never, we believe, one of them. We have great doubts whether, in the present state of things in Greenland, there could, by possibility, be any Coopers or Irvings, but it is not for want of topics. Either of these masters, if it were possible that he should be found there, would create a world upon the eternal glaciers, that encompass its shores, as gorgeous, as various, as full of action, as ever moved and acted in courts or castles. The power of the poet, (and these men, and those like them are all poets,) as the name imports, is that of creating; and, we may venture to subjoin, out of nothing: for there is no irreverence in comparing with the operations of the Great All-powerful Intelligence, the action of those finite spirits, which he has pronounced himself to be his own image. They *create* the scene, which they set before us. It comes from within. It springs from beneath the wand of their genius. No matter how cold, and barren, and desolate the scene; — they fill it with life and motion; with interest and passion. They strike the desert rock and it flows with the full tide of fancy. A blasted oak in the wilderness, filled with a swarm of bees, drops with

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a honey of sweet imagery more delicious than that, which nature's little chemists have elaborated. They people a bare and blasted heath with men, with phantoms, with the visions of kingdoms grasped, and won, and lost. The barren surface of the sea, ploughed by the solitary pirate, who knows his fellow beings, but as objects to be alternately shunned and assailed, is made the theatre of the most deep and stirring interest. The dens of trivial iniquity in crowded cities, — the awful crags of the desert, where the hermit has fixed his cell, — the modern or the ancient battle-field, — the heart of man, with or without tradition, — and lastly, as in the present case, the fresh, uninhabited, unexplored desert, — the hunting ground of the wild Indian, who slays the primeval beast of the forest, with an arrow, the primeval weapon, — these all, and we believe *equally*, serve the purpose of the man of genius. No matter how remote the region. With one bound of the imagination, he is there, and his reader with him, at once familiarized and at home. No matter how novel and uncouth the scenery, in a single chapter, it is like the village, where we were born. If the subject is low, it is raised into importance, by a magic infusion of mind; and though it belong to the dull routine of business, one touch of the creative wand invests it with significance and curiosity. The colloquy of Saxon swineherds is as full of poetry, as the headstrong chivalry of Richard, or the mysterious and lordly heroism of Saladin. This is the characteristic of the great masters, — of Shakspeare and Scott, — shared in greater or less degree, by every man of genius and taste. Subject, incident, character are all next to nothing except in their treatment: — or as they are the creation of the poet himself. Sir Walter confesses that he did not know, at the beginning of his stories, how he was to come out at the end. And how should he? Does the man who possesses the talent of enchaining the delighted circle, with the fascinations of his conversation, know, at the beginning of the evening, all, — any thing, — that he is to say during its continuance, to its close? — Does the gifted speaker foretell the happy flashes, that are to break in upon him, as he warms and rises with his subject? To suppose that the creative mind of man, cultivated to the skilful use of its capacities, and called into action by the strong sympathy of surrounding intellects looking to him for excitement, is to rest torpid in America, for want of ruined castles and crumbling abbeys, on which it may pour forth its eloquent meditations,

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is to confound the understanding, with a single one of the occasions, on which its powers are to be exercised. For ourselves, we wish for nothing so ardently, as that the literature of the country should be the indigenous growth of the soil; indigenous in its topics, associations and spirit, — not for patriotic reasons merely, but on principles of art and taste. For though it is the prerogative of genius to give novelty to the tritest theme, to make the character of Julius Cæsar or Achilles as fresh as that of Napoleon, yet the thousand causes, which naturally guide the mind to the choice of a subject, (since subject there must be), point the American writer to his native land; and it is matter of study or conscious effort, if he goes elsewhere for his themes. We are proud of Mr. Irving's sketches of English life, proud of the gorgeous canvass upon which he has gathered in so much of the glowing imagery of Moorish times. We behold with delight his easy and triumphant march over these beaten fields; but we glow with rapture as we see him coming back from the Prairies, laden with the poetical treasures of the primitive wilderness, — rich with spoil from the uninhabited desert. We thank him for turning these poor barbarous *steppes* into classical land; — and joining his inspiration to that of Cooper, in breathing life and fire into a circle of imagery, which was not known before to exist, for the purposes of the imagination.

It cannot be necessary to attempt anything like what, in the technical language of criticism, would be deemed a review of Mr. Irving's work. It has already delighted all our readers; — We wish only, in this desultory notice, to utter the feelings of deep and grateful emotion, with which we have perused it. It is every thing we expected from Mr. Irving, and we are eager to express our acknowledgments to that meddlesome and intrusive public desire, to hear from him on this subject, which, contrary to his intention, extorted from him, as he tells us in his introduction, this sketch of his adventures in the West. The only portion of the little volume before us, which we have perused with any other feelings than those of the highest gratification, is the introduction.

"'As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away, like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation, before I opened another. That land, too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all that was most dear to me in

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life; what vicisitudes might occur in it — what changes might take place in me, before I should visit it again! Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain currents of existence; or when he may return; or whether it may ever be his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood?' *

"Such were the dubious thoughts that passed like a shade across my mind many years since, as I lost sight of my native land, on my voyage to Europe. Yet, I had every reason for bright anticipations. I was buoyant with health, had enough of "the world's gear" for all my wants, was on my way to visit the fairest scenes of Europe, with the prospect of returning home in a couple of years, stored with recollections for the remainder of my life.

"The boding doubts, however, which had beclouded my mind at the moment of departure, threatened to prove prophetic. Years and years elapsed, yet I remained a voluntary exile from my home. Why did I so? — The question has often been asked; for once I will make a brief reply.

"It was my lot, almost on landing in Europe, to experience a reverse of fortune, which cast me down in spirit, and altered the whole tenor of my life. In the midst of perplexities and humiliations, I turned to my pen for solace and support. I had hitherto exercised it for amusement; I now looked to it as my main dependence, resolving, if successful, never to abandon it for any prospect of worldly gain, nor to return to my friends, until, by my literary exertions, I had placed myself above their pity, or assistance.

"Such are the main reasons that unexpectedly beguiled me into a long protracted absence. How and why that absence was thus protracted, would involve a story of baffled plans and deferred hopes, which led me on from month to month, and year to year, and left me where they found me; would involve, in short, the chequered story of my humble concerns and precarious feelings, — and I have a shrinking repugnance to such an exposure.

"Suffice it to say, that my path, which many are apt to think was a flowery one, was too often beset by thorns; and that at times when I was supposed beguiled by the pleasures and splendors of Europe, and 'treading the primrose path of dalliance,' I was in fact shut up from society, battling with cares and perplexities, and almost struggling for subsistence.

"In the mean time, my lengthened exile subjected me to painful doubts and surmises. Some, who really valued me, supposed

* Sketch Book, Vol. I.

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that I was dazzled by the factitious splendors around me, and was leading a life of epicurean indulgence. Others, who knew me not, or chose to judge harshly, accused me of a want of affection for my native land; I met with imputations of the kind in the public papers, and I received anonymous letters, reiterating them, and basely endeavoring to persuade me that I had lost the good will of my countrymen.

"I should have treated these imputations with little regard, but they reached me in desponding moments, when other circumstances had produced a morbid state of feelings, and they sunk deeply in my mind. The literary undertakings in which I was engaged, and on which I depended for my maintenance, required a further absence from my country, yet I found that absence attributed to motives abhorrent to my feelings, and wounding to my pride.

"By degrees I was led to doubt the entire sentiment of my countrymen towards me. Perhaps I was rendered more sensitive on this head by the indulgent good will I had ever experienced from them. They had always cherished me beyond my deserts, excusing my many deficiencies, taking my humors and errors in good part, and exaggerating every merit. Their cordial kindness had in a manner become necessary to me. I was like a spoiled child, that could not bear the glance of an altered eye. I cared even less for their good opinion than their good will, and felt indignant at being elbowed into a position with respect to them, from which my soul revolted.

"I was repeatedly urged by those who knew the workings of my feelings, to lay them before my countrymen, and to repel the doubts that had been cast upon my patriotism. I declined to follow their advice. I have generally been content, in all matters relating to myself, to suffer the truth to work its own way to light. If the conduct and concerns of an individual are worthy of public attention, they will sooner or later be accurately known and appreciated; and it is that ultimate opinion that alone constitutes true reputation: all transient popularity is little worth struggling for.

"Beside, what was I asked to vindicate myself from, — a want of affection to my native country? I should as soon think of vindicating myself from the charge of a want of love to the mother that bore me! I could not reply to such an imputation; — my heart would swell in my throat, and keep me silent.

"Yet I will confess, that the arrow which had been planted in my heart, rankled and festered there. The corroding doubt that had been infused in my waking thoughts, affected my sleeping fancies. The return to my country, so long anticipated, became the constant subject of harassing dreams. I would fancy myself

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arrived in my native city, but the place would be so changed that I could not recognise it. I would wander through strange streets; meet with strange faces, and find every thing strange around me: or, what was worse, I would meet with those I loved, with my kindred, and the companions of my youth, but they no longer knew me, or passed me by with neglect. I cannot tell how often I have awakened from such dreary dreams, and felt a sadness at heart for hours afterwards.

"At length the long anticipated moment arrived. I again saw the 'blue line of my native land' rising like a cloud in that horizon where, so many years before, I had seen it fade away. I again saw the bright city of my birth rising out of its beautiful bay; its multiplied fanes and spires, and its prolonged forest of masts proclaiming its augmented grandeur. My heart throbbed with pride and admiration as I gazed upon it, — I gloried in being its son.

"But how was the wanderer to be received, after such an absence? Was he to be taken, as a favored child, to its bosom; or repulsed as a stranger, and a changeling?

"My old doubts recurred as I stepped upon land. I could scarcely realize that I was indeed in my native city, among the haunts of my childhood. Might not this be another of those dreams that had so often beguiled me? There were circumstances enough to warrant such a surmise. I passed through places that ought to be familiar to me, but all were changed. Huge edifices and lofty piles had sprung up in the place of lowly tenements; the old landmarks of the city were gone; the very streets were altered.

"As I passed on, I looked wistfully in every face: not one was known to me, — not one! Yet I was in haunts where every visage was once familiar to me. I read the names over the doors: all were new. They were unassociated with any early recollection. The saddening conviction stole over my heart that I was a stranger in my own home! Alas! thought I, what had I to expect after such an absence!

"Let not the reader be mistaken. I have no doleful picture to draw; no sorrowful demand to make upon his sympathies. It has been the lot of many a wanderer, returning after a shorter lapse of years, to find the scenes of his youth gone to ruin and decay. If I had any thing to deplore, it was the improvement of my home. It had outgrown my recollection from its very prosperity, and strangers had crowded into it from every clime, to participate in its overflowing abundance. A little while was sufficient to reconcile me to a change, the result of prosperity. My friends, too, once clustered in neighboring contiguity, in a moderate community, now scattered widely asunder, over a splendid

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metropolis, soon gathered together to welcome me; and never did wanderer, after such an absence, experience such a greeting. Then it was that every doubt vanished from my mind. Then it was that I felt I was indeed at home,— and that it was a home of the heart! I thanked my stars that I had been born among such friends; I thanked my stars, that had conducted me back to dwell among them while I had yet the capacity to enjoy their fellowship.

"It is the very reception I met with that has drawn from me these confessions. Had I experienced coldness or distrust,— had I been treated as an alien from the sympathies of my countrymen, I should have buried my wounded feelings in my bosom, and remained silent. But they have welcomed me home with their old indulgence; they have shown that, notwithstanding my long absence, and the doubts and suggestions to which it had given rise, they still believe and trust in me. And now, let them feel assured, that I am heart and soul among them.

"I make no boast of my patriotism; I can only say, that, as far as it goes, it is no blind attachment. I have sojourned in various countries; have been treated in them above my deserts; and the remembrance of them is grateful and pleasant to me. I have seen what is brightest and best in foreign lands, and have found, in every nation, enough to love and honor; yet, with all these recollections living in my imagination and kindling in my heart, I look round with delightful exultation upon my native land, and feel that, after all my ramblings about the world, I can be happiest at home."

Much as we respect these frank and manly confessions, it must, of course, cause a pang to every right feeling and right thinking American, to learn the reasons, which prolonged the residence of our distinguished countryman in Europe, and embittered some of the hours of the noble triumph he there enjoyed. We trust he will soon find,— that he has already found,— in the enthusiastic reception he has met with on his return, an indemnity, and more than an indemnity, for whatever has occurred during that period, to wound his feelings or to cloud his spirits. But, though the season of all these painful emotions is, we trust, for ever past, and Mr. Irving has already enjoyed the best atonement for their infliction, in the unanimous suffrages of his admiring countrymen, we would not have him overrate any supposed unkindness, which his absence in Europe may have produced. There was matter, in some aspects, to gratify his feelings, in the discontents, which occasionally escaped the press on that subject. His absence was felt and

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deplored; and its real causes, as explained in the introduction to the present volume, being misunderstood, the impatience, with which his supposed expatriation was commented upon, was the measure of the value, which his countrymen attached to the possession among themselves, of a writer, who did honor to the country and the language.

Before closing our remarks, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of one or two more extracts, from this delightful volume. What can be more animated and exhilarating, than the Buffalo hunt?

"After proceeding about two hours in a southerly direction, we emerged towards mid-day from the dreary belt of the Cross Timber, and to our infinite delight beheld 'the great Prairie,' stretching to the right and left before us. We could distinctly trace the meandering course of the Main Canadian, and various smaller streams, by the strips of green forest that bordered them. The landscape was vast and beautiful. There is always an expansion of feeling in looking upon these boundless and fertile wastes; but I was doubly conscious of it after emerging from our 'close dungeon of innumerous boughs.'

"From a rising ground Beatte pointed to the place where he and his comrades had killed the buffaloes; and we beheld several black objects moving in the distance, which he said were part of the herd. The captain determined to shape his course to a woody bottom about a mile distant and to encamp there, for a day or two, by way of having a regular buffalo hunt, and getting a supply of provisions. As the troop defiled along the slope of the hill towards the camping ground, Beatte proposed to my messmates and myself, that we should put ourselves under his guidance, promising to take us where we should have plenty of sport. Leaving the line of march, therefore, we diverged towards the prairie; traversing a small valley, and ascending a gentle swell of land. As we reached the summit, we beheld a gang of wild horses about a mile off. Beatte was immediately on the alert, and no longer thought of buffalo hunting. He was mounted on his powerful half-wild horse, with a lariat coiled at the saddle bow, and set off in pursuit; while we remained on a rising ground watching his manœuvres with great solicitude. Taking advantage of a strip of wood-land, he stole quietly along, so as to get close to them before he was perceived. The moment they caught sight of him a grand scamper took place. We watched him skirting along the horizon like a privateer in full chase of a merchantman; at length he passed over the brow of a ridge, and down into a shallow valley; in a few moments he was on the

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opposite hill, and close upon one of the horses. He was soon head and head, and appeared to be trying to noose his prey; but they both disappeared again below the hill, and we saw no more of them. It turned out afterwards, that he had noosed a powerful horse, but could not hold him, and had lost his lariat in the attempt.

"While we were waiting for his return, we perceived two buffalo bulls descending a slope, towards a stream, which wound through a ravine fringed with trees. The young Count and myself endeavored to get near them under covert of the trees. They discovered us while we were yet three or four hundred yards off, and turning about, retreated up the rising ground. We urged our horses across the ravine, and gave chase. The immense weight of head and shoulders causes the buffalo to labor heavily up hill; but it accelerates his descent. We had the advantage, therefore, and gained rapidly upon the fugitives, though it was difficult to get our horses to approach them, their very scent inspiring them with terror. The Count, who had a double barrelled gun loaded with ball, fired, but missed. The bulls now altered their course, and galloped down hill with headlong rapidity. As they ran in different directions, we each singled one and separated. I was provided with a brace of veteran brass barrelled pistols, which I had borrowed at Fort Gibson, and which had evidently seen some service. Pistols are very effective in buffalo hunting, as the hunter can ride up close to the animal, and fire at it while at full speed; whereas the long heavy rifles used on the frontier, cannot be easily managed, nor discharged with accurate aim from horseback. My object, therefore, was to get within pistol shot of the buffalo. This was no very easy matter. I was well mounted on a horse of excellent speed and bottom, that seemed eager for the chase, and soon overtook the game; but the moment he came nearly parallel, he would keep sheering off with ears forked, and pricked forward, and every symptom of aversion and alarm. It was no wonder. Of all animals, a buffalo, when close pressed by the hunter, has an aspect the most diabolical. His two short black horns curve out of a huge frontlet of shaggy hair; his eyes glow like coals; his mouth is open, his tongue parched and drawn up into a half crescent; his tail is erect, and tufted and whisking about in the air, he is a perfect picture of mingled rage and terror.

"It was with difficulty I urged my horse sufficiently near, when, taking aim, to my chagrin, both pistols missed fire. Unfortunately the locks of these veteran weapons were so much worn, that in the gallop, the priming had been shaken out of the pans. At the snapping of the last pistol I was close upon the buffalo, when, in his despair, he turned round with a sudden snort and rushed upon me. My horse wheeled about as if on a pivot, made a convulsive

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spring, and, as I had been leaning on one side with pistol extended, I came near being thrown at the feet of the buffalo.

"Three or four bounds of the horse carried us out of the reach of the enemy; who, having merely turned in desperate self-defence, quickly resumed his flight. As soon as I could gather in my panic-stricken horse, and prime the pistols afresh, I again spurred in pursuit of the buffalo, who had slackened his speed to take breath. On my approach he again set off full tilt, heaving himself forward with a heavy rolling gallop, dashing with headlong precipitation through brakes and ravines, while several deer and wolves, startled from their coverts by his thundering career, ran helter skelter to right and left across the waste.

"A gallop across the prairies in pursuit of game, is by no means so smooth a career as those may imagine, who have only the idea of an open level plain. It is true, the prairies of the hunting ground are not so much entangled with flowering plants and long herbage as the lower prairies, and are principally covered with short buffalo grass; but they are diversified by hill and dale, and where most level, are apt to be cut up by deep rifts and ravines, made by torrents after rains; and which, yawning from an even surface, are almost like pitfalls in the way of the hunter, checking him suddenly, when in full career, or subjecting him to the risk of limb and life. The plains, too, are beset by burrowing holes of small animals, in which the horse is apt to sink to the fetlock, and throw both himself and his rider. The late rain had covered some parts of the prairie, where the ground was hard, with a thin sheet of water, through which the horse had to splash his way. In other parts there were innumerable shallow hollows, eight or ten feet in diameter, made by the buffaloes, who wallow in sand and mud like swine. These being filled with water, shone like mirrors, so that the horse was continually leaping over them or springing on one side. We had reached, too, a rough part of the prairie, very much broken and cut up; the buffalo, who was running for life, took no heed to his course, plunging down break-neck ravines, where it was necessary to skirt the borders in search of a safer descent. At length we came to where a winter stream had torn a deep chasm across the whole prairie, leaving open jagged rocks; and forming a long glen bordered by steep crumbling cliffs of mingled stone and clay. Down one of these the buffalo flung himself, half tumbling, half leaping, and then scuttled along the bottom; while I, seeing all further pursuit useless, pulled up, and gazed quietly after him from the border of the cliff, until he disappeared amidst the windings of the ravine.

Nothing now remained but to turn my steed and rejoin my companions. Here at first was some little difficulty. The ardor of the chase had betrayed me into a long, heedless gallop. I now

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found myself in the midst of a lonely waste, in which the prospect was bounded by undulating swells of land, naked and uniform, where, from the deficiency of landmarks and distinct features, an inexperienced man may become bewildered, and lose his way as readily as in the wastes of the ocean. The day too, was overcast, so that I could not guide myself by the sun; my only mode was to retrace the track my horse had made in coming, though this I would often lose sight of, where the ground was covered with parched herbage.

"To one unaccustomed to it, there is something inexpressibly lonely in the solitude of a prairie. The loneliness of a forest seems nothing to it. There the view is shut in by trees, and the imagination is left free to picture some livelier scene beyond. But here we have an immense extent of landscape without a sign of human existence. We have the consciousness of being far, far beyond the bounds of human habitation; we feel as if moving in the midst of a desert world. As my horse lagged slowly back over the scenes of our late scamper, and the delirium of the chase had passed away, I was peculiarly sensible to these circumstances. The silence of the waste was now and then broken by the cry of a distant flock of pelicans, stalking like spectres about a shallow pool; sometimes by the sinister croaking of a raven in the air, while occasionally a scoundrel wolf would scour off from before me: and, having attained a safe distance, would sit down and howl and whine with tones that gave a dreariness to the surrounding solitude.

"After pursuing my way for some time, I descried a horseman on the edge of a distant hill, and soon recognised him to be the Count. He had been equally unsuccessful with myself; we were shortly afterwards rejoined by our worthy comrade, the Virtuoso, who, with spectacles on nose, had made two or three ineffectual shots from horseback.

"We determined not to seek the camp until we had made one more effort. Casting our eyes about the surrounding waste, we descried a herd of buffalo about two miles distant, scattered apart, and quietly grazing near a small strip of trees and bushes. It required but little stretch of fancy to picture them so many cattle grazing on the edge of a common, and that the grove might shelter some lowly farm house.

"We now formed our plan to circumvent the herd, and by getting on the other side of them, to hunt them in the direction where we knew our camp to be situated: otherwise, the pursuit might take us to such a distance as to render it impossible for us to find our way back before night-fall. Taking a wide circuit therefore, we moved slowly and cautiously, pausing occasionally, when we saw any of the herd desist from grazing. The wind

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fortunately set from them, otherwise they might have scented us and have taken the alarm. In this way, we succeeded in getting round the herd without disturbing it. It consisted of about forty head, bulls, cows and calves. Separating to some distance from each other, we now approached slowly in a parallel line, hoping by degrees to steal near without exciting attention. They began, however, to move off quietly, stopping at every step or two to graze, when suddenly a bull that, unobserved by us, had been taking his siesta under a clump of trees to our left, roused himself from his lair, and hastened to join his companions. We were still at a considerable distance, but the game had taken the alarm. We quickened our pace, they broke into a gallop, and now commenced a full chase.

"As the ground was level, they shouldered along with great speed, following each other in a line; two or three bulls bringing up the rear, the last of whom, from his enormous size and venerable frontlet, and beard of sunburnt hair, looked like the patriarch of the herd; and as if he might long have reigned the monarch of the prairie.

"There is a mixture of the awful and the comic in the look of these huge animals, as they bear their great bulk forwards, with an up and down motion of the unwieldy head and shoulders; their tail cocked up like the queue of Pantaloon in a pantomime, the end whisking about in a fierce yet whimsical style, and their eyes glaring venomously with an expression of fright and fury.

"For some time I kept parallel with the line, without being able to force my horse within pistol shot, so much had he been alarmed by the assault of the buffalo, in the preceding chase. At length I succeeded, but was again balked by my pistols missing fire. My companions, whose horses were less fleet, and more way-worn, could not overtake the herd; at length Mr. L. who was in the rear of the line, and losing ground, levelled his double barrelled gun, and fired a long raking shot. It struck a buffalo just above the loins, broke its back bone, and brought it to the ground. He stopped and alighted to despatch his prey, when borrowing his gun which had yet a charge remaining in it, I put my horse to his speed, again overtook the herd which was thundering along, pursued by the Count. With my present weapon there was no need of urging my horse to such close quarters; galloping along parallel, therefore, I singled out a buffalo, and by a fortunate shot brought it down on the spot. The ball had struck a vital part; it would not move from the place where it fell, but lay there struggling in mortal agony, while the rest of the herd kept on their headlong career across the prairie.

"Dismounting, I now fettered my horse to prevent his straying, and advanced to contemplate my victim. I am nothing of a

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sportsman: I had been prompted to this unwonted exploit by the magnitude of the game, and the excitement of an adventurous chase. Now that the excitement was over, I could not but look with commiseration upon the poor animal that lay struggling and bleeding at my feet. His very size and importance, which had before inspired me with eagerness, now increased my compunction. It seemed as if I had inflicted pain in proportion to the bulk of my victim, and as if there were a hundred fold greater waste of life than there would have been in the destruction of an animal of inferior size.

"To add to these after-qualms of conscience, the poor animal lingered in his agony. He had evidently received a mortal wound, but death might be long in coming. It would not do to leave him here to be torn piecemeal, while yet alive, by the wolves that had already snuffed his blood, and were skulking and howling at a distance, and waiting for my departure, and by the ravens that were flapping about, croaking dismally in the air. It became now an act of mercy to give him his quietus, and put him out of his misery. I primed one of the pistols, therefore, and advanced close up to the buffalo. To inflict a wound thus in cool blood, I found a totally different thing from firing in the heat of the chase. Taking aim, however, just behind the fore-shoulder, my pistol for once proved true; the ball must have passed through the heart, for the animal gave one convulsive throe and expired.

"While I stood meditating and moralizing over the wreck I had so wantonly produced, with my horse grazing near me, I was rejoined by my fellow sportsman, the Virtuoso; who, being a man of universal adroitness, and withal, more experienced and hardened in the gentle art of "venerie," soon managed to carve out the tongue of the buffalo, and delivered it to me to bear back to the camp as a trophy."

We can find room but for one more extract. Mr. Wheelock, in his journal, says, "July 20th, Passed to-day what is called 'a dog village.' The prairie dog, or marmot, is an animal somewhat larger than a squirrel, with a head like that of a dog. They live in holes in the ground, about twenty paces apart from each other. Five or six miles were covered by the habitations of these little animals." Such is the unadorned indication of the facts upon which Washington Irving has constructed his "republic of Prairie dogs:"* a republic quite equal to that of

* It must be unnecessary to state, that in this allusion, and the similar allusions, in the preceding parts of this article, not the slightest disparagement is intended to the Journal of Lieutenant Wheelock; an unpretending official document, quite creditable to its author, and to which we hope to have it in our power, to devote a separate portion of our pages.

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Plato or Sir Thomas More, and a description much more interesting, than any thing in Harrington.

"On returning from our expedition in quest of the young Count, I learned that a burrow, or village, as it is termed, of prairie dogs had been discovered on the level summit of a hill, about a mile from the camp. Having heard much of the habits and peculiarities of these little animals, I determined to pay a visit to the community. The prairie dog is, in fact, one of the curiosities of the Far West, about which travellers delight to tell marvellous tales, endowing him at times with something of the politic and social habits of a rational being, and giving him systems of civil government and domestic economy, almost equal to what they used to bestow upon the beaver.

"The prairie dog is an animal of the coney kind, and about the size of the rabbit. He is of a sprightly mercurial nature; quick, sensitive, and somewhat petulant. He is very gregarious, living in large communities, sometimes of several acres in extent, where innumerable little heaps of earth show the entrances to the subterranean cells of the inhabitants, and the well beaten tracks, like lanes and streets, show their mobility and restlessness. According to the accounts given of them, they would seem to be continually full of sport, business, and public affairs; whisking about hither and thither, as if on gossiping visits to each other's houses, or congregating in the cool of the evening, or after a shower, and gambolling together in the open air. Sometimes, especially when the moon shines, they pass half the night in revelry, barking or yelping with short, quick, yet weak tones, like those of very young puppies. While in the height of their playfulness and clamor, however, should there be the least alarm, they all vanish into their cells in an instant, and the village remains blank and silent. In case they are hard pressed by their pursuers, without any hope of escape, they will assume a pugnacious air, and a most whimsical look of impotent wrath and defiance.

"The prairie dogs are not permitted to remain sole and undisturbed inhabitants of their own homes. Owls and rattlesnakes are said to take up their abodes with them; but whether as invited guests or unwelcome intruders, is a matter of controversy. The owls are of a peculiar kind, and would seem to partake of the character of the hawk; for they are taller and more erect on their legs, more alert in their looks and rapid in their flight than ordinary owls, and do not confine their excursions to the night, but sally forth in broad day.

"Some say that they only inhabit cells which the prairie dogs have deserted, and suffered to go to ruin, in consequence of the death in them of some relative; for they would make out this

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little animal to be endowed with keen sensibilities, that will not permit it to remain in the dwelling where it has witnessed the death of a friend. Other fanciful speculators represent the owl as a kind of housekeeper to the prairie dog; and, from having a note very similar, insinuate that it acts, in a manner, as family preceptor, and teaches the young litter to bark.

"As to the rattlesnake, nothing satisfactory has been ascertained of the part he plays in this most interesting household; though he is considered as little better than a sycophant and sharper, that winds himself into the concerns of the honest, credulous little dog, and takes him in most sadly. Certain it is, if he acts as toad-eater, he occasionally solaces himself with more than the usual perquisites of his order; as he is now and then detected with one of the younger members of the family in his maw.

"Such are a few of the particulars that I could gather about the domestic economy of this little inhabitant of the prairies, who, with his pigmy republic, appears to be a subject of much whimsical speculation and burlesque remarks, among the hunters of the Far West.

"It was towards evening that I set out with a companion, to visit the village in question. Unluckily, it had been invaded in the course of the day by some of the rangers, who had shot two or three of its inhabitants, and thrown the whole sensitive community in confusion. As we approached, we could perceive numbers of the inhabitants seated at the entrances of their cells, while sentinels seemed to have been posted on the outskirts, to keep a look out. At sight of us, the picket guards scampered in and gave the alarm; whereupon every inhabitant gave a short yelp, or bark, and dived into his hole, his heels twinkling in the air as if he had thrown a somerset.

"We traversed the whole village, or republic, which covered an area of about thirty acres; but not a whisker of an inhabitant was to be seen. We probed their cells as far as the ramrods of our rifles would reach, but could unearth neither dog, nor owl, nor rattlesnake. Moving quietly to a little distance, we lay down upon the ground, and watched for a long time, silent and motionless. By and bye, a cautious old burgher would slowly put forth the end of his nose, but instantly draw it in again. Another, at a greater distance, would emerge entirely; but catching a glance of us, would throw a somerset, and plunge back again into his hole. At length, some who resided on the opposite side of the village, taking courage from the continued stillness, would steal forth, and hurry off to a distant hole, the residence possibly of some family connexion, or gossiping friend, about whose safety they were solicitous, or with whom they wished to compare notes about the late occurrences.

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"Others, still more bold, assembled in little knots, in the streets and public places, as if to discuss the recent outrages offered to the commonwealth, and the atrocious murders of their fellow burghers.

"We rose from the ground and moved forward, to take a nearer view of these public proceedings, when, yelp! yelp! yelp! — there was a shrill alarm passed from mouth to mouth; the meetings suddenly dispersed; feet twinkled in the air in every direction; and in an instant all had vanished into the earth.

"The dusk of the evening put an end to our observations, but the train of whimsical comparisons produced in my brain by the moral attributes which I had heard given to these little politic animals, still continued after my return to camp; and late in the night, as I lay awake after all the camp was asleep, and heard in the stillness of the hour, a faint clamor of shrill voices from the distant village, I could not help picturing to myself the inhabitants gathered together in noisy assemblage, and windy debate, to devise plans for the public safety, and to vindicate the invaded rights and insulted dignity of the republic."

And now we take leave of our countryman for the present, bidding him pursue the happy path of his popularity, and enjoy his fame. Let him chase every cloud from his spirits, if a cloud still hovers over them. Let him repose in the pure sunshine of a well earned and unenvied renown. Europe admires, and America admires and loves him. Let him write on; he can write nothing which will not be eagerly anticipated and cordially welcomed; and we trust we may add, well paid. If it be not, it is a scandal to the country. If, in these times of overflowing prosperity; when princely fortunes are daily built up in the country; when, under our happy institutions, an energy and enterprise, elsewhere unexampled, are in a state of the intensest action, and are daily reaping a golden harvest, in all the fields of prosperous industry, if there is not, on all hands, the disposition, — the resolute and affectionate purpose, — to make the talents and accomplishments of a man, like Washington Irving, — who is an honor to his country, — the source of fortune to himself, then we shall deserve, that he once again leave us and forever. But we indulge no such sinister anticipation. We believe a better day is dawning on American letters; that our republican princes are beginning to understand, that of all sordid things sordid affluence is the meanest; and that the portion of their riches, which will bring in the most exuberant return of pleasure to their possessors, is the portion

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devoted to a generous and discriminating patronage. The American father, who can afford it, and does not buy a copy of Mr. Irving's book, does not deserve that his sons should prefer his fireside to the bar-room; — the pure and chaste pleasures of a cultivated taste, to the gross indulgences of sense. He does not deserve that his daughters should prefer to pass their leisure hours in maidenly seclusion and the improvement of their minds, rather than to flaunt on the side-walks by day, and pursue by night an eternal round of tasteless dissipation.

We are not sure that the passage in the book, which we have read with greatest satisfaction is not that, in which we are promised its continuation.

ART. II. — *The American Almanac.*

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the Year 1835. Boston. 1835.

IT is surprising to see what a vast amount of talent the necessity of establishing measures of time has called into exertion. But the reason probably is, that all men, without exception, are personally interested in them. The common almanac, a work which is apt to be found in every dwelling in the land, lightly as it is regarded, has required an immense exertion of thought and investigation in successive ages, to bring it to its present perfection; and if any one traces the steps of discovery, from the first helpless attempts at dividing time, down to the wonderful results which are embodied for public and private use in such a work as the one before us, it will give him a profound impression of the reach of human power.

We might moralize on this subject if we would, — and we think that such reflections are, in general, taken most patiently when they come in the beginning of an article. Certainly nothing tends more to make men thoughtful, than the recollection, that these measures of time are the measures of mortal existence. We are to live for a certain time, — how long we do not know; but we do know that every year that passes is so much taken from that limited season; if wasted, it is lost, — forever lost. When we say that a year is passed, we mean not

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merely that the earth has gone round the sun, and the moon has waxed and waned twelve times; not merely that spring, summer and autumn, have passed in beautiful succession, and that the dread majesty of winter is again over all: we mean something more impressive still; we mean that a hundredth part of the longest life is measured; that probably a much greater proportion of our life is gone with its account to join the eternal past. Glorious as the heavens are, we are not sure, that there is any association connected with them so sublime as the thought, that every revolution is winding up the thread of our lives.

It is said, in the account of the creation, that the heavenly bodies were intended to measure times, seasons, days and years. In most cases, they do furnish us with the measures by which we go. The earth's revolution on its axis furnishes the measure of a day. A week is measured by the quarterly changes of the moon; the measure of a month is suggested by the time which it takes the moon to go through its circle of changes; a year is measured by the earth's revolution in its orbit round the sun.

There are some divisions of time now in use, which are not measured by the heavenly bodies; such are the subdivisions of the day into minutes and hours. To begin with the minutes. It is evident that such a division could not have been in use in very ancient times, because there was nothing to measure it. There was no timepiece invented; the only thing of the kind known was the dial; but so far from measuring minutes, that invention could not measure hours; the hours measured by sun-dials were not of fixed length, but proportioned to the length of the day. The dial of ancient times must have been a very imperfect thing. Herodotus gives us to understand that the Chaldeans were the inventors, and it was doubtless from their country, that the memorable dial of Ahaz, mentioned in scripture, was brought. But so slowly was the invention improved, that at the time of the first Punic war, a dial was brought to Rome, and set up in the forum, which was made for a different latitude; and no one in the city seems to have known any good reason, why it should not keep as good time in that latitude, as in the one for which it was made. They easily discovered that it was of no use to them; but what was the matter with it, or how to mend it, no one was able to tell.

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The clepsydra or water-clock was a later invention, and might have answered the purpose, if the ancients had known the laws that govern the motions of fluids. The hour was measured very much as it is in the hour-glass, by the time which it took a given quantity of water to drop from the upper glass into the one below. But, unluckily, they did not know that when there was much water it would run out faster than when there was little, so that, though it would serve like the hour-glass to measure a single hour, it could not measure equal successive hours, nor could it measure the parts of a single hour. The Persian clepsydra was different; a small metallic cup perforated at the bottom was placed on the surface of a larger vessel of water where it filled gradually and sunk at the expiration of the hour. The only important use to which these water-clocks were applied, was to determine the length of pleadings in court houses. To prevent the advocate from speaking too long, he was allowed so much time, measured by the water-clock, and if he could not get through his argument in the time assigned, so much the worse for his client. In puritanical times preachers kept an hour-glass on the pulpit cushion, for the same purpose, but they by no means regarded the hint which it gave them.

As for clocks, they are entirely modern;—they are inventions of the monks of the middle ages. When we read of clocks, however, in early times, we must not think of anything finished like our timepieces; they were probably such, as the wooden clock of a pedlar might have looked down upon with disdain. These things show, that in extreme antiquity, they could not be acquainted with minutes, for want of something to measure them. When they spoke of a moment, they called it the twinkling of an eye, or glance of an eye; but this, of course, was no measure of time.

Passing then to the hours; we are not to suppose, when we see the word *hour* in ancient writings, that it had the same meaning then which it has now. In the writings of Moses, it means simply the time when any thing happened or was to happen,—as in the expression of our Saviour, "My hour is not yet come." In Homer and Hesiod the *hours* were the seasons of the year. In mythology, the hours were considered as goddesses who presided over the seasons of the year. In the book of Daniel, the word hour is used, but it seems to mean a moment, and not an extended portion of time: nor do we know of any passage in the Old Testament, where the word is used to denote any measured portion of a day. In the

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Apocryphal writings there are some; but those, compared with the books of the Old Testament, are quite modern writings.

How then, were the day and night divided? for there must have been some divisions, to answer the purposes of life. They had some, which answered their purpose in a general way. The night, in the Old Testament times, was divided into three equal parts, called the first watch, the second or middle watch, and the third or morning watch of the night. In the New Testament, the order is different, because then, the Jews had adopted in this, as in many other things, the practice of the Romans. They then divided the night into four watches,— sometimes called by number, first, second, third and fourth, sometimes by name, evening, night, cock-crowing and morning. These were names often applied to the whole watch, though they properly designated only the times when each watch began. These must have been loose and arbitrary divisions; thus they could not tell when it was midnight, if it was cloudy; they only knew it by observing the ascension of a star. Cock-crowing, too, depended entirely upon the discretion of the poultry. When our Saviour tells Peter that he will deny him before the cock crows, he means to say that he will do it very soon. The Paschal supper was not eaten till it was dark,— much time was taken up with its forms;— after it was over, he walked with his disciples out from the city to the mountain, — and this walk must have taken considerable time, judging from the instructions, preserved by St. John, which Jesus gave them upon the way. It must have been about midnight when he was arrested, and it was not half way from midnight to sunrise before the apostle denied him. Never was such a world of intensely interesting history, crowded into a few short hours.

The day, was like the night, divided into four equal parts, in very ancient times, loosely called the morning, the heat of the day, the midday and the evening: this division was in use in our Saviour's time, though they had then begun to divide the day into what were called the Babylonian hours. This earlier division is referred to in the law; the Paschal lamb must be slain between the two evenings; an expression which would be perplexing, if we did not know that the evening began at the middle of the afternoon, and the name evening was also given to the time when the sun had gone down; so that the command was to kill it at the latter part of the afternoon.

The Babylonian hours, which were in use in our Saviour's

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time, were invented by the Chaldeans, who took the lead in astronomical discoveries and calculations. The day, between sunrise and sunset was divided into twelve equal parts: these, of course, were not of fixed length, but were longer or shorter, according to the length of the day. At the time of the equinox, when the sun rose and set at six, they would have been just equal to ours, — sixty minutes long; but if the sun should have risen at four and set at eight, the hours would have been as much longer in proportion as the day was longer, — they would have been eighty minutes long. In Palestine, however, the sun never rose earlier than five, nor later than seven. The third hour was the hour of morning prayer; if the sun rose at six, this would be at nine o'clock; but if it rose at four it would be at eight o'clock; and the time of evening prayer was also at the middle of the afternoon; the sixth hour, which was noon, never changed: but all other times varied with the length of the day. We read in the scripture of those who went up to the temple at the third hour to pray, — this being the time of public prayer; and our Saviour sat at the well of Sychar at the sixth hour, which was the meridian heat of the day. The one who came into the vineyard in the eleventh hour, came but just before sunset, — the time when every one was required by the law, to pay those who had been employed in his service that day. This division of the day into hours had its inconveniences, which are too obvious to be mentioned. They were doubtless felt;— but what was to be done? It is clear, as was just now mentioned in the case of minutes, that without timepieces, which they had not, hours of fixed and equal length could not possibly be measured by man.

The Jews did not follow the Chaldeans in their time of beginning the day; and this brings us to the divisions of time into days. These, in most latitudes, are measured sufficiently well for common purposes, by the earth's revolution on its axis, which exposes all parts of its surface in succession to the light of the sun. In high northern latitudes, however, this would not answer; the hours of a day which last six months, might hang heavy on their hands; and a night of equal length would be somewhat too long to spend in sleep, if they had any idea of ever waking. Even now, though any one would suppose that this portion of time was exactly measured by the heavens, we have in use three different kinds of day. The natural day is the time between sunrise and sunset. — The civil day, that which is observed in all legal trans-

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actions, begins at midnight, — thus the Sabbath is regarded as beginning at twelve on Saturday night, and all legal movements are suspended till the next night at twelve. Then there is the astronomical day, — that which is used by astronomers and navigators, — it begins at noon, because that time can best be determined by observations, — and the hours are counted from one to twenty-four. The day, with the Jews, began at sunset; thus the Sabbath began at sunset on Friday evening. Friday was called the preparation for their Sabbath, because as nothing could be done on the Sabbath, all preparations were necessarily made on the day before. A calm, perfect and profound, prevailed in every habitation, from the moment when the sun went down; then, according to the beautiful ceremony of their religion, the Sabbath lamp was lighted in every dwelling, and burned till the next day's close.

In practical use, there is a slight perplexity attending the subject of time as measured by the sun. The days as measured by the sun are not equal throughout the year: this is because the earth has two motions, — while it turns on its axis, it moves also in its orbit round the sun. While it is turning once on its axis, it advances about one degree in its orbit: it must therefore turn so much more on its axis, before the sun can be at the meridian again. But the younger part of our readers will understand this better by an illustration; let a lamp represent the sun; now if any one turns round on the place where he stands, when he has turned exactly round, he shall be exactly facing it again. But suppose that when he is turning, he is at the same time moving to the right: in that case, when he has turned quite round, he will not be facing it; he must turn more before he will face it; — now the time of meridian is the time when the place on the earth where we are, is exactly facing the sun, — and owing to this motion in its orbit, the earth must sometimes turn more than quite round, and at others less than quite round, to bring us facing to the sun. But it always turns quite round in exactly twenty-four hours; — if it must turn more than quite round, it will take more than twenty-four hours, — if not quite round, it will take less than twenty-four hours; — and, accordingly, we find that the days, as measured by the meridian, are sometimes about a quarter of an hour longer, sometimes as much less than twenty-four hours.

Now if we measure time by the meridian, — if we take it

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to be twelve when it is noon according to the sun, it is evident that we must alter our clocks every day. This will not do ; — and the course which men have adopted, is the old-fashioned way of splitting the difference between the longer and shorter days, and going by a clock which measures equal days throughout the year. The clock gives the average length of the hours, — mean time, as it is generally called. Four times in the year it will be twelve by the clock and by the meridian, at the same instant : but on every other day, the clock will differ from the sun.

Of the week there is not much to be said. It was doubtless suggested by the time which it takes the moon to pass through one of her quarterly changes, though not exactly. In the Scripture, the word applies not merely to days but to years, — thus Laban says to Jacob, " fulfil her week," — meaning the seven years' term of service by which Jacob was to earn the hand of his daughter. So Daniel, in the celebrated prophecy of the seventy weeks, meant weeks of years, and was easily understood by the Jews.

This division of time has been in use from very early ages ; and it is a little singular that the days of the week have been named from the heavenly bodies by the ancient Chinese, Hindoos and Egyptians, as they were named by the moderns, — as we name them now. Sunday, as is well known, is named from the sun, as Saturday is from Saturn, — it being Saturn's day. Monday is so called from the moon ; the others retain the names to this day, which were given them by our Saxon fathers. Tuesday is so called from the Saxon name of the planet Mars ; Wednesday, from the Saxon name of Mercury ; Thursday, from the Saxon Jupiter, and Friday from the Saxon Venus. This shows how generally the heavenly bodies are regarded as presiding over the measures of time.

There is one singular form of expression in scripture which requires more attention than it has received ; — we will show what we mean by an example. It is said the disciples met after eight days, meaning a week after our Saviour's resurrection ; we should say after seven days ; but if the time mentioned took in the least portion of a day, they considered it as taking in the whole. Thus our Saviour is said to have been in the grave three days and three nights : according to our calculation, it was not so ; — for he died late on Friday afternoon, and rose early on Sunday morning : but according to the Jewish calcu-

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lation, the statement was exact; for though he was not forty-eight hours in the grave, he was still in it a part of three days, — that is, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. The law required that infants should be circumcised when they were eight days old, — and still it was done on the eighth day, when, according to our calculation, they were but seven days old. By them, the day of the birth, however little of it remained, was called the first day, and the day of circumcision, however little of it was spent, was reckoned the eighth day. This must be understood in the explanation of Herod's massacre. It is said that he slew them from two years old and under, — and it is often asked, why he should have made such a needless slaughter, to include a child but lately born, and why do not historians mention such a wide work of blood. But look at the peculiar calculation of the Jews. Suppose that our Saviour was born on the 25th of December, he would have been called one year old when that year closed, and on the 1st of January he would have been called two years old, because he had already seen a part of two years. This is a fact, however strangely it sounds. So that those born a very little time before Herod's murder, supposing a new year to have begun since they were born, would have been described as two years old; and those born on or after the new year's day, would have been included in the phrase "and under,"—"under," according to the time which he inquired of the wise men. Vile as he was, he did not probably wish to murder more than were necessary to secure the death of the lineal heir to the Jewish throne.

The greatest importance of this division of time into weeks, arises from its furnishing us with the Christian Sabbath; the Jewish Sabbath was on the seventh day of the week, — as the earliest Christians were Jews, they of course observed the day set apart by the Hebrew faith, and also another day, the first of the week, in remembrance of the resurrection of their Master. Jesus Christ taught his disciples, to respect the institutions of their former religion; — they did not therefore take the seventh day for their celebration, possibly, because it was already sanctified to a different sacred purpose; but there was no such objection to the first, which was also recommended to them by its being the day when the Saviour left the dead. How important this celebration is to religion, has been sometimes acknowledged by its enemies. The French revolutionists, when they wished to abolish Christianity, saw that it

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could not be done while the Sabbath was regarded. They therefore undertook to alter the calendar, dividing the year into twelve months of thirty days each, and every month into three decades, or weeks of ten days each. This was made the civil reckoning by law, so that the Sabbath was no longer observed. But twelve years could not make the people forget the Sabbath, nor was the new computation of time acceptable, — and when Napoleon came to the head of affairs, he abolished the new practice, and enacted that the week should be reckoned as in other civilized lands.

And the reason why they could not make men forget the Sabbath, was, that the Sabbath was made for man; the nature of man requires a day of rest, and God has ordained what proportion of time is needed for the purpose. One seventh portion of time is the amount set apart for the purpose, and the experience of man has abundantly shown that the estimate is just. There is no doubt on the mind of any one, who is capable of judging, that men are better in every respect with it, than they could be without it, both as respects this world and the other. As respects this world, there is more work done, and far better done, — there is more prudence, thrift and prosperity of every kind than there could be, if the Sabbath were like any other day; and as for morality, and religious feeling, without the Sabbath, they would soon be lost. One thing is evident; — it is that none need the Sabbath, so much as those who violate it, and those who would make it like any other day.

The division of the year into months, is suggested by the changes of the moon. For the moon to pass through her regular circle of changes, crescent, full and waning, requires about twenty-nine days and a half. These changes of the moon are so obvious and striking, that it was very natural to employ the circle of changes or lunation as it is called, for one of the larger measures of time. Still, it has always occasioned much perplexity, arising from the fact, that a month measured by the moon, is not so long by a day, as a month measured by the sun. A month according to the sun, is the time which it takes the sun to pass through one of the signs of the zodiac, which is thirty days and a half nearly, — or to be accurate, is exactly one twelfth part of three hundred and sixty-five days five hours and forty-nine minutes, which is the length of the mean solar year. Twelve months therefore, according to the moon, do not

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equal twelve months according to the sun, and of course do not make out an entire year.

The earliest months mentioned in the scriptures consisted of thirty days, all except the twelfth, which was made to consist of thirty-five days, in order to fill out the entire year. We say the twelfth, because the months were then numbered, and not known by names as they are now. But all this was afterwards altered. They gave names to the months, and measured them by the moon, while the year was necessarily measured by the earth's revolution round the sun. These lunar months consisted of twenty-nine days and a half, — or rather, in order to avoid the inconvenience of fractions, one month consisted of twenty-nine days, the next of thirty, and so on throughout the year. The new moon was the beginning of the month; the new moon determined the time of their celebrations, so that exactness in the time was of importance in a civil and religious point of view. They did not, however, probably from want of astronomical knowledge, go by the time when the moon is in conjunction with the sun; but by the time when it is first visible in the sky. The first appearance of the crescent was narrowly observed; if the sky was cloudy, the time was determined by authority in the temple; at night, beacon fires were kindled on the mount of Olives: this fire was immediately answered from the surrounding heights, where men were stationed on the watch; the signals rapidly spread, and in a few moments, all the hills in Judea were in a blaze. In Jerusalem, all the trumpets of the temple summoned the people to rejoice, and to celebrate the festival of the new moon. How much was thought of the season of the new moon, no reader of scripture will need to be informed.

But, as we have said, twelve of these lunar months do not make out the year. And here let me call your attention to the arrangement made by Moses, who was fully aware of the difficulty which would arise from thus measuring time by the moon. The difficulty may be explained in this way. Twelve lunar months make about three hundred and fifty-four days, while the year consists of three hundred sixty-five; — the lunar year therefore is eleven days less than the true year. Now, suppose that the passover should come one year on the twenty-first of March; according to the moon, the anniversary would come the next year on the tenth of March; the year after it would go back into February, — in a few years the passover would

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come in January, — and thus we see, that, going by the moon, the festivals would go farther and farther back, till they travelled throughout the year. The difficulty was also felt in matters of common life. Suppose that a man had hired and paid for a field for three years; according to this rule he would lose his third crop, the harvest being in the spring; since the end of the third year would be thirty-three days earlier than the first, it would come in February, when the grain was not ripe, and as that third harvest was not ripe till the beginning of the fourth year, he must lose it, he having hired the field for but three.

Now, with their small amount of astronomical knowledge, the only remedy they could devise for this difficulty, was to add a thirteenth month to the third year, and Moses so arranged it, that this must be done. Some may say, why did he not tell them at once to go by the sun, which would have saved all this trouble. This, however, would be like the suggestion of a certain princess, who was told that the poor were dying for want of bread; astonishing! said she, why don't they eat pastry? The reason was, that they could not get it, — and the reason why Moses did not go by the sun was, that nobody knew the exact length of the solar year. His only remedy was to add this thirteenth month when it became necessary, and the way in which he did it, shows his far-sighted wisdom. Instead of leaving it to the discretion of the priests to add it when it became necessary, he provided that it should of necessity be done. The first moon of the year, answering nearly to our April, was the harvest moon of Palestine. Moses called it the ear-moon, and required that on the sixteenth day of it, at the time of full moon, ripe ears of barley should be offered as first fruits to God. By reason of the lunar year being only three hundred and fifty-four days, this full moon would come eleven days earlier next year, and twenty-two days earlier the year after; and then, evidently, the harvest would not be ripe, so that the offering could not be made. When this was the case, they were not to call that moon the first of a new year: it was to be considered as the thirteenth month of the old year; they were to wait for the next moon, when the harvest would be ripe, and that was to be regarded as the ear-moon and first of a new year. The great advantage of this arrangement was, that there was no need of going to astronomers to know when this odd month must be added;

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every husbandman could tell whether the harvest would be ripe or not, by the middle of the moon; and if not, he needed no public authority to tell him that that moon was the thirteenth of the old year, and not the first of the new. Where there is no such arrangement, there is perpetual confusion. In Turkey, at the present day, where they go by the moon without adding such a month, the festivals travel back every anniversary till they go quite through the year.

Some ancient nations, being aware of this difficulty, made attempts to measure the year by the sun: but they fell on this very stumbling block, — ignorance of the exact length of the solar year. They called it three hundred and sixty-five days; which was not correct, for the true year is about six hours longer, which in four years would amount to a day. The Egyptians are an example. They went by the heliacal rising of the dog-star, — that is, the time when, after having been so near the sun as to be lost in its light, it first rises so much earlier than the sun that its light can be seen in the sky. They supposed that the dog-star, after having been thus lost in the light of the sun, would re-appear at precisely the same time every year. But they found that the heliacal risings of this brilliant star, were advancing at the rate of a day in four years; which, in the course of a century, would make a serious derangement of dates and calculations. We do not know when the year was first known to be six hours more than three hundred and sixty-five days in length. Plato is said to have learned it from the Egyptians, — but if they knew it, they do not seem to have known how to apply their knowledge, so as to remedy the trouble which arose from the unequal length of the years. This shows the wisdom of Moses in supplying a practical remedy for a defect, which there was not science enough in the world to repair.

We think that even a child may be made to comprehend what this difficulty is. It made precisely the same difficulty in the year, which a clock going too fast would make in a day. But what would the person who had the management of such a clock, do with it? Probably, if he found it was an hour too fast, he would have the wit to put it back, and make it go through another hour before he would consider the given hour as come. This is just what Moses did: when he found that the Passover was coming a month too soon, he put the calen-

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dar back, and made it go through another month, before he called it the beginning of the new year.

Attempts were made by some ancient nations, to divide the difference between the lunar and solar years: some of these attempts may be traced among the Egyptians. Thus, the lunar year being three hundred and fifty-four days, and the solar three hundred and sixty-five, they considered the year as consisting of three hundred and sixty days, — to make no mention of fractions. This luni-solar year was more than five days longer than the lunar year, and as much shorter than the year as measured by the sun. But this was too fast; — and if the new year came five days and a half earlier every year than in the last, the months must soon cease to correspond to the seasons, and in less than a half a century, the winter months must change places with those of summer. Professor Playfair remarked, that this fact would explain a difficult passage in Herodotus; the historian said that, in the time of the ancient Egyptian kings, the sun had twice risen in the place where it had formerly set, and twice set where it had formerly risen. By this he supposes it was meant, that the sun had gone twice through all the signs of the ecliptic; and that the sun had risen and set twice in every day and month of the year. This was eagerly seized by those who are for discrediting the sacred history, to prove that the earth is much older than the account of Moses makes it: but all this might have happened in the short space of one hundred and thirty-eight years; since, in that period, there would be a difference of about two years between the lunar and solar year.

Without saying more of the perplexities of the ancients, we will now proceed to give some account of the first effectual attempt made to correct the calendar. It was done under the orders of Julius Cæsar, — by far the most accomplished and intellectual of the class of conquerors to which he belongs. His victories do no lasting honor to his name: but this enterprise secures him the everlasting gratitude of mankind. We do not mean to say that he did this by his own calculations: he called to his aid the best astronomers that the age afforded. Sosigenes is celebrated as the most eminent of this number; he saw in the outset, that nothing could be effected, without ascertaining, as nearly as possible, the length of the solar year. Accordingly, having ascertained, as he thought, that the earth revolved round the sun in three hundred and sixty-five days

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and six hours, he settled it as a principle, that the months must be so arranged as to fill up three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours, that being the length of the year, without regard to the moon.

The first thing to be done was, to bring back the equinox to its proper place in March; in order to do this, he *put the clock forward;* he made the year then passing go through two more months than usual, — because the festivals then came two months too soon. The year of fourteen months was called the year of confusion. But beside restoring the equinox to its place, it was necessary to provide for the extra six hours, and as these hours amounted to a day in every four years, he inserted a day in every fourth year, making three hundred and sixty-six, the same which we now call a leap year. This was done when Cæsar was appointed dictator and sovereign pontiff, about forty-five years before the coming of our Lord. This is substantially the same with the calendar now in use. It made the average length of the years three hundred and sixty-five days and a quarter, instead of three hundred and sixty-five days as they were before. The extra day was added in February, as it is now. He called it the bissextile; we call it the leap year. The reason why it is so called is this. Because it leaps that year a day more than in a common year: for example, this year, the 1st of March will be Saturday; next year it will be Sunday; but the year after it will leap over Monday and begin on Tuesday, Monday being taken into February to make out the twenty-nine days for the month, and three hundred and sixty-six for the year.

But with all the pains bestowed at that time upon the calendar, it was not quite correct. Before the time of Cæsar, the year had been too short; he lengthened it by adding six hours; but this was leaning on the other side, and making it a little too long; for the true year wants eleven minutes and ten seconds of three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours. This, to be sure, is not much, and the error would occasion no inconvenience for many years. It amounted only to a day in one hundred and thirty years, and the calendar of Cæsar was in use more than fifteen hundred years before it was even detected. At length, in the time of Gregory XIII, a Pope of the sixteenth century, it was ascertained by the festivals of the church, that there was some error in the computation of time. On looking into the subject, it was found that, whereas the cal-

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endar placed the vernal equinox on the 21st of March, it actually took place on the 10th, so that the seasons and festivals had gone ten days from the place which the calendar assigned them. The difficulty experienced by the church was this. Easter was to be celebrated on the first full moon after the spring equinox ; the calendar placed the equinox on the 21st of March: it really took place on the 10th ; now suppose the moon was full on the 20th, what day should they observe ? The 20th was before the equinox by the calendar, and yet after it in reality ; if they went by the calendar they must wait for the next full moon, and yet this on the 20th, being after the equinox, was the real anniversary of the Passover and of Easter. This was a serious thing to a church, which attached so much importance to its anniversaries and celebrations.

But something must be done. And, whereas, on former occasions, they had been obliged to add some days to make out the year, or, as we should say, *to put the clock forward*, now they were obliged to put it back ; that is, they were obliged to strike out some days to bring back the equinox to the 21st of March, where it belonged. The Pope, accordingly, gave orders that ten days should be struck out in October, 1582 ; that the next day after the 4th, should be not the 5th, but the 15th, — a change which was immediately made in all Roman Catholic countries, though not without sore misgivings on the part of some of them, at seeing the head of the church cutting off so many days from the term of their natural lives. In Protestant countries, the new style, as it was called, was not readily adopted ; it seemed like a simple and necessary reform : still, they thought that since it proceeded from the Catholics, it was a suspicious movement, and the less they had to do with it the better ; they accordingly stood out against it in rejoicing ignorance, and with so much perseverance, that it was not till the middle of the last century, that Protestant countries generally adopted the Gregorian calendar.

In England and this country, of course, the new style was not adopted till 1752. In Russia,and other countries where the Greek church prevails, the new style was not adopted till 1830, — only four years ago. Dr. Johnson gives an account of the sensation produced by the act of Parliament for effecting the change. The young people were all delighted at the

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thought of killing so much time as eleven days, for it was necessary to strike out one more in the century before; they also thought that it would be a beautiful thing to have a year, which public authority ordained should be a year of confusion. But older people did not like the idea of having a year with such an ominous name: moreover, they did not see what right Parliament had to strike out eleven days, as if Providence could not regulate that matter without their helping hand. The greatest outcry was made by certain ancient women, who said that their lives were full short enough without having eleven days struck off, and that to strike out a Sabbath from the year, seemed to them the most unrighteous thing that ever was done in a Christian country.

The Pope, or rather the men of science whom, like Cæsar, he relied on in the whole movement, not only restored the seasons to their place, but provided against a recurrence of the difficulty. The method was ingenious and effectual. The excess was a day in one hundred and thirty years. He therefore ordained that in three centuries out of four, the last year should be a common year, and not a leap year. Thus, 1600 was a leap year, having three hundred and sixty-six days; but 1700, 1800, and 1900 are common years, having but three hundred and sixty-five. This arrangement disposes of one day in about one hundred and thirty years, and brings the calendar nearly to perfection. We say nearly, for though there is a slight variation, it will only amount to a day in three thousand, years and that need not give us much concern: it can be attended to as well in the year 4835. According to the Gregorian or new style, the year begins on the 1st of January. This was the time fixed by Cæsar for new year's day, because it is the time when the earth is nearest to the sun. But it was not generally regarded. Some have commenced the year on the 25th of December, the supposed anniversary of our Saviour's birth; others have commenced it on the 25th of March, and this was the time established by law in the reign of Henry VIII, and generally observed afterwards as new year's day, till the change of style in 1752. In the dates of events in history, there is some perplexity, unless we remember this fact: thus we read of a President of Harvard College, that he presided at commencement in July, and died in January of the same year; a thing which would not now be easily done. But then, when the old style was in use, Jan-

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uary was one of the last months of the old year, instead of being as it is now, the first month of the new.

But we must not dismiss the subject, till we have said something of the still larger divisions of time, called epochs or eras, of which the Christian era, which computes the years from the birth of our Lord, is one. This is the only one with which we have much concern; but in speaking of this, we are obliged to say a few words of the cycles, or circles of years, which were in use before the years were reckoned from our Saviour's birth.

The first was the solar cycle, and it was formed in this way. Suppose the sun entered the sign Aquarius in January, on Wednesday the 21st, at one o'clock in the day. It will not again enter the same sign on the same day of the month, the same day of the week, and at the same hour of the day, in less than twenty-eight years; twenty-eight years, therefore was called the cycle or circle, through which the sun must pass before he comes back to the place whence he started. In using this they said that such a year was the first, second, third, of the solar cycle; and so on to the twenty-eighth, when they began again. There was also a lunar cycle, which was thus formed. Suppose that the moon should be at the full on Wednesday, the 28th of January, at one o'clock in the day. It would not be full again on the same day of the month, the same day of the week, and at the same hour of the day, under nineteen years: this, therefore, was called the lunar cycle, which brings back the moon to the place whence she started. This was called the golden number, because it was found so valuable in ancient times, for regulating festivals which depended on the moon. There was another smaller cycle, called the Roman Indiction, — a period of fifteen years, which was in use only to determine the time for paying certain periodical taxes.

But these cycles were so short as to be inconvenient; in order to get a larger period, which might save the trouble of counting the years over and over again, these cycles were multiplied together, and the product was a cycle of 7980 years, which was called the Julian period. This is assumed to have had its commencement before the creation of the world, since there has been no time since, when the three cycles could have begun together.

There was no attempt made to reckon the years from the time of our Saviour's birth, till the year 527, when Dionysius

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Exiguus, a Roman abbot, suggested that this reverence ought to be paid to the Saviour of the world. He therefore began so to date the years, and assumed that the first year of the Christian era was the 4714th of the Julian period. There is no historical record, by which the nativity can be precisely ascertained; he therefore decided what year it was by such indications as he could gather from comparing the sacred history with that of profane historians. But those were times in which much less was known concerning these points than in the present age; and a mistake was then made in fixing the time of our Saviour's birth which has never since been corrected.

The manner in which this mistake was brought to light is a fine illustration of the advantages of science. Who would suppose that astronomy could have pointed out an error in chronology? and yet so it was. Dionysius fixed the 1st year of Christ in the 4714th of the Julian period. But Josephus mentions that during Herod's last illness there was a remarkable eclipse of the moon. On consulting astronomical tables, we are enabled to ascertain the date of that eclipse to the day and hour; we find that it took place in the 4710th year of the Julian period, on the 13th of March, three hours past midnight at Jerusalem. Now we know that our Saviour was born before Herod died; so that he must have been born at least four years earlier than that which was fixed upon as the first of the Christian era. He must have been born sometime before the death of Herod, since his parents took him into Egypt to save him from that tyrant's malice, and kept him there till Herod died. So that astronomy makes it perfectly clear that our Saviour was born at least four, possibly five years earlier than the time assigned by the nativity; and if the Christian era had been correctly determined, the present year would be 1839 or 40, possibly 41. The reason why the mistake, though universally admitted, never has been corrected, is, that we cannot fix the precise year, in the first place, and in the second, the error has prevailed for 1200 years through the dates of all histories, so that much confusion would be made in chronology without any correspondent gain.

How perplexing this whole subject sometimes is, appears from a controversy which raged at the beginning of this century, and has lately been revived in the New-York papers. The great question was, did the year 1800 belong to the 18th or

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19th century? Many intelligent men maintained that it belonged to the 19th; and this shows how easily men are bewildered in such speculations. If any one had come to pay them 1800 dollars in parcels of a hundred each, we strongly suspect that they would have claimed the hundredth of the eighteenth parcel as well as the hundredth of all the rest: why not say that ninety-nine years made the first century as well as that 1799 years made eighteen centuries? the ninety-ninth year of a century is not the last: the hundredth is the last.

The American Almanac has now been published for several years, and is probably familiarly known to our readers, if not actually in their hands. Its most important department is understood to be in the hands of Mr. Paine, whose observations command the entire confidence of those most interested in the subject; — no ordinary honor, — since this is a field in which no one can arrive at eminence without really deserving it. In addition to these observation the Almanac furnishes a vast amount of information on various subjects of immediate and public interest; it supplies a treasury to which any one can resort for those facts, which are in constant demand, and yet have never before been made easily accessible, to those who have not libraries within their reach. It is fast taking the place of those lighter publications of the kind, which have so long been in general use, simply for the want of better. We have no doubt that it will prosper; it is now very extensively circulated and every coming year will add to its success.

ART. III. — *Memoirs of Casanova.*

Memoires de Jacques Casanova de Seingalt, écrits par lui-même. 10 vols. 12mo. Bruxelles. 1833.

THIS work is a narrative, written by himself, of the adventures of the author, who flourished in the latter part of the last century, and seems from his own shewing to have belonged to the respectable class of *Chevaliers d'Industrie.* The details are not in all cases of the most edifying character, and

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we should hesitate about the propriety of noticing the book, if we thought that our account of it would give it any additional circulation. But as there are probably not three copies in the country, there is very little chance of its being, in any event, extensively read. Though fitted, on the whole, if generally circulated, to do more harm than good, it presents a curious, and to the philosophic reader, not uninstructive picture of the state of society in Europe, at the period immediately preceding the French Revolution. It also contains some passages of great interest, of which, as far as our limits may permit, we propose to give a translation.

Although the work was originally written in French, the author was not a native of France, but was born at Venice, in a family of Spanish extraction and respectable standing. The other members of it in several preceding generations seem, however, by his account of them, to have been, like himself, more remarkable for talents and enterprise than for a strict observance of the old-fashioned rules of morality. The seat of the family in Spain was Saragossa. Don Jacob Casanova, one of our hero's ancestors, was private secretary to the king, Saragossa being at that time the capital of the independent kingdom of Aragon. In the year 1428, Don Jacob carried off from her convent Donna Anna Palafox, a nun, the day after she had taken the veil. She was probably of the family of the present distinguished general of that name. Don Jacob went with his prize to Rome, where his uncle Don Juan held the high employment of Master of the Palace to the Pope, and, by his influence at court, relieved the lady from her vows and legalized the union. Don Juan, the only offspring of this marriage that reached maturity, having killed in a duel an officer of the king of Naples, was obliged to quit Rome, and took refuge with his wife and her infant son, Mark Antony, at Como. He afterwards accompanied Columbus on his voyage to America, where he died in 1493. His son, Mark Antony, was secretary to Cardinal Colonna, and a good poet, but was compelled in his turn to quit Rome, where he had given offence by a violent satire against the Cardinal de Medicis, afterwards Pope Clement VII. This prelate, on his accession to the sacred tiara, forgave Mark Antony, and recalled him to Rome, but when the city was sacked by the imperial army, under the Constable de Bourbon, in 1526, he lost every thing. He afterwards died of the plague. Vale-

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rian, in his work on the misfortunes of learned men, mentions him as one of the striking examples of the truth which he intended to illustrate. James, a posthumous son of Mark Antony, was a colonel in the army of Henry IV, king of France, and died in France at a very advanced age. He left a son of the same name, who established himself at Parma, and was the immediate progenitor of the author of the work before us, who was born in 1725. Before that time, however, the social position of the family had somewhat changed. Our hero's parents were actors at Venice: he had two brothers of some distinction as painters; one of them was director of the Academy of Painting, at Dresden.

Our author was intended for the church, and for some time wore the dress of an abbé. Not feeling a strong vocation for the ecclesiastical profession, he, after a while, abandoned it, and took the title of the Chevalier de Seingalt. The order of knighthood to which he belonged seems, however, as we remarked before, to have been substantially that of the *Chevaliers d'Industrie*. He passed his life in travelling from city to city, living in great splendor, principally on the product of his skill in gaming, although he was at times employed in different ways by several of the governments. He also numbered among his other ways and means the art of predicting future events by the aid of a familiar spirit, to whom he gave the name of Paralis, and who made answer through the intervention of cards and numbers, in a way not particularly explained, to any question which our author thought proper to propose. His success in this kind of necromancy seems to have given him a complete ascendency over the minds of certain very respectable old ladies, in France and Italy, who placed the contents of their strong boxes entirely at the discretion of him and his familiar. His fine person and engaging manners were equally successful with the younger part of the fairer portion of the creation, and a large part of the book is occupied by a narrative, in much freer language than suits the taste of the present day, of his adventures of gallantry. His achievements in the line of fortune-telling, attracted at one time the attention of the Inquisition, and he was confined by order of that tribunal in the prison called the Leads,—*les Plombs*,—it being the attic story immediately under the leaden roof of the ducal palace at Venice. The character and situation of this prison-house have lately been rendered familiar

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to the public by the work of Silvio Pellico, who was also confined in it. Casanova's apartment was immediately above the hall where the tribunal of the inquisition held its sessions. After a confinement of more than a year he succeeded, in a way that certainly does infinite credit to his address, perseverance, and physical power, in making his escape. He published at the time an account of his imprisonment and escape, which is incorporated in the present work, and forms one of the most amusing passages. Casanova combined with his other qualities a strong taste and aptitude for literature, but has not, we believe, left any work of value.

It is not our purpose to follow our author through the long career of his adventures. Having given our readers a general idea of his character and history, we proceed to lay before them some of the most entertaining passages in the work before us. In his travels about Europe he more than once visited Voltaire at Ferney; and gives the following account of the conversation at one of these visits.

"After dinner we went to see Voltaire, who was rising from table as we entered. He was surrounded by a sort of court of ladies and gentlemen, which made my introduction rather a formal one. After being presented, I said to him: M. de Voltaire, this is one of the happiest days of my life. I have been for twenty years your pupil, and I am truly delighted with the opportunity of paying my respects to my master.

"Sir,' said he, in reply, 'after you have been my pupil for twenty years more I hope you will begin to think of paying me for my tuition.'

"Certainly,' said I, 'if you will promise me to wait so long.'

"Voltaire's sally produced a laugh at my expense, but I paid no attention to it, and waited for an occasion to take my revenge. Soon after, he addressed me again, remarking 'that as I was from Venice I was probably acquainted with Count Algarotti.'

"'I know him,' said I, 'not however because I am from Venice, for seven eighths of my excellent countrymen are entirely ignorant of his existence.'

"'I should have said that you probably knew him as a man of letters.'

"'I know him because I passed two months with him at Padua seven years ago. What particularly attracted my attention about him was the admiration which he professed for M. de Voltaire.'

"'This was flattering to me, but it is not necessary for him to be the admirer of any one in order to obtain the admiration of all.'

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"'If he had not begun by admiring, Algarotti would never have obtained reputation. As an admirer of Newton he undertook to teach the ladies to talk about light.'

"'Did he succeed?'

"'Not so well as Fontenelle in his plurality of worlds: — still, to a certain extent, he has succeeded.'

"'That is true. If you see him at Bologne I beg you to tell him that I am waiting for his letters on Russia. He can address them to my banker, Bianchi, at Milan, who will transmit them to me.'

"'I shall do it with pleasure, if I see him.'

"'I am told that the Italians are not satisfied with his style.'

"'Assuredly they are not: his language is full of gallicisms; his style is contemptible.'

"'You do not think then, that the use of French idioms renders your language more beautiful?'

"'On the contrary, they render it insupportable, as the French would be interlarded with German or Italian forms, even though Voltaire himself were the writer.'

"'You are right. Every language must be written with purity. Even Livy has been criticised: it has been said that his Latin had a savour of *Patavinity*.'

"'When I was studying Latin the Abbé Lazzarini, my instructor, told me he preferred Livy to Sallust.'

"'What, the Abbé Lazzarini, author of the tragedy of the *Young Ulysses?* You must have been very young then: I should have been glad to have known him. I was well acquainted with the Abbé Conti, who had been the friend of Newton, and whose tragedies embrace the whole Roman history.'

"'I also knew and admired him. I was very young, but I thought myself happy in being admitted into the society of these great men. It seems to me but as yesterday, although so many years have since passed.'

"'May I ask you to what branch of literature you are devoted?'

"'To none in particular: — I may, perhaps, hereafter make a selection: in the mean time I read as much as I can and make observations as I travel, on men and manners.'

"'That is the true way to know them, but the book is after all, too large. You get what you want more easily by reading history.'

"'No doubt, if one could depend upon it: the misfortune is that history is tiresome and after all not to be trusted: in travelling you are amused as well as instructed. Horace, whom I know by heart, is my guide-book for all parts of the world.'

"'Algarotti also knew Horace by heart. You must certainly be fond of poetry.'

"'Passionately.'

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"'Have you written many sonnets?'

"'Ten or twelve that I think pretty good, and perhaps two or three thousand more that I have never looked at a second time.'

"'Sonnets are all the rage in Italy.'

"'Yes, if you can properly call rage the disposition to clothe a happy thought in an harmonious form, that may render it effective. A sonnet is difficult because you are limited to exactly fourteen verses, let the subject be what it will.'

"'It is a sort of bed of Procrustes, and that is the reason why there are so few good ones. In French we have not one, but that is the fault of our language.'

"'And also of your character: you believe that a thought a little expanded loses all its force and brilliancy.'

"'Is not that your opinion?'

"'Pardon me,—that depends entirely upon what the thought is. A *bon mot* for example is not sufficient to fill up a sonnet, whether in French or Italian, it will only make an epigram.'

"'Which of the Italian poets do you prefer?'

"'Ariosto: I cannot perhaps properly say that I prefer him to the others, because he is the only one that I like.'

"'You are of course familiar with the others?'

"'I think I have read them all, but they all sink into nothing by the side of Ariosto. At fifteen years old I had read what you have written against him, and I then said that when you had read him you would retract it all.'

"'I am indebted to you for believing that I had not read him. The truth is, however, that I had read him, but I was very young, knew the language imperfectly and was prejudiced against him by some of the Italian scholars, who preferred Tasso. Under these circumstances I unfortunately published opinions respecting him which I thought my own, but which were in fact only an echo of the prepossessions of others. I now worship Ariosto.'

"'Ah! M. de Voltaire! you give me great pleasure by saying so. But will you not excommunicate the book in which you ridicule this great poet?'

"'What good would that do? My works are all excommunicated? I will give, however, a proof of my conversion.'

"Voltaire then began to recite two long passages of the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth cantos, in which the poet relates the conversations of Astolfo with the apostle St. John, and he did it without a single omission or mistake. He afterwards pointed out their beauties with singular sagacity and correctness of taste. The ablest Italian commentator could not have done it with more propriety. I listened to him with the greatest attention, scarcely breathing, and hoping to hear him make some mistake, but I lost my labor. When he had done I turned to the company and ex-

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claimed that I was more than surprised and that I should inform all Italy of my just admiration. And I, replied Voltaire, shall inform all Europe of the reparation that I owe to the memory of the greatest genius that she has produced.

"The next day Voltaire gave me a translation that he had made of the stanza of Ariosto, beginning with this line:

'Quindi avvien que tra principi e signori.

"It is as follows: —

'Les papes, les Césars, appaisant leur querelle,
Jurent sur l'Evangile une paix éternelle;
Vous les voyez l'un de l'autre ennemis,
C'était pour se tromper qu'ils s'étoient réunis;
Nul serment n'est gardé, nul accord n'est sincère,
Quand la bouche a parlé, le coeur dit le contraire,
Du ciel qu'ils attestaient ils bravaient le courroux,
L'intérêt est le Dieu qui les gouverne tous.'

"After Voltaire had finished his recitation, which was loudly applauded by all the company, although none of them understood Italian, his niece Madame Denis asked me if I thought the passage which her uncle had just repeated, one of the finest in the poem.

"'I do,' replied I, 'but I prefer the thirty-six last stanzas of the twenty-third canto, in which the poet describes the madness of Orlando.'

'Perhaps,' said Madame Denis, casting a sidelong look at her uncle, 'you will have the goodness to recite them to us.'

"'Willingly, Madame,' said I, 'if you would like to hear them.'

"'Then you have taken the trouble to commit them to memory,' said Voltaire.

"'Say rather the pleasure,' said I, 'for it has given me no trouble. Since the age of sixteen I have never passed a year without reading the Orlando two or three times over: it is my passion, and I have got it naturally by heart without taking any pains to do so. I know the whole, excepting the genealogical and historical details, which fatigue the mind without engaging the feelings. Of Horace I can repeat every verse, notwithstanding the prosaic character of some of the epistles, which are far from being equal to those of Boileau.'

"'Boileau,' said Voltaire, 'is a little too much of a courtier: as to Horace, I can easily conceive of your knowing him by heart, but Ariosto's forty long cantos are rather too much.'

"'Fifty-one, if you please, M. de Voltaire,' said I. The great man said nothing more, and Madame Denis called for the recital of the thirty-six stanzas.

"I then began in a firm tone, but not in the monotonous manner, with which the French are so justly reproached by the Ital-

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ians. The French would declaim better than any other people if they were not embarrassed by their rhymes, for they know how to express more correctly what they feel. They have not the impassioned and monotonous tone of my countrymen, nor the sentimental and extravagant manner of the Germans, nor yet the tedious drawl of the English. They give to every sentence the tone and the sound of voice which agree best with the nature of the sentiment to be expressed, but the constant return of the same sounds deprives them of some of their advantages. I recited the beautiful verses of Ariosto, like a fine measured prose, accompanying it with gestures, looks and modulations of voice according to the sentiment which I wished to convey to the audience. I found it difficult to refrain from tears, and the company were all in the same state. At length, when I came to the stanza —

'Poiche allargare il freno al dolor puote,
Che resta solo senza altrui rispetto,
Giu dagli occhi rigando per le gote
Spargo un fiume de lacrime sul petto,'

the stream burst forth, and the company at the same time began to sob. Voltaire and Madame Denis threw their arms round my neck; but I proceeded, without permitting them to interrupt me, through the stanzas which describe Orlando's madness. In reciting them, I exchanged the plaintive and mournful tone for a violent one, corresponding with the actions of the hero, who is represented as tearing up rocks and trees with the power and fury of a tempest or a volcano.

"When I had finished, I received, with a serious air, the congratulations of the whole company. 'Horace is right,' said Voltaire, 'and I always said so. The secret of making others weep is to weep yourself; but the tears must be real, and in order to shed them the feelings must be deeply moved. I thank you, sir, said he, embracing me, and I promise you that I will recite the same verses to-morrow and shed tears, as you have done.' He kept his word.

"It is surprising, said Madame Denis, that the Orlando was not placed upon the list of prohibited books.

"'Instead of that,' said Voltaire, 'Leo X. excommunicated in advance, any one who should venture to condemn it. The two great families of Este and Medicis were interested in sustaining Ariosto. Without their protection the single verse upon the grant of Rome by Constantine to Pope Sylvester, which as the poet says, *puzza forte*, (smells very strong,) would have been sufficient of itself to condemn the whole poem.'

"'I think,' said I, 'that the verse which excited the greatest trouble was the one in which Ariosto calls in question the resurrection. In speaking of the hermit who wished to prevent Rodo-

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mont from getting possession of Isabella, the widow of Zerbino, he represents the African as so completely tired out with his preaching, that he finally seizes him and hurls him to a great distance against a rock, where, says the poet, he will remain senseless, perhaps till the day of judgment, *che al novissimo di forse fia desto.* This *forse*, 'perhaps,' which the poet may have inserted merely as a figure of rhetoric, or for the purpose of filling up the verse created a great excitement, which would doubtless have amused Ariosto very much if he had had time to pay attention to it.'

"The next day Charles Fox came to visit me, with two Englishmen whom I had seen at Voltaire's. We afterwards dined at the Delices, and had with us, among other guests, the Duke de Villars. Voltaire put forth all the resources of his brilliant and fertile imagination, and completely charmed us, notwithstanding his occasional caustic remarks upon persons present. He lived very handsomely and at great expense, — a rare thing with poets, who are not often favorites of Plutus. He was at this time sixty years old, and had an income of one hundred thousand francs. It has been said that he enriched himself by cheating the booksellers, but the truth is, that he was often cheated by them. He made his fortune in other ways, and often gave away his manuscripts on condition only that they should be published and circulated. While I was with him he made a present in this way of his pretty tale, *The Princess of Babylon*, which he wrote in three days."

The most amusing passage in the work, as we before remarked, is the one which describes the author's imprisonment in the Leads, and his escape. It is given in great detail, and occupies half of one of the volumes. It was published at the time as a separate work, and would now be read with great interest in a translation. Within the narrow limits that remain to us, we can only give a very general outline of the narrative, and an extract from the close.

At day-light, on the 25th of July, 1755, our author was roused from sleep by a visit from an officer of the Inquisition who entered his bedchamber, accompanied by forty soldiers, and took him away to prison. No warrant was exhibited, nor does it appear from the account, that he was ever brought to trial or even examined. The officer who arrested him inquired for certain books treating of astrology and necromancy, which he had in his possession, and he was led by this circumstance to suppose that he was charged with dealing in these forbidden arts, but this charge he considered as a mere cover for private malignity of some description. He was conveyed forthwith

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in a gondola to the quay of the prison, and thence over the famous *Bridge of Sighs* into the Ducal Palace, and up to the Leads where he was locked up by a jailor in a cell, of which he gives the following description.

"The jailor made me a sign to enter, which I did by stooping very low and after locking me in, he asked me through a grated hole in the door, what I would have to eat. I told him that I had not yet made up my mind, and he then left me, locking several doors after him with great care. The opening in the door was two feet square, and was grated with six iron bars an inch thick. There was a window in the outer room, which would have rendered my cell tolerably light had there not been a large beam between it and the grate. My cell was about twelve feet square and five and a half high, with a little alcove on one side, intended for a bed, but there was neither bed, table nor chair in it, nor any other furniture but a single bench fixed to the wall. On that I placed my silk mantle, my elegant coat, and my hat, which was embroidered with point lace and ornamented with a white *plumet*. I then went to the door and looked through the grated opening into the next room, where a number of overgrown rats were walking very much at their ease about the floor. I hastily closed the grate and remained for eight hours leaning on my elbows upon the casement in a sort of reverie."

Our author finally fell asleep, but was roused after a few hours, and on recovering his senses met with an adventure which would do no discredit to the sombre records of the Mysteries of Udolpho.

"The midnight bell roused me from sleep. I could hardly believe that I had passed three hours without suffering any uneasiness. I was lying on my left side, and without changing my position I extended my right arm to take a handkerchief, which I recollected that I had placed there. Great God! What was my horror when on feeling about for it my hand encountered another hand as cold as ice! Terror electrified me in every limb, and my hair stood erect upon my head. Never in my life did I experience such a fit of terror, nor could I have supposed that I was susceptible of it to such a degree. I passed three or four minutes in a state of annihilation, not only without moving, but, I may say, without venturing even to think. Recovering myself I finally thought that the cold hand which I had encountered might perhaps be merely an effect of imagination, and in this hope I again extended my arm in the same direction. Again I met the same icy hand. Shuddering with horror I now sent forth a wild shriek, and throwing off the hand drew back my own arm. When I had

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had a little time for reflection I concluded that while I was asleep a dead body must have been brought in and deposited by my side, for I was sure that there was none there before. It is probably, said I to myself, the body of some wretch who has been strangled, and they wish in this way to prepare me for the fate that awaits me. This reflection exasperated me, and the terror that I had felt gave way to rage. A third time I extended my arm towards the icy hand and seized it firmly in order to assure myself fully of the atrocious act. I then attempted to rise. When I came to lean upon my left elbow I discovered that the hand of ice was no other than my own left hand, which had been pressed between my body and the floor so long that it had become entirely insensible."

Within these melancholy walls the cheering sound of *Habeas Corpus* was never heard, and the poor prisoner is compelled to drag out the weary months and years, until the spontaneous action of justice, the intercession of friends, or death, puts an end to his misery. Our author relates in great detail his manner of passing his time, and the adventures of two or three persons who were successively put into the cell with him. Into these, we of course, cannot enter. He for a long time flattered himself that he should be released at the close of the political year, when the members of the Tribunal of the Inquisition were changed; but this period passed over without any such result, and he then began to think very seriously of making his escape. He had been permitted occasionally to quit his cell and walk in the adjoining rooms, and had there found an iron bolt a foot and a half long and an inch thick, which with infinite labor and the help of a fragment of marble obtained in the same way, he succeeded in fashioning into a sort of spontoon, which was ultimately the instrument of his deliverance. He also provided himself by the use of great address, and, as it would seem by the connivance of the jailor, with a lamp, which enabled him to carry on his operations during the night. Thus prepared he set to work and began to make an opening in the floor of his cell, which, as we have remarked, was situated immediately above the hall where the Inquisition held their sittings.

"As soon as I found myself alone, I went to work with great activity. I was anxious to proceed as rapidly as possible, that I might not be interrupted by the introduction of another companion. I began by removing the bed; and having lighted the

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lamp, I threw myself on the floor with the spontoon in my hand, and a napkin near it, to receive the pieces of wood which I should chip off. My object was to make an opening through the floor with the point of my instrument. The chips were at first not longer than grains of wheat; but they soon increased in size. The boards, which I undertook to cut through, were of larch, and sixteen inches wide. I began at a place where two of them touched each other; and as there was no iron work in the way, my labors were easy enough. After working six hours, I tied up my napkin and put it aside, in order to empty it the next day behind the heap of papers in the adjoining room. The chips formed a mass five or six times as large as the hole from which they were taken, and which was about ten inches broad, with an inclination of thirty degrees. I now brought back the bed to its former place, and the next day, in emptying my napkin, I assured myself that the fragments would not be perceived.

"The following day, I cut through the first board, which was two inches thick, and found another under it, which I supposed to be of the same dimensions. I now redoubled my efforts, and in three weeks I had penetrated the three boards which composed the floor. Here, however, I thought myself at a stand, for under the last board I found a composition of pieces of marble, known at Venice under the name of *terrazzo marmorin*. This is the usual flooring in the great Venetian houses, and is even preferred to the handsomest *parquets*. I was struck with consternation when I found that my instrument would not enter this composition. This accident had nearly discouraged me; but I then recollected that Livy describes Hannibal, in his passage over the Alps, as breaking through rocks, after softening them with *vinegar*. I had some doubts whether the word translated *vinegar*, does not really mean an *axe;* but I nevertheless poured into the opening that I had made, a bottle of vinegar that I had with me; and whether it was from the effect of this, or whether I wrought the next day with more vigor, after a night's rest, I found that there was no great difficulty in pulverizing, with the point of my spontoon, the cement that united the pieces of marble. In four days I had pierced this mosaic, without at all injuring the point of my instrument. Under the pavement I found another board, as I expected, and I was satisfied that this must be the last. I attacked it with some difficulty, for the opening being now ten inches deep, I had but little room to manage my instrument. I implored, a thousand times, the mercy of God. Free thinkers, who deny the utility of prayer, are greatly deceived. I know, by my own experience, that after prayer, I always found myself more vigorous; and whether the increase

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of strength be the immediate gift of God, or the mere effect of augmented confidence, it is, in either case, equally useful.

"On the 25th of June, the day on which the Republic of Venice celebrates the appearance of St. Mark, under the form of a winged lion, in the ducal palace, as I was laboring, at three o'clock in the afternoon, with my lamp lighted by my side, stretched upon my face, on the floor, stripped to the skin, and dripping with perspiration, I suddenly heard, with unspeakable terror, the rumbling of the bolt of the outer door. What a terrible moment! I at once extinguished the lamp; and, leaving my instrument in the hole, and throwing in the napkin, with the chips above it, I replaced the bed as well as I could, and threw myself upon it, more dead than alive, at the instant when the jailer opened the door of my cell. Had he entered two seconds sooner, he would have surprised me. He was about to tread upon my body, when I prevented him, by a loud cry, which made him start back. 'Good God! Sir,' said he, 'your cell is like a furnace; rise, and give thanks to God, who has sent you excellent company.'"

The purpose of this unseasonable visit was to introduce another prisoner into the cell, whose presence interrupted our author's labors for several weeks. The new comer is at length withdrawn, and the narrative proceeds as follows:

"I now resumed my work, and pursued it perseveringly, until on the 23d of August, I brought it to a close. In cutting through the last plank, I proceeded with great circumspection, and, on reaching the lower surface, I made a small puncture, through which I expected to see the Inquisitors' Hall. On putting my eye to the puncture, I in fact saw the Hall, but I also saw, at the side of my opening, a perpendicular surface of eight inches. This was the side of one of the beams which supported the ceiling, and it passed, as I had feared might be the case, under a part of my excavation. I was consequently obliged to extend the opening on the opposite side, which occasioned a good deal of delay, and I wrought with the constant terror that the spaces between the beams might not be wide enough to permit me to pass. After extending my excavation, I found, by looking through a puncture, that Providence had blessed my labors. I then carefully closed the two punctures, lest a ray of light from my lamp, or something falling through them into the Hall, should betray me.

"Having thus completed my arrangement, I fixed on the eve of the festival of St. Augustin, as the time for my escape, because I knew that on account of that festival the great council would be in session, and that there would be no one in the Bussola, an apartment through which I was to pass out of the Hall. That

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festival was to happen on the 27th. On the 25th an event occurred, which defeated, for the time, all my hopes. Precisely at noon, on that day, I heard the bolts withdrawn, and the jailer, putting in his head through the grate, cried out, in a joyous tone, 'I congratulate you on the good news that I have to bring you.' I thought, at first, that he must have come to announce my release from confinement, and I shuddered at the thought that the discovery of my preparations for escape would probably lead to a revocation of the pardon. He entered, however, and told me to follow him.

"'Wait till I have dressed me,' said I.

"'Never mind,' said he, 'you are only going from this wretched cell into another and a much pleasanter one, with two windows in it, from which you may have a view of half Venice; a cell in which you can stand upright.'

"I could hear no more. I felt myself fainting. 'Give me some vinegar,' said I, 'and go and tell the secretary that I humbly thank the tribunal for this favor, but that I beg of them to let me remain where I am.'

"'Nonsense!' replied the keeper, 'you make me laugh. We are taking you out of purgatory, and putting you into a little paradise, and you refuse to go. Come, come, you must obey. I will give you my arm, and will order your effects to be brought after you.'

"Seeing that opposition would be of no use, I arose to comply, and was greatly relieved when I found that the servant was directed to bring up my arm chair. My spontoon, which I had secreted in it, was thus to follow me, and hope with it. How delighted should I have been, could I have also carried away my *beautiful hole*, upon which I had wasted so much labor! I can truly say, that when I left this horrible place, my whole heart remained behind."

Such was the result of our author's first attempt at escape. The jailer was afraid to inform the tribunal lest he should be supposed himself to have connived at it, and Casanova found himself no worse off than before. No sooner was he settled in his new quarters than he began to meditate new projects, and these were facilitated by the communication which he succeeded in opening with another prisoner. He was permitted by the jailer to exchange books with a monk occupying the next cell, named Balbi, and the books which they sent each other were made the vehicle of a written correspondence. In carrying on this correspondence our author employed as a pen his little finger nail, which he had permitted to grow out and brought to a

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point, and used mulberry juice for ink. As every part of his own cell was now daily examined by the jailer he determined to commence operations in that of his correspondent, and succeeded in conveying the spontoon to him in the open back of a large bible. With this potent machine Balbi was to make an opening in the ceiling of his own cell, and having thus got into the apartment above, to cut through the partition wall, and finally make an opening from above in the ceiling of the cell of Casanova. When they had both in this way got from their cells into the apartment over them, which was immediately under the roof of the building, they were to effect their escape by getting out upon the roof and then taking their chance of what might occur. This plan, desperate as it may appear, finally succeeded, although it was obstructed by various interruptions, one of which, as in the former case, was occasioned by the introduction of another prisoner into our author's cell. The details of the manner in which this and all the other difficulties were obviated, are given in a very particular and entertaining manner. Immediately on receiving the spontoon Balbi began to work, concealing what he did as he advanced, by hanging his room with engravings, one of which was made to cover the opening. While the affair was in progress our author took occasion to enlighten himself as to its probable results by a sort of divination formerly in use, under the name of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, which consisted in opening Virgil at random, and taking the first verse on the top of the page as an oracle. Our author, having no Virgil, employed his favorite Ariosto, and proceeded in the following manner.

"I wrote down a question, addressed to my supposed familiar spirit, inquiring of him in what canto of Ariosto I should find the prediction of the day of my escape. This question I turned into numbers, from which I extracted an answer according to certain rules which I was in the habit of employing in telling fortunes. The canto indicated was the ninth. Proceeding in the same way I obtained the seventh and first as the numbers of the stanza and verse. I now took the poem and turning to the passage indicated found the following verse.

'Tra il fin d' Ottobre e il capo di Novembre.'

"Between the close of October and the beginning of November." It is not a little singular that it was precisely at midnight on the last day of October, as the reader will presently see, that he effected his escape. As he did not enter his new cell till

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the 25th of August, he certainly deserved great credit for the rapidity with which he brought his labors to a successful close. On getting into the garret above and reconnoitering the roof, which was covered with tiles, and over them with leaden plates, he found that he could easily make an opening through both with the invaluable spontoon. He then returned to his cell and employed four hours in converting his sheets, coverlets, mattresses and straw bed into ropes, of which he made a hundred fathom. Having thus completed all the preliminary operations, he commenced his labors, which he describes in the following manner.

"I succeeded without assistance in making an opening in the roof twice as large as I wanted and reached the leaden plate. I could not raise this alone, because it was riveted down, but with the aid of Balbi and the vigorous use of the spontoon I detached it and turning over a part of it, made an ample aperture. On putting my head through this aperture I saw with pain that there was a bright moon-light. This made it necessary to wait till about midnight, when the moon would have gone down. On a fine moonlight night the whole fashionable world of Venice is in the habit of walking in the square of St. Mark. Under these circumstances the shadows that we should have cast, had we gone out upon the roof, would undoubtedly have been noticed at once, and would have attracted the attention of the officers of the Holy Inquisition. After midnight we should have, at this season of short days, about seven hours before us, which would be amply sufficient for the purpose. We accordingly returned to the cell and passed three hours in conversation. After the moon had gone down, we divided the effects we had to carry between us, and proceeded to the opening, through which, in the language of Dante, we went out to look at the stars.

'E quindi uscimmo a rimirar le stelle.'

"We wore jackets and trowsers, with hats on our heads. I went out first and Balbi followed. Sustaining myself on my hands and knees, I lifted up successively the edges of the plates of lead with the point of my spontoon, and then taking hold of them with my four fingers, raised myself gradually to the ridge-pole of the roof. The monk supported himself by grasping my waistband, and I was obliged to draw him up with me, and this over a very steep ascent, rendered slippery by a thick mist. When we had got about half way up the monk begged me to stop, saying that he had lost one of his parcels and hoped that it had not got below the gutter. My first impulse was to give him a kick and send him after his parcel, but thanks to Providence I had discretion

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enough to contain myself, and it was well for me that I had, for I could not have escaped alone. I asked him whether it contained our cords. He replied that it was a manuscript which he had found in the garret over the cells, and which he thought would sell for something handsome. I then told him that he had better bear the loss with patience, for that a single step backwards might be fatal to us. The poor monk groaned in the spirit, and still hanging on upon my waistband, followed me up.

"After getting with much difficulty over fifteen or sixteen leaden plates, we reached the ridge-pole and placed ourselves astride upon it. We had behind us the little island of St. George the Elder, and before us at two hundred paces distance the numerous cupolas of the church of St. Mark, which makes a part of the Doge's palace. I now began to relieve myself of my parcels, and invited my companion to do the same. He placed his bundle of ropes under him as well as he could, but in endeavoring to lay aside his hat he lost his hold of it, and it rolled from plate to plate into the gutter, where it followed the other parcel into the canal. My poor comrade was a good deal distressed. 'A bad sign this!' said he; 'here I am at the outset, without my hat, besides losing my curious account of the festivals of Venice.' Being now in rather better humor, I quietly told him that these two accidents were not extraordinary, and ought not to be viewed as bad omens. 'Let them rather teach you,' said I, 'to be prudent, and to recollect that we are under the protection of Providence. If your hat had gone to the left instead of the right we should have been ruined. It would have fallen into the court instead of the canal, and would infallibly have given an alarm, which would have led to our apprehension.'

"After passing several minutes in looking to the right and left, I told the monk to remain where he was, until my return, and I pushed myself forward without any difficulty, upon the ridge-pole. I employed about an hour, in going, in this way, over the whole roof, and carefully observed every part of it; but I could see nothing upon any of the sides to which I could fasten the end of a rope. It was necessary, therefore, to abandon the idea of descending into the canal, or the palace court; and there was nothing on the top of the church, between the domes, that seemed to favor our purpose. If we crossed this church, and attempted to get up the roof of the Canonica, the ascent would be so steep as to be almost impracticable; and, though I was disposed to be bold, I wished to avoid the least imprudence.

"It was, however, necessary to decide upon something, and I finally fixed my eyes upon an upright window in the roof, on the side of the canal, and about two thirds of the way down towards the gutter. It was at such a distance from the place where we

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came out, that it probably did not open upon the garret of our cells, but upon some other, belonging to an apartment in the palace, which would be open at daylight. I was quite confident that the servants in attendance, even those of the Doge's family, would assist our escape, out of hatred to the Inquisition, had they even supposed us to be the greatest criminals. Under this impression, I determined to examine the front of the window, and sliding gently down, I soon found myself astride, upon the top of its little roof. I then took hold of the sides with both hands, and advancing my head, I could see and feel a small grate, behind which was a window, glazed with diamond panes of glass, set in lead. The window presented no obstacle; but the grate, small as it was, seemed to be an invincible difficulty, for without a file I did not see how I could possibly remove it; and as I had nothing but my spontoon, I was greatly disappointed, and began to lose courage, when a slight accident restored my spirits.

"Dear reader! if you will but imagine yourself, for a moment, in my position; if you will but recollect the torments to which I had been subjected for fifteen months, and the danger to which I was now exposed, upon a roof of lead, where the slightest false movement would have deprived me of life; if you will reflect that I had only a few hours to overcome all the difficulties that might occur to prevent my escape, and that if I failed I should suffer an increase of severity from the horrible tribunal which had me in its power: if, I say, you will consider these things, you will not, I trust, however philosophically disposed you may be, think the worse of me for the candid confession that I am about to make, especially when you take into view the natural tendency of adversity and distress to weaken the mind. I must own, then, should it even injure me in your opinion, that the circumstance to which I allude, as having exercised a cheering influence upon my spirits, was the sound of the clock of St. Mark, which just then struck twelve. It reminded me at once of the oracle which I had obtained from my favorite Ariosto: *Tra il fin d' Ottobre e il capo di Novembre.* And it seemed to be a sort of speaking talisman, which commanded me to act, and promised me success. I resumed my work, and, on examining the grate again, I found that by inserting the point of my spontoon between it and the casement, I could, perhaps, remove it entirely. After a quarter of an hour's labor, I succeeded in this, and taking out the grate entire, I placed it on the roof by the side of the window. I then found no difficulty in breaking the glass, although I wounded one of my hands in the operation.

"I now returned to the top of the roof, and made my way to the place where I had left my companion. I found him in a great rage, and he abused me outrageously for leaving him so long

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alone, saying, that he had been upon the point of returning to the cell. I asked him what he thought had become of me? 'I thought,' said he, 'that you must have fallen from the roof.'

"'And is this the way in which you express your pleasure at seeing me again?'

"'What have you been doing all this time?'

"'Follow me,' said I, 'and you shall see.'

"We then resumed our parcels, and proceeded towards the window; when we had reached the point above it, I gave Balbi a full account of what I had done, and consulted him upon the best means of getting into the window. It was easy enough for one, as by means of the cord he could be let down by the other; but I did not see what could be done for the second, as there was no way of fastening the cord to the window. By entering, and letting myself fall, I might break my arms and legs, and I did not like to venture without knowing the distance from the window to the floor. I communicated these reflections to Balbi in a tone of the most friendly interest. His reply was, 'take care of me first, and when I am fairly in, you will have time enough to think of yourself.'

"I confess that I was tempted for a moment on hearing this answer, to plunge my spontoon into his breast. I restrained myself however, and did not utter a word of reproach, but proceeded at once as he suggested, to take care of him. Undoing my parcel of cord, I tied one end firmly round his body, and making him lie down upon his breast, with his feet downwards, I lowered him to the top of the window. When he was there I directed him to get in and hold on by the sides of the casement, which he did. I then descended, myself, to the top of the window, as I had done before, and placing myself astride on the top, I grasped the cord firmly, and told the monk to let himself down. When he reached the floor he detached the rope, and upon drawing it up, I found that the distance was more than fifty feet. This was too far to think of leaping. The monk, who now thought himself safe, after passing two hours of mortal terror in a position that was certainly not very satisfactory, called out to me to throw him the rope, and that he would take care of it. It will be readily believed that I did not follow this wise counsel.

"Not knowing what to do, and waiting for some new thought, I returned to the top of the roof and I now remarked a dome, which I had not yet examined. Upon approaching it, I found a flat terrace covered with lead, before a window, which was fastened with two bolts. The terrace was undergoing some repair, and I found here a tub filled with mortar, a trowel, and a ladder, which I thought might be long enough to enable me to descend into the garret, where I had left my companion. I accordingly tied the

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end of my rope to the first round, and dragged the ladder to the window. It was about twelve fathom long, and the difficulty was to get it in, in doing which I found so many obstacles, that I regretted not having the assistance of the monk.

"I had let down the ladder into such a position that one of its ends touched the window, and the other extended about one third of its length over the gutter. I now descended to the top of the window, and drawing up the ladder, fastened the rope to the eighth round, after which I let it down again, and then attempted to introduce the end next me into the window. I found, however, after getting in a few rounds, that the end struck against the roof on the inside, and that there was no way of introducing it any further without raising the lower end. I might have placed the ladder across the window, and by fastening the rope to one of the rounds, have let myself down without danger, but the ladder would then have remained on the spot, and would have furnished the means of discovering our retreat, perhaps before we had quitted it. Determined not to lose by any imprudent act, the fruit of so much labor, I sought for some way of introducing the whole ladder, and having no one to assist me, I resolved to descend, myself, to the cornice, and see if I could effect it. This I did, but with so much danger, that without a sort of miracle, I could not have escaped with my life. Holding my spontoon, I let myself down gently to the cornice by the side of the ladder. I lay upon my breast and rested the ends of my feet upon the side of the marble gutter. In this position I had strength enough to raise the ladder half a foot, and, pushing it forward, I had the satisfaction to see it enter the window to the length of a foot. This considerably diminished the weight. I had now only to push it in two feet more by raising it to that height, and I was certain that it would enter. In order to effect this, I attempted to rise upon my knees, but the effort which I made to do this made me slip, and I found my lower extremities thrown over the edge of the roof, upon which I now supported myself upon my elbows and breast.

"At the recollection of that moment I still shudder, and it would be impossible to describe it in all its horror. The natural instinct of self-preservation made me instantaneously use all the strength I had in my arms and body to stop my descent, and I hardly know by what miracle it was, that I succeeded. I had nothing to fear as to the ladder, for in the unfortunate effort which I had just made, I had pushed it in three feet, and thus rendered it immovable. I now perceived that if I could raise my right leg, so as to place the knee upon the gutter, and then the other in the same way, I should be out of danger; but I had not yet reached the end of my troubles. The effort that I made to raise my leg occasioned such a violent muscular contraction that it brought on

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a cramp, which deprived me for a moment of the use of the limb. I retained my self-possession, and having often experienced that the best remedy for an accidental cramp is to remain entirely motionless, I applied it in the present instance. What a fearful interval! In about two minutes I renewed my attempt, and gradually placed myself on both knees upon the gutter. When I had taken breath I carefully raised the ladder to the proper height, and then returning to the window with the help of my spontoon in the same way in which I first ascended the roof, I pushed it in to the full length. My companion received the end of it in his arms, and, after throwing down the rope and our parcels, I descended myself without any difficulty. We then proceeded to reconnoitre our position.

"At one end of the room we found a large door composed of iron bars. This was no very good sign, but when I placed my hand on a latch in the middle it yielded and the door opened. We then made the tour of the next room, and crossing it encountered a table and some chairs. We also found some windows and opened one of them, from which we could see nothing but domes and perpendicular walls. Not knowing where we were, I could not think of letting myself down outside, and having closed the window again, we returned to the place where we had left our parcels. Being now completely exhausted, I threw myself upon the floor, and placing a parcel of ropes under my head, fell asleep. Had death itself been the immediate consequence I could not have held out longer. I slept about three hours and a half, when the monk roused me, but with difficulty. He could not conceive how I could sleep in the situation in which we were. This was, however, not at all surprising. For the two days preceding, my agitation had prevented me from taking either food or rest, and the efforts which I had just made were enough of themselves to exhaust the strength of any man. Sleep, however, recruited me entirely, and I found on waking, that we had now light enough to proceed with assurance.

"As soon as I had cast my eyes around, I said to the monk that this room was no part of the prisons and that we could easily make our escape. We took the direction opposite to the iron door and found another. I felt about it till I put my finger upon the key-hole, and introducing the end of my spontoon, I soon opened the door. This conducted us into another chamber out of which we passed through another door that was not locked, into a gallery covered with pigeon-holes filled with papers. These were the public archives. At the end of this gallery we found a little stone staircase, which we descended, and then a second, at the bottom of which a glass door opened into the ducal chancery. I opened one of the windows of this room and might easily have let myself

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down, but not knowing where I should fall, I did not like to take the risk. I went to the door of the chancery and attempted to unlock it with the point of my spontoon, but finding this impossible I proceeded to cut an opening through it with that instrument. The monk, who aided me as well as he could, was alarmed at the noise I made, which might have been heard at a considerable distance. I felt the danger myself, but it was inevitable.

"In half an hour I had made an opening which was sufficiently large, and it was well that it was, for it could not have been made larger without the aid of a saw. It was rather a difficult and painful business to get through, for the sides of the hole were filled with sharp points that tore both clothes and flesh. We succeeded however, though not without several severe wounds. When I had got through, I collected our parcels, and descending two staircases, opened, without much trouble, the door which leads into the principal passage from the exterior of the building. The outer door which closes this entrance was locked, and I saw at once, that I could not think of forcing it. I therefore sat down quietly and resigned myself to my fate, advising the monk to do the same. 'My work is done,' said I. 'It remains for Providence or fortune to do the rest. I know not whether the domestics will come here to sweep to-day or to-morrow, both being great festivals. If any one comes I shall make my escape as soon as I see the door open; if not, I shall stay here, and if I die with hunger, so much the worse.' The monk was furious; he called me madman, deceiver and liar, but I paid no attention to him. At this time the clock struck six, and I found that one hour had passed since I awoke in the garret.

"I now proceeded to change my clothes, and with my laced hat and rich dress must have had at this time of day and under the circumstances, very much the appearance of a rake who had been carried in a drunken frolic to the watch-house. In this costume I went to a window and was seen there by some of the idlers in the court, who went and gave notice to the porter. I regretted, on reflection, that I had gone to the window, from a fear that I might have betrayed myself, but the effect proved to be good. The porter, hearing that a gentleman in full dress was seen at the window, supposed that he had accidentally locked in somebody the night before, and came to open the outer door. I was seated near the monk, listening to his stupid abuse, when the rattling of the keys struck my ears. I rose immediately, and looking through a crevice, I saw a single man with a wig on and without a hat, who was slowly mounting the steps, with a large bunch of keys in his hand. I told the monk in a very serious tone not to open his mouth, and to follow me. I held the spontoon in my right hand, under my coat, and placed myself near the door,

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in such a position that I could go out as soon as it should open. I devoutly prayed that the porter might not attempt to stop me, for if he had I was determined to despatch him.

"At length the door opened. On seeing me the porter stood aghast, but without stopping to explain the matter, I sprang out at once, followed by the monk. Without appearing to run, but walking as fast as I could, I went down the magnificent steps, called the giant's stair, and proceeded directly to the royal gate of the palace, and thence across the square to the quay. My object was to escape as soon as possible from the territory of the Most Serene Republic, and going on board the first gondola I saw, I gave directions to the boatman to row me to Fusina."

After clearing the palace, our author found but little difficulty in effecting his escape, although he was placed once or twice in rather a hazardous position, by his own imprudence and that of his comrade. He succeeded, not without some trouble, in ridding himself of this personage, and being still in the Venetian territory, he threw himself, alone and on foot, into some of the by-roads, in order to avoid observation. Being entirely exhausted, as night drew on, he sought hospitality in the nearest house, which proved, singularly enough, to be that of one of the principal police-officers, who with his whole suite, were actually out at the time in pursuit of the fugitive. A good night's rest restored his strength, and in two or three days more he found himself in safety beyond the limits of the jurisdiction of the Most Serene Republic. He then repaired to Paris, where he was well received by Cardinal de Bernis, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, whom he had known as Ambassador at Venice, and who procured him an appointment under government.

We shall not pursue any further the detail of our author's adventures, which are in general of a wholly private character, and, as we have said before, not always particularly edifying. The narrative of his escape from the prisons of the Inquisition, which we have here presented to our readers in an abridged form, is not only interesting in itself, but may lead to some useful reflections. Accustomed as we are in this country, to a state of things in which Liberty and Law walk hand in hand, we are not, perhaps, sufficiently alive to the advantages we enjoy. Our system, like every other, has its bright and dark sides, and it is the infirmity of human nature, to underrate the value of good things in possession, and to exaggerate their real or supposed inconveniences.

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——"It so falls out
That what we have, we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
Why then we reck the value: then we feel
The virtue that possession could not give us
While it was ours."

When we see the tranquillity of private life, and the sanctity of private character invaded in the struggles of contending parties, we are apt to believe for the moment, — especially, if our own party happen to be in the minority, — that all this toil and trouble are but much ado about nothing, and that the State is better off under the quiet sway of arbitrary government. A review, in detail, of some of the cases of outrage on personal rights, which are continually occurring in such governments, is well fitted to remove these impressions, and to bring home to our minds, under a clear and lively point of view, the blessings of liberty. The inconveniences of which we complain, are in a great measure ideal. The politician who sees his favorite candidate defeated, or witnesses the success of a measure which he deems injurious, exclaims in the first agony of disappointment, that rather than be so governed, he would prefer the aristocracy of Venice, Inquisition and all. A night's rest, however, generally takes off the edge of his trouble, and the next day he goes about his business with as good a heart as before. But there is nothing imaginary in a visit from a company of forty archers, who enter your bedchamber before you are up in the morning, and carry you off to a wretched dungeon, where your only *habeas corpus* must be an iron tool of your own forging, and where, if you do not happen to possess the extraordinary strength, energy and resource that distinguished our author, you may remain for the rest of your life, without knowing the cause of your confinement. The constant repetition of similar, or still more revolting cases, of the violation of private right by the old governments of Europe, was among the causes that operated most strongly in bringing on the revolutionary movements of the last century, and we may add, most clearly justified them. The leading champion of liberty in the National Assembly of France, Count de Mirabeau, had been seventeen times imprisoned by the arbitrary process of a *lettre de cachet*, — that is,—upon a mere order of the government, without being heard in his defence, or even informed of his crime. Is it wonder-

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ful, that when he and others who were similarly situated, had found an opportunity of telling their story to the people, the foundations of the Bastile began to totter? We are not blind to the inconveniences, abuses and dangers of our political system, but while it gives us a permanent national peace, instead of the wars that constantly desolate Europe, and complete security for person and property, instead of the Bastiles, the bow-strings, — the Leads, — the Siberias, and the star-chambers of the Old World, we shall not seriously quarrel with it, although it should bring out occasionally an ill-tempered essay in the newspapers, or even elect, at times, the wrong man for President.

ART. IV. — *Machiavelli.*

1. *Opere di Niccolò Machiavelli, Cittadino e Segretario Florentino. X. Vol.* Italia. 1826.
2. *Machiavel, son génie et ses Erreurs, XI. Tom.* Par A. F. ARTAUD. Paris. 1833.

NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI was born at Florence, on the fifth of May, fourteen hundred and sixty-nine, of an ancient and noble family.* His father, Bernardo Machiavelli, traced back his ancestry to the middle of the ninth century, where it became mingled with the race of the ancient Marquesses of Tuscany. His mother was descended from the Counts of Borgo Nuovo of Fucecchio, whose name may be found in the annals of Tuscany, as early as the tenth century. The honor of both families had been supported by a long line of republican dignitaries, and a right to some employment in the service of the state, had become almost hereditary in them. It is probable that the attention of Niccolò, was also directed to a similar line of duty, and that his early habits and tastes were carefully formed for public life. But the meagre and indistinct records, that have been preserved of his youth, throw but a feeble light upon his early history; and all that can be

* The greater part of Machiavelli's history is contained in his familiar letters and official despatches. The most voluminous of his biographers, M. Artaud, has been contented with translating or condensing them. But they still open a rich and noble field, which, with the additions and illustrations that careful research might derive from other sources, would yield an enviable harvest to the diligent historian.

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gathered from his own writings, consists of a few brief allusions to his dependence and poverty.*

The disadvantages of this situation must have been compensated, in part, by the peculiar prosperity that was enjoyed at Florence, during the most important portion of this period. He was born in the last year of the mild administration of Piero de'Medici, and the various tumults and struggles, occasioned by the party, that sought to prevent the succession of Giuliano and Lorenzo, had terminated in the unsuccessful conspiracy of the "Pazzi," before he had completed his tenth year. The remainder of his youth was passed under the popular government of Lorenzo the Magnificent, one of those rare and brilliant epochs, in which the genius of the prince encourages the development of mind, while his power is still too feeble to allow him to restrict its freedom. Thus all the influence which can be attributed to a general and elevated taste for literature, when combined with the highest degree of mental activity, may be justly supposed to have acted upon the early character of Machiavelli, and to have concurred, with his natural disposition, in forming those prompt and energetic habits of thought, by which he was so much distinguished during the whole of his career. At the same time, the brilliant festivals and splendid games, with which Lorenzo endeavored to divert the active minds of his fellow-citizens, from too closely observing the course and tendencies of his government, cherished in Machiavelli the fondness for gayer amusements, which served, in his graver years, as a relaxation from public duty, and, during the cloudy decline of life, consoled and cheered the weary moments of languid inaction.

But the first years of his manhood were hardly passed, when the death of Lorenzo de'Medici, at the most critical moment of his country's fortunes, again exposed Florence as a prey to internal jealousies, and an aim for foreign ambition. The noble qualities of Lorenzo were soon forgotten under the puerile administration of his son, and even the wisdom and judgment which had given solidity to his own power, contributed, by contrast, to diminish the authority of his imprudent successor. The rapid invasion of Charles VIII., with the long continued woes, that it drew down, not only upon the devoted object of his ambition, but upon the whole

* Nacqui povero, ed imparai primo a stentare che a godere. Lett. al Vettori. Opere, Vol. X. p. 99.

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of Italy, and the promptitude with which the Florentines seized this occasion of throwing off their wearisome yoke; the timid and vacillating conduct of Piero de'Medici; his cowardly abandonment of the interest and dignity of his country, are facts with which every reader of Italian history is familiar. If our readers, therefore, will carry back their minds to the state of Florence, at this period, both in its internal and its external relations, they will readily perceive that Machiavelli could not have commenced his political career, at a moment that imposed more arduous duties, or required a greater share of energy and skill. *

His first essay in political life, was made under the direction of Marcello di Virgillio, about the year 1494: but the commencement of his active career must be carried forward nearly five years, to the 19th of June, 1498. This is the date of his first public employment, and some idea may be formed, either of his popularity or of his promise, from the circumstance of his having been chosen from among four competitors, to the office of Chancellor of the second Chancery of the Signoria. During the course of the following month, he received from the "Ten of Liberty and Peace," the appointment which has preserved for him, with posterity, the title of "Secretary of the Florentine Republic."

He seems to have considered this office as a school of practical politics. The intimate relations that subsisted between Florence and the principal powers of Europe, required in its government a greater degree of activity than we should be prepared to expect from so small a state, and gave rise also to many delicate questions that called for the greatest prudence and sagacity in all those to whom the arrangement of them was entrusted. Machiavelli was employed on many of these occasions, † and the rapid development of his political genius

* A satisfactory account of Florence from this period until the death of Machiavelli, may be found in Pignotti, Storia della Toscana, Lib. V, or in Guicciardini, though with more detail of the general history of Italy. Of the Florentine historians of this period, Nardi is the most esteemed.

† He was employed in twenty-three foreign embassies, among which were four to the court of France, and two to the Emperor. In addition to these duties, he was charged, on various occasions, with private missions, within the state, and others of still greater importance to the armies of the republic.

No part of Machiavelli's political career has given rise to so much misrepresentation, as his embassy to the Duke Valentino, on the occasion of his rupture with Vitellozzo, Oliverotto and the Orsini. The reader who confines his examination of this period to the narrations of Roscoe and some

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may be easily traced in his extensive correspondence with the heads of his government. The numerous letters of which it is composed, may be justly classed among the most instructive portions of his writings. Embracing an extensive range of topics, and prepared in various and widely different situations, they are marked with all the peculiarities which distinguish the character of the author. His political judgment seems gradually to extend from simple and faithful description, to skilful details and sagacious conjectures. As he advances in the practice of his duties, his descriptions acquire greater force, and we meet, from time to time, brief and powerful generalizations, that discover the increasing vigor and range of his thought. Circumstances, events, characters, assume a new life

other modern historians, will be led to concur in the darkest views of the character of Machiavelli. An attentive perusal of the original documents, will lead to a very different conclusion. The perilous situation of the Florentine republic exerted, at this moment, a peculiar influence upon her policy; and the friendship of Borgia and of Alexander, instead of forming a question of general interest or of probable advantage, could easily decide the destruction or preservation of the state. It was under such circumstances that Machiavelli was despatched to the court of Borgia. The history of his embassy is fully detailed in his official correspondence; but the master-piece of treachery, by which Borgia secured his vengeance upon greater villains than himself, is also related in a separate letter, which, originally either formed a part of the despatches, or was prepared, like the other historical fragments, to be interwoven in the continuation of the Florentine Histories. That Machiavelli, far from assisting to devise the treachery of Borgia, had no knowledge of his intentions with regard to Vitellozzo and his associates, is evident from the whole course of his letters. It appears from these, that the Duke never confided his plans even to his favorite counsellors: that his probable conduct was, on this occasion, a subject of general conjecture: Machiavelli gives his own, and inclines to suspect the seeming reconciliation of Borgia and his enemies. It appears also that Borgia, instead of seeking the advice of Machiavelli, never admitted him to an audience except when new despatches from Florence rendered it impossible to refuse, and the conversation at these interviews is fully related. V. the Leg. al Duca Valent, particularly from the letter of the 23d of October, to the end of the Legation

They who blame him for not having returned immediately upon the discovery of Borgia's crime, apart from the new principle which they establish for ambassadors, fall into two errors: they forget that he had repeatedly solicited a recall, and been ordered to remain, — V. pp. 189. 192. 231, of Leg. al D. Val. Opp. Vol. VIII; secondly, that the state of roads and country rendered all passing difficult and dangerous, — some of his own despatches were lost, — pp. 274. 286. There was no possibility of his escaping to Florence. For general accounts, v. Guiccard. Vol. III, p. 78, ed. of Pisa, 1819. The note at the bottom should be compared with Roscoe, Leo X., V. I, pp. 446. 454. Every sincere admirer of Roscoe, — and we are proud to be classed in the number, — must regret the facility, with which, in all that relates to Machiavelli, he has abandoned his usual course of careful thought and original investigation.

Ginguené's observations should be compared with his own embassy at Turin. — V. Botta Storia d'Italia, del 1789, Lib. XV.

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under his pen, and the scenes and interests of the age, with all the doubts and hopes and anxious conjectures, which agitated hearts that have long been cold, seem to return like the cares and feelings of the present. It was in the exercise of these, more, perhaps, than in that of any of his other duties, that he acquired the art of selecting from the mass of mingled events, the particular facts that gave form and feature to history.

The confidence and favor, with which Machiavelli was viewed by his government, are evident from the free recourse that was had to his services upon all important occasions. Scarcely was he returned from one embassy, when he was directed to prepare for another, and the most important negotiations with foreign powers were followed by difficult and confidential commissions within the territories of the republic. During the whole course of his public life, his duties required a constant state of activity and preparation, that would have exhausted the energies of any common mind. It was only while within the walls of Florence, that his situation seems to have been ill adapted to his character. But even there he found a compensation, and the familiar knowledge that he acquired of the nature and relations of the government, and of its adaptation to the character of the people, prepared his mind for the clear and vigorous views of the Florentine histories. Society, also, had many charms for his hours of occasional leisure, and poetry, "filled up each languid pause with the finer joys" of a rich and classic imagination.

In this succession of active duties, fourteen years of his life passed rapidly away; and although he never advanced so far as to acquire any direct share in the conduct of the public councils, his sagacity and judgment were constantly employed in all important emergencies and difficult negotiations. But at length, a new storm began to gather above the devoted walls of Florence, and the timid and vacillating policy of a single chief,* again drew down upon his country and himself the ruin that firmness and energy might have easily averted. The government, by which Machiavelli had been employed, was overthrown by the arms of Spain, and the family of the Medici, like the Bourbons of our own days, returned to their native walls, under the protection of a foreign ally.

No sooner was the new government firmly established, than

* Piero Soderini, who had been made Gonfaloniere for life.

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it commenced the usual train of persecutions against the partizans of the old. Three decrees were passed against Machiavelli, within the course of ten days. By the two first he was deprived of office, and condemned to a year's banishment from the Florentine territory: but the third, as if proceeding upon maturer deliberation, or procured under the influence of more friendly feelings, exchanged the sentence of banishment to a simple prohibition from entering the "Public Palace." Fear and suspicion followed the secretary into his retirement, and his faithful adherence to the republic was considered as a proof of hatred against her new rulers. Notwithstanding his thorough knowledge of the character of his enemies, he knew not how to adapt himself to his change of situation. He had studied the movements of government too long, to withdraw his eyes, at once, from this favorite subject of contemplation, and he continued his observations with the same boldness and freedom, that he had indulged during his own public career.* The jealous apprehensions of government, which a more guarded line of conduct might have easily allayed, were strengthened by this ill-timed and imprudent boldness; and when, in the course of the following year, an extensive conspiracy was accidentally discovered, he was immediately arrested as a fitting object of suspicion. The torture was, at that period, indiscriminately employed in all cases of arrest, and the conviction, that a free and open course of justice would have failed to procure, was often wrung from the agonized confessions of an innocent victim. Six † shocks of the cord were inflicted upon Machiavelli, with fruitless cruelty, and not a word escaped him in the bitterness of his agony, that could be wrested into a confession of guilt, or serve as an accusation against others. Unable to convict him, they could still torment; and accordingly, buried in the depths of a loathsome dungeon, his lacerated body closely bound with chains, and his mind distracted by the cries of misery and of degradation, that reached him from every side, he was left to the long torture of solitude and suspense. Here, also, his fortitude remained unshaken, and his noble power of patient endurance

* Even after his imprisonment, he writes thus to his friend, Francesco Vettori: Pure se io vi potessi parlare, non potrei fare che io non vi empiessi il capo di castellucci, perchè la fortuna ha fatto che non sapendo ragionare nè dell'arte della seta, nè dell'arte della lana, nè de' guadagni, nè della perdite, e mi conviene ragionare dello stato, e mi bisogna botarmi di star cheto, o ragionar di questo. — Opp. Vol. X, p. 102.

† Con sei tratti di fune in sulle spalle, &c. Sonn. a Giuliano de'Medici.

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baffled the snares of his adversaries, and wearied their malignity. Even the sonnets, which he addressed to Giuliano de' Medici, for the avowed purpose of exciting his interest, breathe an elevated and independent tone, and contain a degree of humorous expostulation and description, which could not have proceeded from a mind broken or humbled by misfortune. The friends, whose affection he had gained, during the days of his prosperity, gave, in these moments of trial, the surest testimony to his worth and their own sincerity; and several lucky circumstances combining to favor their exertions, he was restored to freedom, after a short but rigorous confinement. *

It was not, however, to return to his favorite occupations, that Machiavelli issued from his dungeon. A long course of bitter trial still awaited him; poverty, with its anxious schemes and depressing cares, the excitements of hope, the bitterness of repeated disappointment, and, more than all, the restless movements of a mind that nature had formed for constant exertion, and long habit had rendered incapable of repose. But the resources that his fortune denied, were, in part, supplied by his own exertions. Anxious to open a way of return to public life, on which he depended not only for enjoyment, but for the means of support, he composed and presented to Lorenzo de'Medici, the "Treatise of the Prince," in which he had endeavored to embody the results of his observations upon the governments of his own times, and of his study of the political doctrines of the ancients. † The object for which he

* It will not be uninteresting to observe the manner in which Machiavelli speaks of these events, for it shews, both how he prized his Roman fortitude, and that the simplicity with which he relates the remarkable events of history, was a part of his character.

To F. Vettori, he writes: Io sono uscito di prigione con letizia universale di questa città. Nè vi replicherò la lunga istoria di questa mia disgrazia; ma vi dirò solo che la sorte ha fatto ogni cosa per farmi questa ingiuria, pure per grazia di Dio ella è passata. Spero non c'incorrere più, si perchè sarò più cauto, si perchè i tempi saranno più liberali e non tanto sospettosi. — Opp. Vol. X, p. 97, In another letter: E quanto al volgere il viso alla fortuna, voglio che abbiate di questi miei affari questo piacere che gli ho portati tanto francamente che io stesso mene voglio bene e parmi essere da più che non credetti. — p. 99. To a friend who complained of his long silence: A che ti rispondo, che io ho avuto dopo la tua partita tante brighe che non è maraviglia che io non ti abbia scritto anzi è piuttosto miracolo che io sia vivo, perchè mi è suto tolto l'ufizio e sono stato per perdere la vita, la quale Idio e l'innocenza mia mi ha salvata; tutti gli altri mali e di prigione ed'altro ho sopportato, pure io sto con la grazia di Dio bene e mi vengo vivendo come io posso, &c. — p. 121, ubi sup.

† This long disputed fact is placed beyond all doubt by a letter to F. Vettori, which was unknown to the early editors. — V. Op. V. X, p. 149. It is also published in Pignotti, Stor. della Tosc. V. Vol. p. 269. In all but the latest editions of Machiavelli, it is wanting.

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had written failed, but a nobler end was obtained. He had commenced the train of thought, which was to lead him to the discovery of so many important truths, and his active mind could not rest on the threshold of the temple that it had opened. Step by step he was led on to a more attentive examination of his principles, new truths were discovered, some erroneous views were brought out in their true light by wider application and more exact comparison, and the undertaking which had originated in a strong desire for public life, became the chief source of his enjoyments, and was continued with regular and progressive improvement until the last moment of his existence.

These studies, however, were not sufficient to furnish constant occupation for a spirit like his, and the intervals of severe labor were partly filled up with the composition of his comedies, his translations, and various lighter pieces, both in prose and in verse. But many moments still remained, which, for a mind that sought relief in a variation of duties, rather than in actual repose, were wearisome blanks in existence. In such moments his spirit seemed to break, and his fortitude to forsake him, and it is impossible to read his expressions of passionate discontent, * — complaints that had never been suffered to escape him in prison and in torture, — without feeling how much easier it is to meet the most violent persecutions of the world, than to support the long trial of ingratitude and neglect.

At length, the gradual progress of his literary reputation began to prepare the way for a return to public life. His correspondence with Vettori, the Florentine ambassador at Rome, had been communicated to Leo X., and that Pontiff, a liberal if not a judicious patron of learning, had, from time to time, encouraged the solitary labors of Machiavelli, by various marks of his favor and his regard. He caused him to be consulted upon many important questions, and drew from him, through the medium of Vettori, many admirable views concerning the most interesting events of the period. At last, throwing aside the veil under which he had covered his communications with Machiavelli, the Pope invited him to prepare a plan for the government of Florence. This was shortly followed by a mission,† of but little moment in itself, but of great importance to

* See, for example, pp. 171. 196, Vol. X.

† His correspondence with Guicciardini, during this mission, presents a very amusing picture of these grave historians. V. M. Op. Vol. X, pp. 199, to 207, inclusive.

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him, as an earnest of a recall to his favorite occupations. But another blow seemed to await him at the first revival of his hopes, and before any fixed establishment had assured him of the permanence of his restoration to favor, Leo X. was suddenly cut off in the prime of his career. Thus deprived of a protector, who, although slow to grant him confidence, had been ready to acknowledge his merit, Machiavelli remained for a short time in the greatest uncertainty. Another mission, however, of a more important nature, was soon confided to him by one of the principal corporations of the city, and while engaged at Venice in the negotiations for its fulfilment, he received the welcome tidings that his name had been once more inserted among those of the citizens that were held eligible to office.

The successor of Leo did not long continue to enjoy his dignity; and upon his death, the Cardinal de'Medici was elevated to the papal chair, with the title of Clement VII. In him Machiavelli found a firm and constant protector, and the most important portion of his political career now opened before him. The experience of his early life had been matured by a long course of study, and he returned to the field of his youthful exploits, with a skill perfected by assiduous labor, and an influence strengthened and extended by the splendor of his literary reputation.* It is not, without regret, that we pass over the details of this period; for the profound judgment, the quick perception, the thorough knowledge of human nature, which distinguish the character of Machiavelli, appear in his later negotiations united with an unvarying boldness of purpose and energy of mind, which shew how well he was formed by nature to govern the mighty movements, which fortune had condemned him simply to contemplate and record. Melancholy, however, was the scene on which he was employed: war and unbridled barbarity without, the horrors of a destructive pestilence, with terror and contention within. But the fulness of these calamities was hidden from his view, and before the half of his dark anticipations had been realized, he sunk a prey to the united efforts of disease, exhaustion, and grief, on the 22d of June, 1527.

None of the works of Machiavelli were printed during his life; but the copies which had been prepared for the use of

* —— Che vedi quanto onore fa a me un poco di virtù che io ho. Lett. al figlio. Op. Vol. X, p. 257.

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his friends, or of the patrons to whom particular portions were dedicated, had been freely circulated in manuscript both in Florence and in Rome. Within a few years, however, after his death, all his larger works were printed, and obtaining extensive circulation, soon gave rise to that violent controversy which has been continued, with very little increase of judgment, or diminution of virulence, during the course of three centuries. * The first to commence this warfare against the supposed doctrines of Machiavelli, was the celebrated Cardinal Pole, who, in his conversation and in his writings, assailed with great vehemence the principles of the "Prince." This attack was followed, in a few years, by a violent dissertation of the Bishop Caterino Politi. A French protestant, Innocent Gentiletto, next entered the lists, and undertook, in an extensive latin treatise, to refute one by one the obnoxious doctrines. The warfare, thus commenced, was continued with a virulence of which it is difficult to find the parallel; and men of every class and of opposite principles, princes and their subjects, statesmen and theologians, the blindest partizans of absolute power and the most enthusiastic champions of freedom of opinion, have united in the reproach, and confirmed the condemnation.

Amid the violence of controversy there is little room for the cool decisions of judgment. The contest for truth can hardly be carried on without awakening the pride of human reason; and no sooner does this feeling become excited on either side, than the antagonists, like foes, at the decisive moment of battle, lose every other sentiment in the eager desire of success. Thus, in the Machiavellian controversy, what was first advanced as a sincere opinion, was at last maintained as a point of character. Each successive writer readily adopted the assertions of his party, and enlarged them with comments and deductions of his own. Detached sentences, idle rumors, the vile inventions of party spirit, usurped the place of historical documents, until the mass of falsehood and calumny became accumulated to a degree that almost baffled the honest exertions of patient research.

It was impossible, however, that some should not be found among the higher intellects of every age, who were able to un-

*A very able sketch of this controversy, may be found in the learned preface to the edition of Machiavelli, to which we have referred above. A full and satisfactory history is given in the second volume of Artaud, p. 287, and seq.

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derstand and appreciate the genius of Machiavelli. By some many of his views have been silently adopted, without any acknowledgment of the source from which they were drawn; others have been contented with a passing comment, while a few have boldly advanced into the arena, and warmly engaged in the defence both of his writings and of his character. But unfortunately for the success of these last, they seem to have thought it necessary for his vindication, that some mystic reason should be assigned for the composition of the Prince, and have thus been led to form contradictory and improbable theories, which they have supported with all the force of argument and the zeal of controversy. Some have discovered in the Prince a bold and faithful picture of a tyrant, prepared, not to guide the steps of a monarch, but to enlighten the minds of his subjects. * To others it has seemed a cunning and deep laid snare, coolly formed for the destruction of the Medici. While a few, struck with the evident discordance between some parts of the Prince and the other works of Machiavelli, and exaggerating the satirical cast of particular portions of his writings, have supposed him to have been a disappointed spirit, whose pictures of life were shaded with the darkness of his own misanthropy.

All these opinions seem equally extravagant, and have, indeed, little foundation either in the character of Machiavelli, or in the common principles of human nature. A picture prepared for the people, would hardly have been consigned to the custody of a single individual, and least of all to that of him who would have the most to apprehend from its publicity. A long life devoted to some single and distant object, with views extending into futurity, — toils and snares, prepared to act at some far off and uncertain period, — these may be found more easily in the dreams of romance than in the sober annals of actual history. The last theory, — the supposition that his works contain a satirical picture of life, — although grounded by its advocates upon his character and the cast of some of his writings, is fully refuted by the general features of both. Rarely, indeed, will it be found, that skilful and subtle theories can be applied to the motives of human action.

* Rousseau,—Cont. Soc. Oeuv. Tom. V. p. 204. D'Alembert seems to have thought the same form of apology necessary, in order to explain some parts of the Spirit of Laws, Vol. Anal. de l'Esp. des Lois pour servir de suite à l'éloge de Mons. de Montesq. Oeuv. Tom. I, p. 104.

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But, at last, the moment arrived which was to furnish a surer guide to his real views, and the defence was to proceed from the best interpreter of the feelings and motives of every man, — his own correspondence. The diligence and zeal which have always characterized the scholars of Italy, had never been directed to an examination of the manuscripts of Machiavelli, and, as if the ingratitude that embittered his life had not sufficed, the only pieces which could afford a full refutation of the calumnies of his enemies, were suffered to moulder in neglect, while dusty *codices*, and even whole libraries, were searched to discover a new reading, or establish a disputed passage in the Decameron. The first of his inedited essays that was brought to light, was a small dialogue upon the Italian language, which was published by Giovanni Bottari, in 1730. After an interval of thirty years, the discourse addressed to Leo X. upon the government of Florence, with several letters of great interest and importance, were discovered in the Gaddian library, and published in the city of Lucca. Other discoveries soon followed, and shortly after the publications at Lucca, his official despatches to the Florentine government were recovered, and his important services as a faithful and confidential ambassador of the Republic, were, for the first time, established upon full and incontrovertible documents. These writings, so important to the character of their author, and so interesting in a country where literary curiosity is carried to an extent that can hardly be conceived in America, excited the attention of the Florentine literati to the highest degree, and gave rise to a careful preparation of a new edition of his works. This was partly accomplished in 1782; but new discoveries in the following years led to a more exact collection by the same editors, and it was not until the commencement of the present century, that the presses of Italy began to multiply fuller and more correct editions of the works of their greatest philosopher.

Nothing could be more striking than the new aspect in which Machiavelli now appeared; the dark coloring with which calumny had surrounded him, has passed away; he comes before us as the dignified and faithful ambassador of his country, the innocent and unbending victim of arbitrary power, the versatile genius, who, by the energies of his own mind, reopened the path, which an unrelenting destiny had closed be-

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fore him. We seem to have met with some familiar friend, who brings us into the privacy of his domestic life, and while he amuses our curiosity with characteristic anecdotes, discovers at every step the excellence of his heart and the fervor of his affections.

But one of the most important consequences which result from these discoveries, is the view which they give of the writings of Machiavelli, as a series of connected studies, and of principles progressively formed, illustrated and corrected.* Conjecture and theory concerning the motives which guided him are thus rendered comparatively useless, and the question becomes reduced to a simple examination of the final principles in which all his labors were terminated. The Prince then resumes its place as the earliest and most imperfect result of his studies, while the Discourses and Florentine Histories, in which he has retracted the greater part of what was false in the Prince, become the true standards of his character and of his principles. For, if what has once seemed truth, may be rejected by deeper and maturer thought, and the memory be freed from the stain which the promulgation of error has left behind; if the mind, when reposing on the higher places of the temple, may look back upon the pathway, which it has trodden in its upward progress, and correct the false and erroneous views, which it formed, while its vision was bounded by mists and obscured by darkness, then is it from his ultimate conclusions alone, that the character and principles of a writer should be judged.

A full justification, therefore, of the character of Machiavelli would require an extensive examination and accurate analysis of all his writings. The limits, however, of the present article will only admit of an imperfect sketch of his three principal works.

The first in order of time, is the treatise, which commentators and editors have distinguished by the improper title of the Prince, but which was indiscriminately called by its author, *A Treatise of monarchical governments, — of Princes*, or simply *of the Prince.*† His object in this treatise, was

* Artaud has been the first to perceive this connection.

† Disputes concerning titles are seldom worthy of much attention, — but the editors seem, in this instance, to have adopted the title which favored most the idea so strongly supported by some, that this work was designed as a model for tyrants. Vide Artaud.

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to describe the nature and resources of some of the common forms of absolute monarchy, in the same manner in which he afterwards described in the Discourses the character of republican governments. The commencement of the work shews with sufficient precision, the point of view under which he proposed to consider his subject.

He divides monarchies into different classes, according to the nature of their origin. Some are hereditary, — others the fruit of conquest. Here, also, we find a new division, for the conquered territory may be an addition to an original patrimony, or it may be the first step of an ambitious leader towards absolute power. In every case, the conquest is the effect either of arms, of fortune, or of individual talent, as the people over whom it is made have been accustomed to a free or to a monarchical government.

From these original distinctions arise peculiar relations between the prince and the subject, which, in turn, require from the prince peculiar modes of government, varying in difficulty according to the origin of his power.

Having thus explained the ground of his classification, he enters into a full examination of the distinctions that he has made; he explains the nature and degree of the difficulties against which princes have to contend, in each situation; he shews how they may be avoided, or in what manner they may best be overcome, and illustrates his observations by clear and animated sketches, from ancient and modern history.

He next examines with equal fulness of detail, the modes of offence and defence, which are common to these different forms of government. He, here, first assumes as an undeniable truth, that good laws and good arms are the principal foundations of every state, and then proceeding to explain the nature of the different kinds of troops, he describes in powerful language the destruction that inevitably follows all reliance upon mercenary or auxiliary power. Few men of the present day will deny the justness of his conclusions, or refuse their admiration to the warmth with which he traces the destructive progress of the power of the *condottieri*, and the abandonment of a citizen soldiery; but every reader that is familiar with the military history of Italy, will perceive that in these chapters, Machiavelli was contending against one of the strongest prejudices of his age.

The remainder of the work, with the exception of a few

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pages, is devoted to an examination of some of the personal qualities of a prince. True morality will unhesitatingly condemn two of the principles that he admits, — dissimulation and a disregard of faith, when its observance is opposed to the true interests of the state; but the practice of every government, not only in ancient but in modern times, and even in our own golden period of moral profession, presents a striking commentary upon the text of Machiavelli. Most of the other principles of these chapters are above all reproach. A prince should be economical, for economy not only contributes to his means of success, but preserves him from the necessity of becoming the oppressor of his subjects. He should be severely just, for although rigid justice is often mistaken for cruelty, it is still the surest path to mercy. If compelled to choose between the fear and the love of his subjects, he should guard against their hatred, by a cautious observance of their rights, and by never departing from the laws of the strictest justice; but, in all cases, he should constantly remember, that the love of the people is the only protection of the ruler. He should preserve respect for religion, should cultivate boldness and decision of character, — should studiously avoid the corruptions of flattery, and labor to secure the free advice of wise and experienced counsellors. Enterprise and industry should be encouraged; the development of genius should be promoted by a wise distribution of rewards and privileges; and, finally, by the institution of public festivals and games, the ruler should endeavor to diffuse throughout his dominions, a spirit of gaiety and contentment.

The Discourses on the first Decade of Livy, which followed the composition of the Prince, after the interval of a year, were written, partly in order to develop the author's views concerning some principles of republican government, and partly in compliance with the request of his friends, Buondelmonti and Buccellai, in the latter of whose gardens they are said to have been recited to the young men of Florence. They are divided into three books, with a subdivision of chapters. In each book, the most interesting events of the first Decade are considered under a particular point of view. The first book is devoted to an examination of the domestic government of Rome; the second, to that of the means by which the power of the republic was extended and preserved without the city; while the third passes in review, one by one, particular

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actions of private individuals, in order to examine their influence upon the progress of power, and upon the moral character of the nation. In each chapter of these books, some fact of the first Decade is treated with more or less fulness of detail, according to the degree of its importance, and in most of them the author endeavors to arrive at some general principle for the government of his own times. The most important of these principles are supported by parallel facts of contemporaneous history; and throughout the whole work, he labors to prove that the revolutions of power in every age have depended upon causes which were similar in themselves, although variously modified by circumstances peculiar to the nation or the period. His deductions are, in most cases, strictly logical, and the conduct and development of his arguments, clear, rapid and strong. New ideas arise at every instant under his pen, and he scatters over the mind, as he advances, the seeds of vigorous and active thought. The reader, whose study of legislation has been confined to the works of later philosophers, will be surprised to meet in the Discourses many principles and observations, the acuteness and profundity of which, he has been accustomed to admire in the more pretending pages of his modern oracles.* The extent and variety of the subject naturally lead to a review of some of the doctrines of the Prince, and a careful comparison of both works will show how far the views of the author had changed, concerning some of the principles that debase the former. A few, but a very few, were too deeply rooted in the character,—might we not say, in the necessities of the age?

In neither, however, of these works, does Machiavelli attempt to give a full treatise of legislation. They contain important developments of particular principles, which he possessed neither the leisure nor the means to combine, and by filling up the vacant spaces, and nicely adjusting the separate parts, to form into a complete and regular system. Such a work would undoubtedly have given a different character to his earlier writings, and secured him, in part, from the deep obloquy under which his name has so unjustly lain. But it cannot be supposed that a perfect system of legislation could have been

* Historians also have found this a convenient foraging ground, and more than one modern classic shines in the plumage of Machiavelli.

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formed even by the noblest genius of such an age.* The progress of society, the development of civilization in the sixteenth century, afforded not the facts upon which such a system could be founded. The principles of constitutional monarchy, the great laws of individual right, were unknown. The government of France, so highly commended by some writers of that period, was little better than a division of arbitrary power, in which the interests of the many were sacrificed to the caprices of the few. The constitution of England was slowly forming amid the jealousies and struggles of contending parties; but what contemporaneous eye could discern, in the shapeless fragments of the sixteenth century, the beautiful fabric which became the admiration and envy of the eighteenth? Political truths are the results of the study and analysis of past events; every age contributes, more or less, to the collection, in proportion to the degree of its advancement in civilization; constitutional monarchy was the legacy of the seventeenth century; constitutional republics, on the broadest scale, were the discovery of the eighteenth; political economy, the doctrines of criminal law, are daily advancing toward perfection, and who can tell what seeds of unknown truth are ripening with them, amid the comparative peace and tranquillity of our own age? It was no greater step in France, from the iron sceptre of Lewis the Great, to the constitutional throne of Lewis Philip, than from the present state of political science, to some degree of perfection that we know not of. Where, then, will be the vaunted systems of our own days? Where the discoveries of our philosophy? Mingled with the mass of earlier systems, where each, divested of its imagined perfection, will contribute its respective share of truth, to swell the progressive science of ages.

Viewing this subject as we do, it is for us, rather a source of congratulation than of regret, that the attention of Machiavelli was confined to particular portions of political science. The politics of his own age are thus explained, with clearness and precision; the received opinions of antiquity are connected with those of the earlier periods of modern civilization, and while the utility of some parts is limited to the light which

* Le plus rare génie est toujours en rapport avec les lumières de ses contemporains et l'on doit calculer, à-peu-près, de combien la pensée d' un homme peut dépasser les connoissances de son temps. De Stael — De la Littérature. Tom. I, p. 93.

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they throw upon history, others are filled with those great and permanent truths, which are addressed to the statesman of every nation and of every age.

It was not until several years after the termination of the Discourses, that Machiavelli entered upon a new field, in his Florentine Histories. A great portion, however, of this interval was employed in the studies and observations, that were essential to the accomplishment of his design, and his former labors, both as an author, and as secretary to the republic, had prepared him to engage in the task with bolder and more elevated views than had guided the steps of any preceding historian. His original design was confined to the history of Florence, from the rise of the power of the Medici, until his own times; but an attentive examination of the works of the earlier historians of the republic, convinced him that the most important portion of its history had been passed over in comparative silence.* The external wars of Florence contained, in his view, none of the important lessons which make history the surest school of wisdom. It was in the detail of the civil feuds and domestic revolutions of his country, that he sought the secrets of her prosperity, and the causes of her decline; it was only, therefore, by a full and faithful delineation of these, that he could accomplish the great end which he proposed.

Accordingly, departing from his original plan, he first traces, in a rapid and animated narrative, the revolutions which followed in swift succession throughout every part of Italy, from the reign of Theodosius, until the termination of the papal schism at the Council of Constance. The history that he is preparing to relate, is thus connected with the history of the fall of the Empire, and by following the progress of the states, which are so intimately associated with Florentine history, we are enabled to understand the causes of many peculiar features in the character and revolutions of the latter.† He then retraces the ground over which his predecessors had so carelessly trod, and describes, with well apportioned fulness of detail, the domestic history of the republic, from the foundation of the city, until the rise of the Medici, in fourteen hundred thirty-

* Vide la Prefazione alle Storie Fiorentine — pass.

† This form of introduction is supposed to have suggested to Robertson, the idea of his beautiful introduction to Charles V.

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four, interweaving with his narration such portions of external history as serve by their connexion, to throw a clearer light upon the events that he was relating. From this last period, both the internal and external history are united in a full narrative, which extends to the death of Lorenzo the Magnificent, in fourteen hundred and ninety-two.

The merit of acute and vigorous thought, which characterizes all the productions of Machiavelli, is enhanced, in the Florentine Histories, by the skill with which he arranges his subject and conducts his narration. The transitions are generally easy and natural, and the charm of the narrative is preserved by the peculiar art with which he interweaves his generalization with the facts from which it proceeds, and sometimes even with the sentence that records it. For the most important, however, of these remarks, a particular place has been reserved at the commencement of each book, where they serve as a general introduction to the portion that follows. Some of the most interesting questions are here treated with an energy and justness of thought, which surpass anything in even the best chapters of the Discourses, and with the peculiar and powerful logic, which distinguishes all the works of Machiavelli. If it were possible to judge a mind like his by detached passages and fragments of his general train of thought, no part of his writings could be selected with so much propriety, as the introductions to the books of the Florentine Histories.

No work, if we except the Decameron of Boccaccio, has exercised upon Italian prose, the same degree of influence as this. But while Boccaccio, misguided by his veneration for the Latin, labored to form his style upon the arbitrary inversions and periodic sentences of the Roman classics, Machiavelli, with a juster appreciation of the genius of the Italian, adopted a simpler and more pleasing course, equally free from the inversions of the fourteenth century and the gallicisms of the eighteenth. The language of the purer writers of Italy has continued to our own times, as it was left them by Machiavelli, and his works possess nearly the same freshness of expression, which characterizes in our own language, the prose of Dryden and of Addison.*

* Aveano fissato la lingua; — mentre sono appasiti tanti scrittori, anche assai a lui posteriori, lo stile di Machiavelli si mantiene dopo circa a tre secoli fresco, come nacque, e le frasi di cui fece uso, sono quelle che ancora si adoperano. Pignotti Sto. della Tosc. Vol. VI, p. 18.

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The Art of War was composed before the completion of the Florentine Histories. Like many of the works of the ancient philosophers, it is written in the form of a dialogue, in which the principles of the science are developed by the chief interlocutor, while an air of easy vivacity is spread over the whole piece, by the questions and remarks of the others. The merit of this work has been placed in a clear light by the letters of Count Algarotti, and when we reflect that they were written at the court of Frederick the Great, by a man cherished and honored for the brilliancy of his own genius, we shall ask no higher testimony to the military genius of Machiavelli.

It is a singular step from the gravity of the historian and the profound reasonings of the statesman, to the airy dreams of poetry and the keenness of comic wit. But were anything more than a general outline compatible with the plan of the present paper, we should now be called to trace the steps of Machiavelli in these new and difficult paths. Poetry was for him both a solace and a recreation, and many of the productions of his muse are strongly marked with the feelings that inspired them. He sought relief in his lyre from the stings of envy and the relentlessness of persecution, and when wearied with deeper and graver thought, refreshed his mind and restored his strength by the cheerful creations of fancy. In comedy he continued, under another form, his favorite study of man, and although the subsequent progress of the art has given greater perfection to the development of plot and to the general management of character, no writer has ever surpassed him in comic power and in faithfully portraying the follies and vices of his age. Nor are these portions of his writings less strongly marked with his original and peculiar character. Energy, vivacity and profound knowledge of human nature are the most striking characteristics of the poet, of the comic writer and of the statesman.*

The style of Machiavelli is of a kind, of which foreigners

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* ——— il viver mal contento
Pel dente dell' invidia, che mi morde,
Mi darebbe più doglia e più tormento;
Se non fusse che ancor le dolci corde
D'una mia cetra che soave suona,
Fanno le muse al mio cantar non sorde.
Capit. dell' Ingratitudine, Op. Vol. VII, p. 372.

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can in part, perceive and appreciate the beauty.* Uniting the excellencies of clearness and conciseness, with great vigor of expression, and perfect harmony of arrangement, it conveys the ideas of the writer with a force and precision which make the deepest impression upon the memory, while they leave no room for misapprehension. His words and phrases are peculiarly appropriate, and have that graceful elegance which always results from a skilful use of idioms. There are no labored expressions, no nicely wrought sentences, but the whole moves on, plain and concise in argument, clear and animated in description, nervous and powerful in declamation, warming with the feelings of the writer, and reflecting every shade of his thoughts.

His descriptions are rich and varied. They are at times perfect pictures, in which every detail is carefully wrought up, with appropriate distinctness and keeping; at others, brief sketches, in which a few prominent traits, selected with the instinctive delicacy of genius, form a perfect outline of parts, and seem to indicate the rest. In every case they carry the mind forward with constantly increasing excitement, and produce the peculiar and powerful agitation with which we always draw nigh to the termination of some great catastrophe.

He seldom indulges in declamation, but whenever his feelings become particularly excited, his thoughts and images flow with a warmth and energy which show how well he was qualified to excel in this species of eloquence. He describes the events of history, whether marked by great virtues or debased

* This style, however, so easy and natural in appearance, was the result of assiduous labor and repeated correction. Some highly interesting conjectures concerning his method of study, may be formed upon the historical fragments. They consist of a continuation of the Florentine Histories; the narrative is clear and closely connected, the events of each year are described with distinctness and precision, but the style is marked with all the haste and negligence of a first draft. The sketches of character, which are so beautifully polished in the Histories, form separate fragments and seem to have been prepared with greater care. It is more than probable, that the description of the death of the Orsini and their associates was also written to be inserted in a further continuation of the Histories.

It would seem, therefore, that he first prepared a general sketch of his works, confining his attention to the collection and arrangement of his facts: that the sketches of character and most important descriptions, were often composed separately from the first draft of the body of the work, and interwoven with it in the course of correction; and finally that the simplicity and graceful elegance which give such a charm to his style were, as generally happens, the effect of close attention and frequent revisal.

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by glaring crimes, with a clearness and truth, which reproduce the whole scene in the mind of the reader. But all comments upon the moral character of the event, all expression either of blame or of approbation are repressed, or, if admitted, are expressed in brief sentences or in short comments connected with the narration of the fact. The same manner may be observed in his reasoning: the subject is stated with clearness and precision, his arguments and illustrations follow in rapid succession, but all passing remarks, all amplification and declamation are left to the imagination of the reader.* Many critics, without observing that the same peculiar simplicity is invariably used in speaking of his own interests and misfortunes, have thought that it indicated, in the mind of the writer, a total indifference to good and evil. But this moral insensibility in the highest order of intellect, is more frequently imagined than found. The volume, from which we arise with a stronger inclination to the practice of virtue, a warm admiration for the noble and lovely in moral excellence, and a profound abhorrence of the sacrifice of the interests of many to the pleasure of an individual, can hardly have been produced by a mind wholly blunted to moral feeling. As different minds have different forms of expression, so have they different ways of conveying their lessons of virtue. The moral feeling that arises from the reading of Machiavelli, lies far deeper than the surface of his narrative; it is produced by an attentive study of the whole, instead of being gaudily painted on each single part: it breaks not out in frequent and loud bursts of applause, but winds itself slowly and surely among the secret places of the heart; and the reader, although frequently unconscious of the impression that he has received, finds it mingling, like the first lessons of youth, with the whole course and character of his subsequent reflections.

Some also, have supposed, that Machiavelli had studied in preference the dark policy of his own times. We will not now stop to examine in what degree the writers of every age are influenced by the peculiar character of their own, or how far it is important for a public man, who seeks to be useful, to examine and understand the materials upon which he is to act; but we believe that a careful examination of the writings of

* This of course, is applied to his usual manner, for several beautiful exceptions might be pointed out.

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Machiavelli, will show that his favorite school was in the best ages of ancient history. The most eloquent passages of his writings are those in which he describes the effect of free institutions and virtuous example upon the character of a nation. Take for example the short description of the sunny days of the Antonines:* how bright the colors, how strong the contrasts, how warm and glowing the whole design! It is the outbreathing of a pure and virtuous soul, forced from its path of cold reason, by the remembrance of bright days, and glowing amid the images that its own fancy has revived. Compare this, with the account of Borgia,† — a clear, cold, but powerful analysis, with a warm burst of enthusiastic feeling: — the one a detail of crimes supported by greater crimes, — the vices of a demon, triumphant over the vices of petty fiends, — the other a touching sketch of sweet days of peaceful virtue, whose heavenly influence his own dark age had never felt. Machiavelli's favorite character was Scipio, and he seems to contemplate his virtues with an unvaried and exhaustless delight. Cæsar, on the contrary, he boldly condemns as a selfish tyrant, whose great genius can only render his treachery more hateful. Clearly and strongly indeed, has he marked the line between those who have employed their talents and opportunities for the establishment of their own power, and those who have obeyed no other guide than their duty to their country.

Many works convey no idea of their author. The writer is lost in the story that he relates, or has nothing sufficiently peculiar in his cast of thought to impress the image of his mind upon its own creations. But Machiavelli, although he seldom speaks of himself, is constantly before the reader; his spirit accompanies us through every page: at every step, we feel the presence of an observant and superior power, that will call us to account, for every thought and feeling that we indulge. Every action that he relates, contains a lesson, in every event swell the germs of some important principle: the mind is excited to constant and active exertion, and the reader must think as he reads, or cease to read.

Throughout the whole course of his life ‡ he was a con-

*2. Op. Vol. IV. p. 60, et seq. †2. Op. Vol. V. p. 215, et seq.

‡ His veneration for literature was occasionally manifested in a very singular manner. During his long residence at his villa, after his release from prison, he usually devoted a portion of the day to the duties and amusements of the country, freely engaging in its sports, and sharing the debate,

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stant disciple of the ancients. Their precepts were, in many points, the guides and directors of his actions, and their works the companions and consolation of his solitary hours. It was thus that he was enabled to give to his own writings the same species of charm, which distinguishes all the productions of ancient art.

As a student of the most important and interesting truths, he pursued a method, incapable, perhaps, of leading to the extensive discoveries of later philosophy, but free also from the subtleties and abstractions that have caused so much misery in modern Europe. Led both by natural disposition, and by the character of his studies, to the observation of individual acts and particular examples, he reached not the broadest principles of general legislation, but close, cautious and correct, in his reasoning, he seldom failed to establish some important truth of easy and universal application. Born in an age that had given free license to every species of corruption, and called, by duty to his country, to observe from a close point of view the darkest features of crime, the terrible reality that surrounded him left no room for the brighter dreams of imagination, and he has painted man as he had found him, and life as he himself had proved it, amid disappointed hopes and torture and exile. The duties of his station compelled him to fix his view upon the probable termination of every event, and hence he sometimes appears to have lost sight of the means, in an eager anticipation of the end; but it should be remembered that his mind was of that class, which, seeing with great clearness and deciding with perfect promptitude, pass rapidly over the comments and explanations, of which they cannot discover the importance. He united the keenest comic wit with the profoundest philosophical reflection, — the skill of the satirist with the gravity of the historian, — the warmth of poetic feeling with the shrewdness of political sagacity, and bringing into actual life the same versatility and apparent contradiction of character, — the pliant skill of an Italian diplomatist with the virtues of a faithful citizen, and the tenderness of an affectionate father and friend. In short, whether we consider him in his

and conversation of the neighboring rustics. But on his return at evenings his rustic dress was thrown aside, and, arraying himself in the more dignified robes of the courts, he entered his study and the presence of the philosophers and historians of old, with all the care and preparation which he had been accustomed to use in presenting himself to princes and ministers.

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life, or in his works, we shall be constantly struck with the peculiar and strongly marked character of both, and be prepared to acknowledge that, if the "mind of man be indeed the proper study of mankind," few volumes contain a richer store of varied wisdom, than the life and the writings of Machiavelli.

ART. V. — *Life and Character of William Roscoe.*
The Life of William Roscoe. By his Son, HENRY ROSCOE. Boston. 1834.

THE most instructive chapter in the comprehensive records of philosophy, is example. There its principles are illustrated in action; its spirit typified in life. By this agency has the divine Being most perfectly revealed himself: and by it, in the moral economy of his universe, are the virtuous energies of humanity continually renewed. The happiest inspiration of which society is the source, is the influence diffused through it, in various attractive forms, by its most distinguished members. Coleridge has beautifully, and, with his accustomed significance, remarked, that "it is only by celestial observations that even terrestrial charts can be constructed scientifically." To gaze steadfastly at the intellectual and moral lights of the world, is at once the criterion and pledge of our own advancement; and in that constellation there are for all of us, some bright, particular stars, which, on account of their proximity to the region of our peculiar circumstances and sympathies, should be most earnestly and studiously regarded. The work now before us is peculiarly interesting in this country, as it furnishes the example of one who lived and died the active denizen of a commercial community like our own; of one whose native endowments were by no means brilliant, and whose circumstances, as far as they were prosperous, were created by himself; of one who, thus situated, nobly won and modestly wore the wreath of literary honor, the credit of self-denying probity, the name of a philanthropist; and who accomplished this by the simple but sublime energy of his character, by the "power of virtue in the human soul."

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If any extrinsic circumstances could augment the satisfaction with which we shall review the life and comment upon the character before us, they may be found in the fact that we are indebted for our sources of information to the son of him we contemplate. The volumes mentioned at the head of this article, are an offering of filial respect and gratitude. And notwithstanding the delicacy of the duty, it has been most happily performed.

William Roscoe was born about the middle of the last century, at Mount Pleasant, in, or near the town of Liverpool. His parentage was humble, and his early years blessed with maternal fidelity, but unmarked by any indications of intellectual precocity, and not favored by influences superior to his condition. His own memory could suggest but one or two characteristics of his infant days, and the most prominent of these were a deep and instinctive dislike to restraint, and a fondness for solitary rambling along the river of his native town. At the age of twelve years the discipline of a common school education was exchanged for a course of life involving a degree of physical effort, and an opportunity for communion with nature, the genial effects of which, upon so susceptible a being, were such as circumstances of more apparent advantage might have failed in producing. Young Roscoe was called to assist his father in the business of agriculture and the sale of its products; the intervals of leisure which occurred during these employments, were devoted to reading. Doubtless, the three years passed in this manner, at an age when both body and mind are so liable to receive permanent impressions from slight causes, were very influential in giving solidity to his constitution, and in fitting his intellect and feelings for that maturity of action which so happily followed. "This mode of life," says he, in a letter to a friend, "gave health and vigor to my body, and amusement and instruction to my mind; and to this day, I well remember the delicious sleep which succeeded my labors and from which I was again called at an early hour. If I were now asked whom I considered to be happiest of the human race, I should answer those who cultivate the earth by their own hands."

At fifteen, when called upon to adopt a profession, that of a bookseller was at first chosen, and even entered upon; but in a very brief period, attendance upon the shop proved weari-

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some, and in the end he was articled for six years to an attorney. The duties of his clerkship were frequently arduous, or at least engrossing, and they possessed continually increasing claims in his view, as upon his future success in the pursuit he had chosen, his family mainly depended for support. Yet from these labors he would ever and anon turn to those less practical, but more attractive subjects of attention, which cheered the sterile and often irksome walks of duty, and turned the springs of thought to finer issues. Shenstone became successively his beloved companion and admired model, till the author of the Deserted Village shared the empire of his young but fervent literary love. A few but choice intimacies were formed; these gradually ripened into friendships which seem to have been singularly productive of mutual good. Under their benign incitement and cheering companionship, Roscoe studied the ancient languages, and was induced by the counsel and aid of one peculiarly gifted and proportionally beloved, to devote that attention to the Italian language and literature which, in after life, was the foundation of his literary success. At this time commenced his habitual cultivation of poetry, in which he acquired a facility and taste that neutralized the effect of severer studies, and imparted a cheerful and elevated excitement to his whole pilgrimage on earth. Yet with all these expanding and improving tastes the direct business of his youthful years received his first and most faithful care. "It is true," he remarks, "the amusements of poetry, and the incense of praise constitute of themselves some degree of happiness, and, it may be said, happiness should never be slighted. But, alas! I am a traveller, and before I intend to indulge myself, I propose to get to the end of my journey. If every beautiful prospect and every shepherd's pipe must allure me out of my road, what probability is there that I shall ever find myself at rest?"

His poetical compositions, written before the age of manhood, indicate the benevolent enterprizes toward which the ardent energies of opening life tended, and to which so fair a portion of its noon and evening were devoted, — the abolition of the African Slave Trade, and the intellectual elevation of his countrymen. The first he promoted in common with many spirits of inferior philanthropy, but in relation to the second, he evinced, even in the morning of life, a deep and discerning benevolence. Then, as ever after, he recognized

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the necessity of an element that should modify the influences of the commercial world, and cherish the latent sentiment of human nature among the bustling members of a mercantile community. That he was well aware of the requisiteness of an agent more effectual than mere taste in the process of improving society, that he owed his moral growth and the power and purity of his mental efforts to a deeper principle, is not alone evidenced by the general tone of his life and recorded views. At this time he was the author of an able and forcible tract upon religious duty, the sentiments of which were directly deduced from the teachings of Christianity.

During the year 1774, Mr. Roscoe commenced practice, being admitted to the King's bench. His assiduity and conscientious spirit in the early, and therefore, most anxious stage of his professional course, is most interestingly evinced in his correspondence with Miss Jane Griffies, whose destiny it was to become the companion, and minister to the happiness of a life, which derived its deepest and most constant satisfaction from domestic influences. These letters (which, it may be observed, passed between the parties while residing in the same town, — with the few exceptions, occasioned by the temporary absence of the latter,) breathe a most confiding affection; but it is an affection dignified with a religious and intellectual sentiment, that deepened, while it embalmed it; it was a love evidenced chiefly by an earnest interest in the legitimate good of its object, — a love based on similarity of taste and sympathy of purpose; a love which inspired only to improve. "I cannot help pleasing myself (says Mr. R. in one of the first of his epistles,) with the reflection, what an infinite variety of subjects this intercourse will give rise to. Convinced of the perfect confidence that exists between us, how freely might our thoughts expand themselves! The desire of pleasing might cause some little attention to the mode of expression, whilst the certainty of mutual indulgence would prevent us from being apprehensive about trivial inaccuracies."

The first incident which broke in upon the quiet routine of his life, after his marriage, was a professional visit to London. On this occasion, he experienced, in no small degree, a trial which seems the nearest conceivable approach to the situation of Tantalus, — that of being surrounded with the luxuries of literature and art, with the quiet impulse of taste, whetted

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into a keen appetite by their alluring presence, while the want of means condemns it to remain unsatisfied. The additions to his library and collection of prints, were made, therefore, very gradually, and the extreme conscientiousness with which he indulged so innocent a taste, must have greatly enhanced their value.

The introduction of some original sketches into the exhibition of a Society of Art in Liverpool, in 1784, indicates his increasing interest in its practice; but this is still more strongly manifested by the sedulous application of his literary powers to its promotion. During the next year he delivered a course of lectures on the subject, and by means of a poem on the Origin of Engraving, and several valuable contributions of a more fugitive character, labored to propagate correct notions of the principles of art, and excite an interest in its elevating pursuits. But, perhaps, his feelings and efforts in regard to these objects, are most happily associated with that ready appreciation of the works of art, in all their variety, and that earnest sympathy with and friendship for professed artists, which is so beautiful a feature of his life and character.

Three years after, however, his philanthropic spirit was engaged in an enterprize involving results of a more momentous nature, and demanding no small measure of perseverance and moral courage. Its success involved the utter annihilation of one of the most lucrative branches of the commerce of Liverpool; and those pledged to its advancement, were forced, to a greater or less extent, to come forth from the retirement of private life, become identified with a party, and engage in a contest calculated to excite strong feelings of personal and political animosity. These circumstances were so diametrically opposed to the temper and taste of Mr. Roscoe, that had it been a cause of less moral importance, he might have been excused for transferring the responsibility of its defence to others. But intimately allied as was the issue with the cause of humanity, the triumph of Christianity, and the character of his native land, it appealed to the highest principles of his nature; and with him such an appeal was never in vain. In the course of this year, therefore, appeared a poem entitled the Wrongs of Africa, — a pamphlet demonstrating the injustice and impolicy of a traffic in her children; and, soon after, a most masterly reply to a specious attempt to prove its lawfulness on the authority of Scripture. By these

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and similar writings, by personal intercourse and correspondence with Wilberforce, and other enlightened friends of this great cause, and especially by creating a just public sentiment in one of the strong holds of the trade, Mr. Roscoe contributed largely to the happy result with which the enterprize was eventually crowned.

It cannot be supposed that the progress of an event which riveted the attention and divided the opinions of the civilized world, failed to attract the anxious attention, and elicit the thoughts and feelings of Roscoe. Accordingly, we find him, at the opening of the French Revolution, acting under the influence of that love of man, and that faith in the ultimate supremacy of his higher nature, whence only springs an enlightened attachment to the principles of freedom. Of all the occasional products of his muse, none have been more popular or excellent in their kind, than those induced by the first brilliant stage of this event. Of his intelligent sympathy and conduct, at this period, his correspondence and public course furnish the most honorable testimony. In his case, as in that of many others, it was the primary means of drawing into political life and effort talents and sympathies, which, but for so exciting an occasion, would have been devoted exclusively to the more retired interests of literature. But it was not his case, like that of many of his contemporaries, when the dark era of the Revolution came on, to lose his faith in the blessedness of genuine political freedom. He discriminated between the effects of a long-sustained state of moral degradation upon the people, and the legitimate spirit of genuine political independence. Both he believed subject to the eternal laws of truth, and therefore deemed it as unphilosophical as sinful, to refer the recklessness and atrocity of a debased populace, to the pure and generous impulse of true liberty.

Attention to the language of Italy, to which Mr. Roscoe's mind was, as before stated, early directed, soon introduced him to an acquaintance with her standard authors. The study of these, during the whole period we have cursorily reviewed, formed one of the principal sources of his literary recreation. In perusing the historians, particularly Machiavelli and Ammirato, who wrote the Florentine annals, his primitive interest in the character of Lorenzo de'Medici was strengthened, and his long, though silently cherished purpose of writing his life, confirmed. The utility of such a work, if success-

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fully executed, none could better understand than himself; yet, even he did not apparently anticipate the numerous indirect benefits of which it was productive. The numerous historical events and interesting ciscumstances, collateral with the main subject, the attractive form in which the literature and associations of Italy were brought into view, in the course of the work, and the important epoch in the world's history embraced in the period to which it referred, all tended to enhance its practical worth, and the gratification to be derived from its perusal.

The chief difficulty in the way of his design, was the want of adequate materials. Happily, this was removed, by the aid of a friend in Italy, who undertook to forward him the necessary transcripts from original documents, and such works as were not attainable in England, while the sale of two extensive libraries furnished him with yet other resources. Thus furnished, and with the sympathy of many individuals of high literary character, as well as that of his numerous personal friends enlisted in the enterprize, he commenced and assiduously prosecuted it at intervals of leisure.

Upon the publication of the work, in 1796, its success, in every respect, was complete. For the full evidence of this, we must again refer to the correspondence of the author, introduced so largely into the history of his life. Seldom do labors of this nature meet with such a degree of contemporary appreciation, or elicit more sincere and universal testimony to their worth. If ever an author had reason to feel satisfied with the result of his efforts, as regards their immediate reception by the literary public, that one was Roscoe. If he did not altogether escape the critical acumen of the times, he lived to improve by its just strictures, and to lose the memory of its unjust severity, in the various and noble tributes of praise and gratitude which were poured in upon him. He lived to see his own portrait of his favorite translated into the several modern languages of Europe, to amend and pass it through the press to a perfect edition, and to behold it, like a radiant message, bearing his name through many lands, and awakening attention to those sources of intellectual pleasure, of which he had drank so deeply, and whose renovating waters he would fain see a common well-spring on the dusty highway of life. From the individual encomiums passed upon Mr. Roscoe, on this occasion, it is difficult to select one, all being, either

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from their origin or character, peculiarly pleasing. We cannot but notice, however, the allusion to the subject by the author of the Pursuits of Literature, as being from a political opponent, and, consequently, induced solely by a sense of the intrinsic excellence of the work.

> "But hark! what solemn strains from Arno's vales
> Breathe rapture, wafted on the Tuscan gales!
> Lorenzo rears again his awful head,
> And feels his ancient glories round him spread;
> The Muses, starting from their trance, revive,
> And at their Roscoe's bidding, wake and live."

From what has now been said, it is evident that the mere business of his profession had for Mr. Roscoe few attractions. He was engaged, too, in company with another gentleman, in a project which, soon after the publication of his work, began to assume a promising aspect; this was the draining and cultivating an extensive tract of peat-moss in the neighborhood of Manchester. Looking, in a good measure, to this source of income, for support, and with a view of gradually bringing his affairs to a close, and retiring to the more complete enjoyment of his taste, in the course of the year 1796, he relinquished his profession. How singly and sincerely he regarded professional occupation as a means subordinate to a great end, may be inferred from his reply to a friend who rallied him upon his withdrawing from its responsibilities. There is something peculiarly like a home-thrust in its applicability to ourselves. "Surely man is the most foolish of all animals, and civilized man the most foolish of all men. Anticipation is his curse; and to prevent the contingency of evil, he makes life one continual evil. Health, wisdom, peace of mind, conscience, all are sacrificed to the absurd purpose of heaping up for the use of life more than life can employ, under the flimsy pretext of providing for his children, till practice becomes habit, and we labor on till we are obliged to take our departure, as tired of this world as we are unprepared for the rational happiness of the next."

He now resumed his Italian reading and this with the study of Botany, his favorite science, a translation of the Balia, of Luigi Tansillo, his agency in instituting the admirable Athenæum of Liverpool, and the issuing of a new edition of Lorenzo, with other labors of a desultory nature,

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occupied his time and attention, until the spring of 1799. And then it was, in pursuance of that design of retirement so congenial to his nature, and so promising of intellectual fruits, that he became the possessor of Allerton Hall in the vicinity of Liverpool. There he at once renewed his literary labors, in the field where his recent laurels were won. In preparing the history of Leo X. he but still further developed, under additional advantages, the subject so happily begun in the life of Lorenzo.

Scarcely a year had elapsed, when the claims of friendship called him from his elegant retreat into a scene of action more truly business-like, in its nature, than the one whence he had lately retired. The family of that friend whose exertions abroad had so signally aided Mr. Roscoe in obtaining interesting and necessary historical documents, had asked his counsel and personal assistance in re-arranging the affairs of their extensive banking establishment. Circumstances and his sense of duty, in the end, devolved the conduct of this concern chiefly upon himself, and, in a great measure, identified his pecuniary interests with its success. The next social and benevolent enterprise in which he seems to have engaged was the establishment of a botanical garden near town. And his pen at this time was extensively devoted to the advancement of this science, in testimony of which several interesting instances occur in his letters and communications to Botanical Societies.

The influence of Mr. Roscoe in the private circles, and, indeed, through the whole range of society around him, frequently afforded him opportunities of most happily directing the public mind, and rendered his political opinions well known. This was a prominent cause of his activity during the excitement in relation to the movements on the other side of the channel, to which we have briefly alluded, and contributed, at the approach of an important political crisis in his own country, to direct towards him the expectant regards of his townsmen. In 1806 he was returned, by the freemen of Liverpool, as a representative in parliament, and, in accordance with the sense of public duty which characterized his life, he obeyed the call, and carried into the halls of legislation the highmindedness, perseverance and loyalty to principle which had secured him the suffrages of his constituents. Here he enjoyed the high satisfaction of urging, with all the power that

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argument, appeal, and personal influence afforded, the passage of the bill for Catholic Emancipation and the Abolition of the Slave Trade. The plan of a Reform in Parliament, the principles of which he subsequently most ably defended, was a measure, the happy fulfilment of which he lived to witness. During the next two years, though not officially engaged, he was much occupied in political writing, particularly in recommending peace with France.

Soon after his retirement from public life, he appears, from additions and improvements made upon his estate for the better accommodation of his library and collections, as well as from the literary projects he then conceived, to have meditated a yet more complete devotion to intellectual labor. The most important of his plans were a life of Erasmus and several translations from the Italian, of high interest. Subsequent circumstances induced him to relinquish these designs. He, however, derived much pleasure, at this time, from collating and arranging several additional illustrations of his biographies, and especially from a visit at Holkham devoted to researches among a highly valuable collection of manuscripts and rare works, belonging to his friend Mr. Coke, who assigned to him the pleasing task of rescuing them from the disorder into which they were plunged, and reproducing their distinctive characters.

But that universal principle, vicissitude, was about to bring upon Mr. Roscoe a series of discipline whereby his moral strength was destined to be severely tested. The banking concern with which he was so intimately connected, — owing to the demands of the times and the scarcity of specie, produced by the opening of the American Trade, — was forced to suspend payment. Mr. Roscoe's honorable feelings obliged him to assume the entire care of the interest of his creditors. By a well-devised plan and temporary compromise, he was confident of being able to discharge all the debts in the space of six years and still sustain the establishment. Many untoward circumstances, — particularly an unfortunate investment of a large part of their funds, rendered the prospect, at the termination of this long and anxious season of uncongenial toil, — increasingly gloomy. In view of such a state of things, he determined upon a sacrifice that can be duly estimated only by him who understands that fellow-feeling for the master minds of our race and the forms in which they have become familiar,

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which springs up and grows strong in the bosom where it is habitually cherished; — by him who knows, in its full measure, the happiness of collecting about him the gems of literature and art, connecting them with associations of feeling and circumstance, gazing upon them as upon the faces of friends, and into them as into the oracles of truth; — by him, in a word, the idea of whose usefulness, honor and daily enjoyment is associated indissolubly, in his own mind, with books, and products of art, — not in their general aspect, — but as they have been gathered by the slow accumulation of careful expenditure, and become endeared by years of blessed and ministering companionship, in his own cheerful study. Who will deny to Mr. Roscoe, in the sacrifice of his library and collections, the credit of exercising a degree of religious principle worthy of human nature? The general character of that library may be inferred from his pursuits; and its value from the catalogue prepared, with minute exactness, by his own hand, indicating its numerous varieties and treasures. It is worthy of remark that no volume or print was reserved, but such as were the sacred tokens of friendship; and although a few of his friends bought, at the sale, what they conceived he chiefly wished to retain, he would derive from this considerate act, no other advantage than the liberty of re-purchasing, and when this was actually done, his conscientiousness led him to dispose of them to Mr. Rathbone, by whom they were presented to the Athenæum, where they still occupy a separate position. We cannot forbear quoting the Sonnet suggested by this event. Familiar as it may have become, it is and will ever be a beautiful evidence of the not undignified regret of the literary enthusiast relieved by the manly cheerfulness of the intellectual christian.

"As one who destined from his friends to part
Regrets his loss, yet hopes again erewhile
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
And temper as he may affliction's dart, —
Thus, loved associates! chiefs of elder art!
Teachers of wisdom! who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you; nor with fainting heart, —
For pass a few short hours, or days or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowship restore;

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When freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more."

When, therefore, the dreaded bankruptcy did occur, the only consolation of which such a case admits, was happily ever present to alleviate the sufferings of his delicate mind, — a deep sense of conscientious integrity.

Perhaps the most general principle involved in the leading interests of the age, is the principle of integrity. It is this which lends an aspect of high moral dignity to the pursuits in which the multitude of our day are engaged. In England and this country, commercial enterprize being the predominant object of pursuit, uncompromising integrity is the virtue, for the exercise of which there is especial and often grand occasion. And while public opinion has been on the advance respecting the *legal* course proper to be pursued in relation to bankruptcy, the want of a high moral tone in regard to this subject is lamentably obvious. Were it not so, failures, which have bereft hundreds of half their just dues, and left the author of their suffering independent, would not be regarded, as they now are, with any degree of complacency; nor would an individual of this sadly numerous species, be allowed daily to parade himself or the tokens of his pecuniary superiority before the eyes of his abused and remediless creditor. In view of such considerations, enforced as they must be by the experience and reflection of every individual, it is morally refreshing to mark and appreciate the simple integrity of William Roscoe.

And now the cares of active life were well nigh ended; the partner of his days had gone before to her rest, and his feet were treading the declivity of life. He had put the finishing touch to an edition of Pope's works, and the Holkham catalogue was completed; what remained, then, for one who had so well sustained the burden and heat of the day, but that he should dedicate its close to recreative employment and repose? With his diminished resources, increased by the grateful contributions of friendship, he accordingly released himself from all bustling or laborious employments, and passed into retirement. Here he prepared for the press a final edition of Lorenzo, and a work of long standing upon Monandrian plants, — efforts which equal the most vigorous of an earlier period. And although with these his literary labors may be said to have

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closed, his intellectual and moral activity was beautifully exerted until another world became the scene of its ceaseless exercise. The lovely flowers with which he had bestrown the pathway of his being, were bright and fragrant to the last. Literally may it be said of them, as has been significantly said in another connexion, — that they smiled up to him as children to the face of a father. The perception of physical beauty, the intelligent love of nature, the philanthropic spirit, the literary taste, which were the day-stars of his youth, continued their ministry in age; and the holier presence of domestic sympathies, of well-founded friendships, of blessed remembrances, was blending its cheerful influence with the deeper and more inspiring spirit of religion. How applicable to a life so happily passed, and so peacefully closed, are the well-remembered lines of our favorite poet!

"That life was happy: every day he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
To mock him with her phantom miseries.
No chronic tortures rack'd his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourish'd none for him.

"And I am glad that he has liv'd thus long;
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital chord;
When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die."

We have spoken of the character of William Roscoe as a morally valuable example, and we have seen how little it is indebted to extraordinary occasions for its manifestation; it is as interesting to observe that it owes as little to any singular endowment or unnatural endeavor for its intrinsic worth. To the legitimate culture and exercise of the natural emotions and best impulses of the soul, we cannot but ascribe all that is good or beautiful in its aspect. That process of induration, so proverbially general, never bronzed the sensibilities of Roscoe; the dew of nature was not suffered wholly to evaporate in the heated atmosphere of worldly strife, nor to congeal in the frigid air of an artificial existence. That quality, so deep and morally auspicious, — susceptibility, — the sharpness of the mental appetites, the yearning of vigorous energies for free play and felicitous exercise, the fervid heat of the coals upon the

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soul's altar, which a little musing sufficeth to kindle, — susceptibility, — this he ever possessed, or rather never lost, or the richly freighted influences of improvement would have passed by him as the idle wind.

We confess ourselves disposed to attribute no inconsiderable importance to this view of our subject. If improving agencies are dispensed as liberally through the intellectual and moral universe, as the elements of physical nature, and are designed to minister to something beyond themselves, to develop mind, they constitute the common birthright of humanity. Like the air and light, they freely and equally occupy space, ranging the wide expanse on the broad wings of universal love, and restrained in their holy mission by nought but human perversity. And is not the essential condition by which alone their rich benefits can be experienced, susceptibility? The piercing beams of the sun bear no images of beauty to the closed eye, and the evening breeze wafts no refreshment to the brow unbared to its breath. What wonder, then, if nature and Providence sometimes fail to awaken the spirit steeled by indifference, or shrouded in sin? In the life and character of Roscoe, we see nurtured, with a beautiful and holy care, —

"——— those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, — cherish, — and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence; truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy." *

The most remarkable peculiarity in the character of Roscoe, is its rare combination of active with quiet virtues, — of reflective with practical excellence, — of refined sentiment and thought, with perfect simplicity of manner and

*The noble ode of Wordsworth, from which these lines were taken, was recited by the late S. T. Coleridge, to Baron Von Humboldt, who learned with much surprise that it was the work of a living English poet, declaring he *should* have attributed it to the age of Elizabeth.

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effort. Its distinguishing good, as an example, is the lesson of just self-development which it so pleasingly unfolds. Throughout that long life of more than eighty years, in its early struggles, amid its honorable fame, and during the various periods of literary, political, or professional activity, by which that character was tried and formed, we behold the native supremacy of the moral nature uninvaded. And it is impossible not to recognize in this the true secret of Roscoe's success, — the source of those intellectual and moral results which have hallowed his memory, — the means and the method by the aid of which, in comparatively ordinary circumstances and with comparatively common capacities, he identified himself with all the leading benevolent enterprises of the day, rendered valuable contributions to the literature of his native country, and drew, in broad relief, even from the calm tenor and narrow scene of his life, the deathless lineaments of an harmoniously beautiful character.

And, be it remembered, that this active and equable spirit, — this happy balance of the several faculties and sentiments, — was ever calmly and prevailingly operative. We feel that the stripling, who mourned over the dying agonies of the bird his own hand had destroyed on the banks of the Mersey, and the aged man who years afterwards stood beside a bed of lilies in his little garden, and compared their frailty with his own, is one and the same being. In opposition to a very popular prejudice, he succeeded in uniting literature and business and general philanthropy with domestic duty, without detriment to either. He was an amateur and a literary man; but benevolent sentiment was intimately associated with the enjoyments of both. While carrying on a correspondence which connected him with the master spirits of the age, he could yet be sedulously attentive to the interests of an unfriended artist; sympathizing in the magnanimous character of a cultivated Florentine nobleman, and deeming it unappreciated, he wrote his history. How constant, too, was his fidelity to nature, and how bountifully did she reward that allegiance! It was in her invigorating embrace that his young spirit waxed strong, and, freed from the baneful excitements of modern education, it knew no precocious development, no premature decay. The cares of business could not supersede an habitual communion with her influences, nor studious zeal allure him from obedience to her laws. He possessed a delightful inheritance in the

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kingdom of letters, and ever and anon retired thither; but the field of effort assigned him by the Creator, was the world; he mingled in its strife, and shed abroad the blessedness of an improving activity. Yet beneath the agitated or listless tide of his common existence, swelled and deepened an under current of meditative being. He imbibed the nutritive elements of spiritual life, as they came forth with the solemnity and effulgence of the starry host, from the deep teachings of experience, — burst in gladness, as tributary streams, from the converse of intellectual humanity, or rose, like the sun-lit mists of the ocean, from the wide domain of nature, — sitting meekly, the while, at the feet of Jesus of Nazareth.

Such is, indeed, one of those beings whom no nation can appropriate; universality characterized his philanthropy, and now that the "natural canonization" of death has hallowed his example, it is, and should be regarded as a common blessing. His countrymen have felt most nearly its holy influence, and among them will forever be the local memorials of his glory. Italy, though her classic ground was never pressed by his pilgrim feet, recognizes in his works the beautiful evidences of a deep and philosophical interest in her literature, admiration for her great men, and sympathy in her woes. And to us there is a new scene of meditative enjoyment in our father land. Before we reach the sacred precincts of Westminster, or stroll along the green banks of the Avon, we shall linger with respectful and moving interest beside the monument to the memory of William Roscoe, in the church-yard of Liverpool.

ART. VI. — *Mrs. Butler's Journal.*

Journal of Frances Anne Butler. 2 vols. 12 mo. Philadelphia, 1835.

THIS is very much the sort of work that might have been looked for from a "clever girl," as the author repeatedly describes herself, educated in the green-room, under the eye of "my father," in immediate contact with the not very strait-laced morals, and still less rigid manners of the children of Thespis, — a little "elated," by repeated draughts from the intoxicating cup of public applause, in the old and new

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world, — above all things bent on "fun," but at the same time full of real talent, and influenced in the main by correct principles and good feelings. A series of observations, hastily noted down by a person of this description, in the intervals of acting, riding, romping, feasting, and coquetting, must of course be very desultory, and might well be expected to contain many things that were better omitted, but would be likely enough to furnish, on the whole, a *piquant* and entertaining volume. Such is in fact the character of the little work before us. It is written throughout in a spirited style, and will be read in almost every part with interest. There is much indiscretion and bad taste, going, at times, to an extent which we hardly know how to excuse or account for; but, mixed up with these unpleasant ingredients, there is also a great deal of correct observation and pleasant description, particularly of natural objects. The fair journalist appears, in one or two passages, to entertain doubts as to her capacity for writing English, and once formally proposes to herself the question, — Can I write good prose? We feel no hesitation in answering this question in the affirmative. Her prose is, in the main, just what it should be for a work of this kind; natural and colloquial, sometimes to excess, but constantly enlivened by pointed and felicitous turns of language, and rising, when the subject requires it, into elegance. The best passages are the descriptions of nature, some of which are really very graphic, and produce the effect of fine paintings: the next in value are the accounts of her own theatrical performances, and the critical observations on the drama. The strictures on men and manners, if not instructive, are, at least, as the author remarks of the Italian Opera at New York, *amusing*. There are several attempts at poetry interspersed through the volumes, some of which are quite successful, and display a talent, that, with exercise and cultivation, may be made to produce very valuable fruits.

It is remarked by Madame de Stael, that the adventures of almost every individual would supply, in competent hands, the materials for an interesting novel. The truth of this observation is in some degree illustrated in the work before us. It is, no doubt, as it purports to be, a section from a real journal, kept perhaps, at the time, without any direct view to publication, but as it happens to record precisely the most ad-

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venturous and romantic portion of the author's history, it naturally assumes, to a certain extent, the form of a romance. There is, to be sure, no great variety of characters, "I and my father" being the only ones which are brought forward with any distinctness, but the action is not without interest. A clever young actress of eighteen, the heroine of her own story, sets forth upon a voyage of adventures in a distant land, for the purpose of retrieving the fortunes of her family. She crosses the ocean, presents herself in her professional capacity to the notice of a new world, and encounters the alternations of favor and fickleness that make up the fortunes of the candidate for popular favor in every sphere. In general, she succeeds to her mind: sometimes, however, she is only "so-so-ish," and at others she is reduced so low that she wishes she were "a caterpillar under a green gooseberry bush." In the natural progress of her course she travels far and wide through the land, sees men and cities, and records in her journal *à tort et à travers* every thing that comes into her head. After a while the golden thread of love begins to entwine itself in the "mingled yarn" of her destiny. Among the numerous *blanks* that are continually clustering about her, the lottery of life throws up at her feet the rich *prize* of a devoted heart. Sundry *bouquets* which are presented to her, are received in a way that seems to indicate a more than ordinary interest in "the author of the flowers." Her equestrian excursions are not "companionless." The sentimental part of the story occupies, it is true, but little space; the hero is throughout a blank, and the narrative terminates abruptly, without any distinct intimation of the nature of the *denouement*. But thanks to those faithful chroniclers of the times, whom our author rather unceremoniously denominates "the press gang," we are at no loss to divine what it is. The heroine, after accomplishing the object of her expedition, terminates her achievements in the received manner by a fortunate marriage, and retires from the busy scene of her labors and triumphs, into the tranquil shades of domestic life.

Here is certainly adventure enough to form the groundwork of a very interesting romance, in the hands of a writer possessing the qualifications necessary to excel in that kind of composition. Our author is amply provided with some of the most important of these requisites, such as imagination and power of language. In correctness of taste and maturity of

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judgment she is singularly deficient. Although the merits of the work preponderate, in our opinion, over its defects, the latter are so apparent, and in some cases of so unpleasant a kind, that a judicious friend would undoubtedly have recommended either an absolute suppression of it, or a much more thorough and careful revision than it appears to have received. It will, however, readily occur to our readers, that a person who was capable of writing precisely such a work as this, would be also very likely to publish it without much regard to any wholesome caution that might be given her upon the subject; and as the author and "my father" are the parties that will suffer more than any body else by the publication, if they are willing to "take the responsibility," we do not know that the public at large need to complain. In noticing the work, we shall indicate, in a very succinct and rapid manner, the principal incidents in the narrative, and add a few extracts, by way of illustration, of the style and temper of the writer.

The narrative commences with the author's embarkation at Liverpool. The description of the voyage which follows, is lively and amusing, though containing rather more than the usual proportion of extravagancies in thought and diction. The ship "is every thing that could be wished." She "writes doggrel upon it for the captain's album, and swears that when she is once out of it she will love it infinitely." The captain himself is a "very intelligent, good-natured person, and only one and twenty, which makes his having the command of a ship rather an *awful consideration.*" The passengers "consist chiefly of traders in cloth and hard ware, clerks, and counting house men; a species, with but few peculiarities of interest to one who cannot talk pounds, shillings and pence as glibly as less substantial trash." The "only of our crew" whom she "cottons to fairly," are the ——, and that good-natured lad, Mr. ——, though the former rather distress her by their abundant admiration." She pays the usual tribute of a fit of sea-sickness to the capricious element on which she is tossing, but in the intervals, what with walking, dancing, working night-caps and bible covers, reading Moore, Byron and Dante, writing poetry, and looking at the moon and stars, she contrives, on the whole, to amuse herself tolerably well. We do not know that we have ever seen the curiously incongruous medley of accidents and characters that fill up the tedious six

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weeks of a voyage across the Atlantic, more graphically brought before the mind than they are in this journal. The descriptions are often beautiful, and the observations just and pointed; at other times, however, they are *amusing* only in the sense in which our author afterwards applies the term to the opera at New York. Will it be credited that a *lady*, who has much to say in the sequel of a want of refinement in the manners of the people of this country, gives utterance to her feelings, during a night of storm and sickness, in the following elegant strain?

"Lay all day on my back, most wretched, the ship heaving like any earthquake; in fact there is something irresistibly funny in the way in which people seem dispossessed of their power of volition by this motion, rushing hither and thither in all directions but the one they purpose going, and making as many angles, fetches, and sidelong deviations from the point they aim at, as if the devil had tied a string to their legs and jerked it every now and then in spite, — by the by, not a bad illustration of our mental and moral struggles towards their legitimate aims."

And again, —

"At twelve went to bed; the men kept up a horrible row on deck half the night; singing, dancing, whooping, and running over our heads."

We quote these, which are *not* the most objectionable passages, in justification of our remarks upon the occasional display of bad taste and incorrect judgment. The entry for Sunday, Aug. 19, is a specimen of a much better manner, and proves that the writer, in the midst of her lighter pursuits and pleasures, finds some moments for serious reflection.

"Did not rise till late, — dressed and came on deck, — the morning was brilliant; the sea, bold, bright, dashing its snowy crests against our ship's sides, and flinging up a cloud of glittering spray round the prow. I breakfasted, — and then amused myself with finding the lessons, collects and psalms for the whole ship's company. After lunch, they spread our tent, a chair was placed for my father, and the little bell being rung, we collected in our rude church. It affected me much, this praying on the lonely sea, in the words that at the same hour were being uttered by millions of kindred tongues in our dear home; there was something, too, impressive and touching in this momentary union of strangers, met but for a passing day, to part perhaps never to behold each other's faces again in the holiest of all unions, that

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of Christian worship. Here I felt how close, how strong that wondrous tie of common faith that thus gathered our company, unknown and unconnected by any one worldly interest or bond, to utter the same words of praise and supplication, to think perhaps the same thoughts of humble and trustful dependance on God's great goodness in this our pilgrimage to foreign lands, to yearn perhaps with the same affection and earnest imploring of blessings towards our native soil and its beloved ones left behind. Oh, how I felt all this as we spoke aloud that touching invocation, which is always one of my most earnest prayers, 'Almighty God, who hast promised where two or three are gathered together in thy name,' etc. * * * The bright cloudless sky and glorious sea seemed to respond, in their silent magnificence, to our Te Deum. I felt more of the excitement of prayer than I have known for many a day, and 'twas good, — oh! very, very good!

* * * * * * * * *

"'Tis good to behold this new universe, this mighty sea which he hath made, this glorious cloudless sky, where hang, like dew drops, his scattered worlds of light, — to see all this and say, —

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!'

After prayers, wrote journal, — some sea weeds floated by the ship to-day, borne from the gulf stream; I longed to have it, for it told of land: gulls too came wheeling about, and the little petrells like sea-swallows, skimmed round and round, now resting on the still bosom of the sunny sea, now flickering away in rapid circles, like black butterflies. They got a gun, to my horror, and wasted a deal of time in trying to shoot these feathered mariners, but they did not even succeed in scaring them. We went and sat on the forecastle to see the sun set; he did not go down cloudless, but dusky ridges of vapor stretched into ruddy streaks along the horizon, as his disk dipped into the burnished sea. The foam round the prow, as the ship made way with all sail set before a fair wind, was the most lovely thing I ever saw. Purity, strength, glee, and wondrous beauty were in those showers of snowy spray that sprang up above the black ship's sides, and fell like a cataract of rubies under the red sunlight. We sat there till evening came down; the sea, from brilliant azure, grew black as unknown things, the wind freshened, and we left our cold stand to walk, or rather run, up and down the deck to warm ourselves. This we continued, till one by one the stars had lit their lamps in heaven; their wondrous brilliancy, together with the Aurora Borealis, which rushed like sheeted ghosts along the sky, and the stream of fire that shone round the ship's way, made heaven and sea appear like one vast world of flame, as though the thin blue

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veil of air and the dark curtain of the waters were but drawn across a universe of light."

On the third of September they arrived at New York. The following passage describes, in a lively and picturesque manner, the entrance into port.

"I called H——, and we remained on deck watching the clouds like visions of brightness and beauty, enchanted creations of some strange spell-land, — at every moment assuming more fantastic shapes and gorgeous tints, — dark rocks seemed to rise, with dazzling summits of light, pale lakes of purest blue spread here and there between, the sun now shining through a white wreath of floating silver, now firing, with a splendor that the eye shrank from, the edges of some black cloudy mass. Oh, it was surpassing! — We were becalmed, however, which rather damped all our spirits, and half made the captain swear. Towards mid-day we had to thank heaven for an incident. A brig had been standing aft against the horizon for some hours past, and we presently descried a boat rowing from her towards us. The distance was some five miles, the sun broiling; we telescoped and stood on tip-toe; they rowed stoutly, and in due time boarded us. She was an English brig from Bristol, had been out eleven weeks, distressed by contrary winds, and was in want of provisions. The boat's crew was presently surrounded, grog was given the men, porter to the captain and his companion. Our dear captain supplied them with every thing they wanted, and our poor steerage passengers sent their mite to the distressed crew in the shape of a sack of potatoes. They remained half an hour on board, we clustering round them, questioning and answering might and main. As H—— said, they were new faces at least, and though two of the most ill-favored physiognomies I ever set eyes on, there was something refreshing even in their ugly novelty. After this the whole day was one of continual excitement, nearing the various points of land, greeting vessels passing us, and watching those bound on the same course. At about four o'clock a schooner came alongside with a news collector; he was half devoured with queries; news of the cholera, reports of the tariff and bank questions were loudly demanded; poor people, how anxiously they looked for replies to the first. Mr. ——, upon whose arm I leant, turned pale as death while asking how it had visited Boston. Poor fellow! poor people all, my heart ached with their anxiety. As the evening darkened, the horizon became studded with sails; at about eight o'clock we discovered the highlands of Neversink, the entrance to New York harbor, and presently the twin lights of Sandy Hook glimmered against

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the sky. We were all in high spirits, a fresh breeze had sprung up, we were making rapidly to land, the lovely ship, with all sails set, courtesying along the smooth waters. The captain alone seemed anxious, and was eagerly looking out for the pilot. Some had gathered to the ship's side, to watch the progress of Colonel ——, who had left us and gone into the news boat, which was dancing like a fairy by the side of our dark vessel. Cheering resounded on all sides, rockets were fired from the ship's stern, we were all dancing, when suddenly a cry was echoed round of 'A pilot, a pilot,' and close under the ship's side a light graceful little schooner shot like an arrow through the dim twilight, followed by a universal huzza; she tacked, and lay to, but proved only a news boat: while, however, all were gathered round the collector, the pilot-boat came alongside, and the pilot on board; the captain gave up the cares and glories of command, and we danced an interminable country dance. All was excitement and joyous confusion; poor Mr. —— alone seemed smitten with sudden anxiety; the cholera reports had filled him with alarm, lest his agent should have died, and his affairs on his arrival be in confusion and ruin, — poor fellow, I was very sorry for him. We went down to supper at ten, and were very merry, in spite of the ship's bumping twice or thrice upon the sands. Came up and *dawdled* upon deck, saw them cast anchor; away went the chain, down dropped the heavy stay, the fair ship swung round, and there lay New York before us, with its clustering lights shining like a distant constellation against the dark outline of land. Remained on deck till very late, were going to bed, when the gentlemen entreated us to join their party once more; we did so, sang all the old songs, laughed at all the old jokes, drank our own and each other's health, wealth, and prosperity, and came to bed at two o'clock. Our cradle rocks no longer, but lies still on the still waters; we have reached our destination, thank God! I did so with all my soul."

Her first care, after getting into lodgings, is, of course, to ascertain the state of her wardrobe, which proves, on the whole, to be pretty satisfactory.

"Unpacked and sorted things. Opened with a trembling heart my bonnet box, and found my precious *Dévy* squeezed to a crush, — I pulled it out, rebowed, and reblonded, and reflowered it, and now it looks good enough 'pour les *tha*uvages mam*the*lle Fannie.' Worked at my muslin gown, in short did a deal. A cheating German woman came here this morning with some bewitching canezous and pelerines: I chose two that I wanted, and one very pretty one that I didn't, but as she asked a heathen price for 'em, I took only the former; — *dear good little me!*"

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"Dear good little me" is not only very economical, but, when the occasion requires it, can do a great deal of hard work. Thus on the 10th of Sept. after going to the Battery and seeing the fire works, she returns at 9 o'clock, and embroiders till midnight.

"We went down to the Battery: the aquatic Vauxhall was lighted up very gaily, and they were sending up rockets every few minutes, which, shooting athwart the sky, threw a bright stream of light over the water, and falling back in showers of red stars, seemed to sink away before the steadfast shining of the moon, who held high supremacy in heaven. The bay lay like molten silver under her light, and every now and then a tiny skiff, emerging from the shade, crossed the bright waters, its dark hull and white sails relieved between the shining sea and radiant sky. Came home at nine, tea'd, and sat embroidering till twelve o'clock, *industrious little me!*"

We have no doubt, though the incident is not formally recorded, that "my father," upon witnessing these repeated *traits* of prudence and industry in his fair offspring, expressed his satisfaction with the same cordiality which was manifested by the honest train-band captain of famous London town at the managing spirit of his wife.

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife,
Right glad was he to find
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a prudent mind.

"Industrious little me," in addition to her other good qualities, has a laudable desire to accomplish herself in all the useful and ornamental arts and sciences.

"When they were gone, read a canto in Dante, and sketched till four o'clock. I wish I could make myself draw. *I want to do every thing in the world that can be done.*"

Again after a long and learned dissertation on the causes why there are no poets in the United States.

"I am half inclined to believe that poetry is but a hot-house growth, and yet I don't know; *I wish somebody would explain to me every thing in this world that I can't make out.*"

The following account of her visit to the ship which brought her over, and of an excursion to Hoboken, will serve as a specimen of her power of description.

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"Rose late: there was music in the night, which is always a strange enchantment to me. After breakfast wrote journal. At eleven, Captain —— and —— called for us, and my uncle having joined us, we proceeded to the slip, as they call the places where the ships lie, and which answer to our docks. Poor dear Pacific! I ran up her side with great glee, and was introduced to Captain ——, her old commander; rushed down into my berth, and was actually growing pathetic over the scene of my sea-sorrows, when Mr. —— clapped his hands close to me, and startled me out of my reverie. Certainly my *adhesiveness* must either be very large, or uncommonly active just now, for my heart yearned towards the old timbers with exceeding affection. The old ship was all dressed out in her best, and after sitting for some time in our cabin, we adjourned to the larger one and lunched. Mr. —— joined our party, and we had one or two of our old ship songs, with their ridiculous burthens, with due solemnity. Saw Mr. ——, but not dear M——. Visited the forecastle, whence I have watched such glorious sunsets, such fair uprisings of the starry sisterhood; now it looked upon the dusty quay and dirty dark water, and the graceful sails were all stripped away, and the bare masts and rigging shone in the intense sunlight.

"The day was bright and beautiful, and my father proposed crossing the river to Hoboken, the scene of the turtle-eating expedition. We did so accordingly. Himself, D——, Mr. ——, and I. Steamers go across every five minutes, conveying passengers on foot and horse-back, gigs, carriages, carts, anything and everything. The day was lovely, — the broad, bright river was gemmed with a thousand sails. Away to the right it stretched between richly wooded banks, placid and blue as a lake; to the left, in the rocky door-way of the narrows, two or three ships stood revealed against the cloudless sky. We reached the opposite coast, and walked. It was nearly three miles from where we landed to the scene of the '*spoon exercise.*' The whole of our route lay through a beautiful wild plantation, or rather strip of wood, I should say, for 'tis nature's own gardening which crowns the high bank of the river; through which trellice-work of varied foliage, we caught exquisite glimpses of the glorious waters, the glittering city, and the opposite banks, decked out in all the loveliest contrast of sunshine and shade. As we stood in our leafy colonnade looking out upon this fair scene, the rippling water made sweet music far down below us, striking with its tiny silver waves the smooth sand and dark-colored rocks from which they were ebbing. Many of the trees were quite new to me, and delighted me with their graceful forms and vivid foliage. The broad-leaved catalpa, and the hickory with its bright coral-colored berries. Many lovely, lowly things, too, grew by our path-side,

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which we gathered as we past, to bring away, but which withered in our hands ere we returned. Gorgeous butterflies were zig-zagging through the air, and for the first time I longed to imprison them. In pursuing one, I ran into the midst of a slip of clover land, but presently jumped out again, on hearing the swarms of grasshoppers round me. Mr. —— caught one; it was larger and thicker than the English grasshopper, and of a dim mottled brown color, like the plumage of our common moth; but presently on his opening his hand to let it escape, it spread out a pair of dark purple wings, tipped with pale primrose color, and flew away a beautiful butterfly, such as the one I had been seduced by. The slips of grass ground on the left of our path were the only things that annoyed me; they were ragged, and rank, and high, — they wanted mowing; and if they had been mowed soft, and thick, and smooth, like an English lawn, how gloriously the lights and shadows of this lovely sky would fall through the green roof of this wood upon them. There is nothing in nature that to my fancy, receives light and shade with as rich an effect as sloping lawn land. Oh! England, England! how I have seen your fresh emerald mantle deepen and brighten in a summer's day."

The contemplation of the beauties of our natural scenery seems in general to carry her thoughts by contrast, back to England, and with all her enthusiasm for the glories of sun and shade on this side the Atlantic, she recurs, with a kind of longing, to the fogs and fens of her dear country: like poor Vandeventer in the Flying Dutchman, who said that he would rather be a stone post fixed firmly in the streets of Amsterdam, than captain of the finest craft that ever sailed round the Cape of Good Hope. There is much *naiveté* as well as poetry and feeling, in the following extracts.

"We had seated ourselves on the ship's side, but he being called away, we rushed off to the forecastle to enjoy the starlight by ourselves. We sat for a little time, but were soon found out; Mr. —— and Mr. —— joined us, and we sat till near twelve o'clock, singing and rocking under the stars. Venus, — 'The star of love, all stars above,' — threw a silver column down the sea, like the younger sister of the moon's reflection. By the by, I saw today, and with delight, an American sunset. The glorious god strode down heaven's hill, without a cloud to dim his downward path; — as his golden disk touched the panting sea, I turned my head away, and in less than a minute he had fallen beneath the horizon, — leapt down into the warm waves, and left one glow of amber round half the sky; upon whose verge, where the violet curtain of twilight came spreading down to meet its golden fringe,

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'The maiden,
With white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,'

stood, with her silver lamp in her hand, and her pale misty robes casting their wan lustre faintly around her. Oh me, how glorious it was! how sad, how very, very sad I was!

And again:

"To-night, as I stood watching that surpassing sunset, I would have given it all, — gold, and purple, and all, — for a wreath of English fog stealing over the water."

Her first appearance on the stage in this country was as Bianca, in Milman's Fazio. A certain Mr. Keppel, who was the Fazio of the night, was a sort of *bête noire* to "dear good little me." She qualifies him as "the *washed-out man*, who failed in London, when he acted Romeo with me," and hopes that he will "know more of his words tomorrow night, for he is at present innocent of any such knowledge."

At the rehearsal, however, the state of things was not much better.

"Mr. Keppel is just as nervous, and as imperfect as ever; what on earth will he, or shall I do to-night?"

At length the first night comes, but brings no change in the unfortunate Fazio. In other respects, however, the result is pretty satisfactory.

"The house was very full; all the —— were there, and Colonel ——. Mr. Keppel was frightened to death, and in the very second speech was quite out; it was in vain that I prompted him, he was too nervous to take the word, and made a complete mess of it. This happened more than once in the first scene, and at the end of the first act, as I left the stage I said to D——, 'it's all up with me, I can't do anything now,' for having to prompt my Fazio, frightened by his fright, annoyed by his forgetting his crossings and positions, utterly unable to work myself into anything like excitement, I thought the whole thing must necessarily go to pieces. However, once rid of my incumbrance, which I am at the end of the second act, I began to move a little more freely, gathered up my strength, and set to work comfortably by myself; whereupon, the people applauded, I warmed, (warmed, quotha? the air was steam,) and got through very satisfactorily, at least so it seems. My dresses were very beautiful, but oh, but oh, the musquetoes had made dreadful havoc with my arms, *which were covered with hills as large and red as Vesuvius in an eruption.*"

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Her next character was Juliet, and luckily for her, it is settled that Mr. Keppel is not to be the Romeo.

"Mr. Keppel has been dismissed, poor man! I'm sorry for him; my father is to play Romeo with me, I'm sorrier still for that."

And again, —

"After breakfast went to rehearse Romeo and Juliet. Poor Mr. Keppel is fairly laid on the shelf; I'm sorry for him! What a funny passion he had, by the bye, for going down upon his knees. In Fazio, at the end of the judgment scene, when I was upon mine, down he went upon his, making the most absurd, devout looking vis-à-vis, I ever beheld; in the last scene, too, when he ought to have been going off to execution, down he went again upon his knees, and no power on earth could get him up again, for Lord knows how long. Poor fellow, he bothered me a good deal, yet I'm sincerely sorry for him."

On a subsequent occasion, however, Mr. K. appears as Jaffier to her Belvidere. In this new trial he acquits himself still less to her satisfaction than before.

"After breakfast, went to rehearsal. Venice Preserved, with Mr. Keppel, who did not appear to me to know the words even, and seemed perfectly bewildered at being asked to do the common business of the piece. 'Mercy on me! what will he do to-night?' thought I. Came home and got things ready for the theatre. Received a visit from poor Mr. ——, who has got the lumbago, as Sir Peter would say, 'on purpose,' I believe, to prevent my riding out to-morrow. Dined at three: after dinner, played and sang through Cinderella, wrote journal; at six went to the theatre. My gown was horribly ill-plaited, and I looked like a blue-bag. The house was very full, and they received Mr. K—— with acclamations and shouts of applause. When I went on, I was all but tumbling down at the sight of my Jaffier, who looked like the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, with the addition of some *devilish* red slashes along his thighs and arms. The first scene passed well and so; but oh, the next, and the next, and the next to that. Whenever he was not glued to my side, (and that was seldom,) he stood three yards behind me; he did nothing but seize my hand, and grapple to it so hard, that unless I knocked him down, (which I felt much inclined to try,) I could not disengage myself. In the senate scene, when I was entreating for mercy, and *struggling*, as Otway has it, for my life, he was prancing round the stage in every direction, flourishing his dagger in the air; I wish to Heaven I had got up and run away, it

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would have been but natural, and have served him extremely right. In the parting scene, — oh, what a scene it was! — instead of going away from me when he said, 'farewell forever,' he stuck to my skirts, though in the same breath that I adjured him in the words of my part not to leave me, I added, aside, 'Get away from me, oh *do!*' When I exclaimed, 'Not one kiss at parting?' he kept embracing and kissing me like mad, and when I ought to have been pursuing him, and calling after him, 'Leave thy dagger with me,' he hung himself up against the wing, and remained dangling there for five minutes. I was half crazy, and the good people sat and swallowed it all; they deserved it, by my troth, they did. I prompted him constantly, and once, after struggling in vain to free myself from him, was obliged in the middle of my part to exclaim, 'You hurt me dreadfully, Mr. Keppel!' He clung to me, cramped me, crumpled me, — dreadful! I never experienced anything like this before, and made up my mind that I never would again. I played of course like a wretch, finished my part as well as I could, and as soon as the play was over, went to my father and Mr. Simpson, and declared to them both, my determination not to go upon the stage again, with that gentleman for a hero. Three trials are as many as, in reason, any body can demand, and come what come may, *I* will not be subjected to that sort of experiment again."

After Mr. Keppel, the musquitoes and other insects seem to have given her more annoyance than any thing else which she met with at New York. In the agony of her distress she appeals to them in the following pathetic apostrophe, which, if they have as much sensibility to eloquence as the fishes had in the time of St. Antony, must have saved her all farther trouble.

"Oh bugs, fleas, flies, ants, and musquitoes, great is the misery you inflict upon me! I sit slapping my own face all day, and lie thumping my pillow all night; 'tis a perfect nuisance to be devoured of creatures *before* one's in the ground; it isn't fair."

The impression made upon the mind of Mrs. Butler by the natural scenery of New York and elsewhere, seems, as our readers will have seen, to have made an agreeable impression upon her. She was also in general very well satisfied with her own reception, both in public and private. "Nothing," she says, "can exceed the kindness and attention which has encountered us every where since we have been in this country. I am sure I am bound to remember America and Americans thankfully, for whatever I may think of their ways, manners,

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or peculiarities, to me they have shewn unmingled good will, and cordial real kindness." And again, in her notes at Boston. "But for the climate I should like to live in Boston very much, *my stay here has been delightful.* It is in itself a lovely place, and the country round it is charming. The people are intellectual, and have been abundantly kind and good-natured to me." Notwithstanding the favorable prejudice that would naturally have been created in her mind by a reception of this sort, her views of the state of society in the principal cities are not very flattering. They are given from time to time in the text with a flippancy by no means creditable to her moral feelings. If, as she elsewhere insists at some length, the professional artist owes no *gratitude* to his employers or to the public, for their patronage, — a doctrine in itself somewhat questionable, — it can hardly be denied, and is, indeed, expressly admitted by the fair journalist, that she is "bound to be thankful" for a personal reception of the kind here described. If the attention she received did not prevent her from noticing what she thought censurable in the manners and institutions of the country, it should most certainly have induced her to abstain from sarcastic and splenetic allusions, not merely to the state of society in general, but to the very persons to whose kindness she is indebted. The substance of her views of the state of society in the principal cities, is given in a condensed form in the following passage, which appears as a note, and was probably written while the work was passing through the press. We may remark here, that this and the other notes, which are somewhat copious, exhibit a good deal more maturity of judgment and sobriety of taste than the text, and give a favorable idea of what may be expected from the influence of years and experience upon the mind of the writer.

"When we arrived in America, we brought letters of introduction to several persons in New York; many were civil enough to call upon us, we were invited out to sundry parties, and were introduced into what is there called the first society. I do not wish to enter into any description of it, but will only say, that I was most agreeably astonished; and had it been my fate to have passed through the country as rapidly as most travellers do, I should have carried away a very unfavorable impression of the *best* society of New York. Fortunately, however, for me, my visits were repeated and my stay prolonged; and in the course of

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time, I became acquainted with many individuals whose manners and acquirements were of a high order, and from whose intercourse I derived the greatest gratification. But they generally did me the favor to visit me, and I still could not imagine how it happened that I never met them at the parties to which I was invited, and in the circles where I visited. I soon discovered that they formed a society among themselves, where all those qualities which I had looked for among the self-styled *best*, were to be found. When I name Miss Sedgwick, Halleck, Irving, Bryant, Paulding, and some of less fame, but whose acquirements rendered their companionship delightful indeed, amongst whom I felt proud and happy to find several of my own name; it will no longer appear singular that they should feel too well satisfied with the resources of their own society, either to mingle in that of the vulgar *fashionables*, or seek with avidity the acquaintance of every stranger that arrives in New York. It is not to be wondered at, that foreigners have spoken as they have, of what is termed fashionable society here, or have condemned, with unqualified censure, the manners and tone prevailing in it; their condemnations are true and just, as regards what they see; nor perhaps would they be much inclined to moderate them, when they found that persons possessing every quality that can render intercourse between rational creatures desirable, were held in light esteem, and neglected, as either bores, blues, or dowdies, by those so infinitely their inferiors in every worthy accomplishment. The same separation, or if anything, a still stronger one, subsists in Philadelphia, between the self-styled fashionables, and the really good society. The distinction there, is really of a nature perfectly ludicrous; a friend of mine was describing to me a family whose manners were unexceptionable, and whose mental accomplishments were of a high order; upon my expressing some surprise that I had never met with them, my informant replied, 'Oh, no, they are not received by the Chestnut-street *set*.' If I were called upon to define that society in New York and Philadelphia, which ranks (by right of self-arrogation,) as first and best, I should say it is a purely dancing society, where a fiddle is indispensable to keep its members awake; and where their brains and tongues seem, by common consent, to feel that they had much better give up the care of mutual entertainment to the feet of the parties assembled, and they judge well. Now, I beg leave clearly to be understood; there is another, and a far more desirable circle; but it is not the one into which strangers find their way generally. To an Englishman, this *fashionable* society presents, indeed, a pitiful sample of lofty pretensions without adequate foundation. Here is a constant endeavor to imitate those states of European society, which have for their basis the feudal spirit of the early ages; and

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which are rendered venerable by their rank, powerful by their wealth, and refined, and in some degree respectable, by great and general mental cultivation. Of Boston, I have not spoken. The society there is of an infinitely superior order. A very general degree of information, and a much greater simplicity of manners, render it infinitely more agreeable. But of that hereafter."

Another of the notes contains the following remarks on the manners of the female part of society.

"The manners of the young girls of America appear singularly free to foreigners, and until they become better acquainted with the causes which produce so unrestrained a deportment, they are liable to take disadvantageous and mistaken impressions with regard to them. The term which I should say applied best to the tone and carriage of American girls from ten to eighteen, is hoydenish; laughing, giggling, romping, flirting, screaming at the top of their voices, running in and out of shops, and spending a very considerable portion of their time in lounging about in the streets. In Philadelphia and Boston, almost all the young ladies attend classes or day schools, and in the latter place, I never went out, morning, noon, or evening, that I did not meet, in some of the streets round the Tremont House, a whole bevy of young school girls, who were my very particular friends, but who, under pretext of going to, or returning from school, appeared to me to be always laughing, and talking, and running about in the public thoroughfares; a system of education which we should think by no means desirable. The entire liberty which the majority of young ladies are allowed to assume, at an age when in England they would be under strict nursery discipline, appears very extraordinary; they not only walk alone in the streets, but go out into society, where they take a determined and leading part, without either mother, aunt, or chaperon of any sort; custom, which renders such an appendage necessary with us, entirely dispenses with it here; and though the reason of this is obvious enough in the narrow circles of these small towns, where every body knows every body, the manners of the young ladies do not derive any additional charm from the perfect self-possession which they thus acquire. Shyness appears to me to be a quality utterly unknown to either man, woman, or child in America. The girls, from the reasons above stated, and the boys, from being absolutely thrown into the world, and made men of business before they are sixteen, are alike deficient in anything like diffidence; and I really have been all but disconcerted at the perfect assurance with which I have been addressed, upon any and every subject, by little men and women just half way through their teens. That very common character among us, a shy man, is not to be met with in these latitudes. An

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American conversing on board one of their steamboats is immediately surrounded, particularly if his conversation, though strictly directed to one individual, is of a political nature; in an instant a ring of spectators is formed round him, and whereas an Englishman would become silent at the very first appearance of a listener, an American, far from seeming abashed at this "audience," continues his discourse, which thus assumes the nature of an harangue, with perfect equanimity, and feels no annoyance whatever at having unfolded his private opinions of men and matters to a circle of forty or fifty people whom they could in no possible way concern. Speechifying is a very favorite species of exhibition with men here, by the bye, and besides being self-possessed, they are all remarkably fluent. Really eloquent men are just as rare in this country as in any other, but the "gift of the gab" appears to me more widely disseminated amongst Americans, than any other people in the world. Many things go to make good speakers of them, great acuteness, and sound common sense, sufficient general knowledge, and great knowledge of the world, an intense interest in every political measure, no matter how trivial in itself, no sense of bashfulness, and a great readiness of expression. But to return to the manners of the young American girls: — it is Rousseau, I think, who says, "Dans un pays ou les mœurs sont pures, les filles seront faciles, et les femmes sevères." This applies particularly well to the carriage of the American women; when remarking to a gentleman once the difference between the manners of my own young countrywomen and his, I expressed my disapprobation of the education which led to such a result, he replied, "You forget the comparatively pure state of morals in our country, which admits of this degree of freedom in our young women, without its rendering them liable to insult or misconstruction." This is true, and it is also most true, for I have seen repeated instances of it, that those very girls, whose manners have been most displeasing to my European ways of feeling, whom I should have pointed out as romps and flirts pre-eminent, not only make excellent wives, but from the very moment of their marriage, seem to forsake society, and devote themselves exclusively to household duties and retirement. But that I have seen and known of repeated instances of this, I could scarcely have believed it, but it is the case; and a young American lady, speaking upon this subject, said to me, "We enjoy ourselves before marriage; but in your country, girls marry to obtain a greater degree of freedom, and indulge in the pleasures and dissipations of society." She was not, I think, greatly mistaken."

The following remarks on the same subject are given in the text on the occasion of a dinner party soon after her arrival at New York.

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"At five dressed, and went to the———, where we were to dine. This is one of the first houses here, so I conclude that I am to consider what I see as a tolerable sample of the ways and manners of being, doing, and suffering, of the *best society* in New York. There were about twenty people; the women were in a sort of French demi-toilette, with bare necks, and long sleeves, heads frizzed out after the very last *petit courier*, and thread net handkerchiefs and capes; the whole of which, to my English eye, appeared a strange marrying of incongruities. The younger daughter of our host is beautiful; a young and brilliant likeness of Ellen Tree; with more refinement, and a smile that was, not to say a ray, but a whole focus of sun rays, a perfect blaze of light; she was much taken up with a youth, to whom, my neighbor at dinner informed me, she was engaged.

* * * * * * *

The women here, like those of most warm climates, ripen very early, and decay proportionably soon. They are, generally speaking, pretty, with good complexions, and an air of freshness and brilliancy, but this I am told is very evanescent; and whereas, in England, a woman is in the full bloom of health and beauty from twenty to five-and-thirty; here, they scarcely reach the first period without being faded, and looking old. They marry very young, and this is another reason why age comes prematurely upon them. There was a fair young thing at dinner to-day, who did not look above seventeen, and she was a wife. As for their figures, like those of French women, they are too well dressed to judge exactly what they are really like; they are, for the most part, short and slight, with remarkably pretty feet and ankles; but there's too much pelerine and petticoat, and 'de quoi' of every sort, to guess anything more."

The same train of thought is again brought into view in the following note, which is introduced toward the close of the second volume.

"I have had occasion to observe, in a former note, that foreigners travelling through this country, see only the least desirable society of the various cities they visit. There is another class of Americans, whom they rarely, if ever, become acquainted with at all. By far the most interesting, in my opinion, which the country affords. I speak of those families thickly scattered through all the states, from whose original settlers many of them are immediately descended; who reside upon lands purchased by their grandfathers in the early days of the *British Colonies;* and who, living remote from the Atlantic cities, and the more travelled routes between them, are free from all the peculiarities which displease an

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European in the societies of the towns, and possess traits of originality in their manners, minds, and mode of life, infinitely refreshing to the observer wearied of the eternal sameness which pervades the human congregations of the old world. In mixing with the commercial fashionables and exclusives of the American cities, the European is at once amused and annoyed with the assumption of a social tone and spirit at variance with the whole *make* of the country. He is told that he is in the best society of the place, and with perfect justice condemns this best society, as probably the worst he ever saw: — a society assuming the airs of separate rank where no rank at all exists, attempting to copy the luxury and splendor of the residents of European capitals, without possessing one tithe of their wealth to excuse the extravagance, or enable them to succeed in the endeavor; and presenting the most incongruous and displeasing mixture possible, of pretension, ignorance, affectation, and vulgarity. I have before said, that even in the cities, there are circles of a very different order; but yet freer from all these drawbacks is the society formed by the class of people of whom I have spoken above, and whom I should designate as the gentry of this country; using that term in the best sense in which it was once used in England. Among this large but widely scattered portion of the community, should the European traveller's good fortune lead him, he will find hospitality without ostentation, purity of morals, independent of the dread of opinion, intellectual cultivation, unmixed with the desire of display, great simplicity of life and ignorance of the world, originality of mind naturally arising from independence and solitude, and *the best* because the most natural manners. Of such I know, from the lower shores of the Chesapeake, to the half savage territory around Michilimakinack."

The description of the state of society in the principal cities of the country, given in these passages, is founded, we think, in a great and very singular misapprehension. As Bostonians, we have, it is true, no right to take exception to any of the remarks. In these and all the other parts of the work, where the subject is touched upon, the state of society here is uniformly spoken of in favorable and even flattering terms, and is considered as forming a sort of exception to that which exists in other parts of the country. We do not, however, feel ourselves at liberty to accept this distinction in favor of our own metropolis. The state of society here, though perhaps a little influenced by the neighborhood of an ancient and well-endowed university, is substantially the same as in the other principal cities; nor is there, as we conceive, the least foundation

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in any of them, for the suggestion, that the circles commonly regarded as the first, hold in light esteem and even exclude from their acquaintance, the members of other more cultivated and intellectual circles. The incorrectness of this remark is clearly shewn by the attempt at specification in regard to New York, where, we understand our author to intimate, "that Miss Sedgwick, Halleck, Irving, Bryant, Paulding, and some of less fame, but whose acquirements rendered their companionship delightful indeed," are not recognized as belonging to the first circles, and are condemned to figure in a secondary sphere. It is quite possible that these distinguished persons may not be so constant in their attendance at the fashionable assemblies, as the mere butterflies of the gay world; but we apprehend that any one, who should intimate, in conversation, that *the Sedgwicks or the Irvings, — and the case is substantially* the same with the rest, — occupied any other than the highest places in the estimation of their fellow-citizens of all circles and classes, would be answered merely by a shrug of the shoulders. It is generally known that the large family connexions which are now illustrated by the well-earned literary glory of these charming writers, have long possessed every other advantage of social position in the wealth, political standing, and acknowledged intellectual and moral elevation of their members. The father of Miss Sedgwick was Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, a judge of the highest court of Massachusetts, and by general consent one of the first men in the country. His family is among the most considerable and most considered in the western counties of this commonwealth. A brother of Mr. Irving is at present a highly respected judge, in the city of New York. But we need not enlarge on these details, as the statement has not even the appearance of plausibility.

The truth is, that the fact most strongly characteristic of the state of society in all our principal cities, as compared with those of Europe, is precisely the *absence* of this distinction between the fashionable and the intellectual circles, which our author is pleased to represent as particularly marked in this country. In the capitals of England, and of most of the other kingdoms of Europe, such a distinction really exists. The hereditary privileged orders, including the reigning families, constitute a separate class, occupying by general acknowledgment the highest

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rank, and refusing to associate on equal terms with any other. The prominent members of the various professions, who have acquired wealth or competency by the successful exercise of their respective callings, and are able to surround themselves with the elegancies of life, form, in all these cities, another class much superior to the court circle in every intellectual and moral quality, but confessedly below it in rank. The line of separation between these two classes is drawn in the most rigid manner, and is nearly as impassable as that between the two colors in this country. In half the novels that have been written, as those of our readers who are familiar with this branch of learning are well aware, the distress is created by building up between the lovers the ideal but impenetrable and impassable wall of separation, resulting from a difference of rank, which is commonly removed at the end of the fourth volume, not by sacrificing the prejudice to good sense and good feeling, but by proving, in some extraordinary way, that the hero is a duke in disguise, or the heroine a princess, who has been changed in her cradle. The right to be presented at court, determines that of being admitted into the aristocratic circle; and it is a standing rule at most of the courts, that no merchant, no member of the learned professions, as such, and in general no person exercising any useful or profitable calling, can pretend to the honor of a personal introduction to the sovereign. This is a distinction reserved for professed idlers; and so entirely has habit inverted the natural course of feeling on the subject, that these drones not only exclude all the industrious portion of the community from their society, but affect to look down upon them with contempt. In France, the privileged order invented and applied to the body of the nation an epithet of rather obscure etymology, but in practice significant of utter ignominy and disgrace. Every person not belonging to the three or four hundred families of the nobility, was called a *Roturier*. Now and then a young man of aristocratic origin, but reduced fortune, condescended to improve it by marrying the daughter of a wealthy banker or a farmer general, and he was then said, in the polite dialect of the court, to enrich his lands by a draught upon the *dung-hill* of the commonalty,—*le fumier de la rôture*. The English language, thanks to the manly virtues of our puritan forefathers, has no term of reproach corresponding to the French *roturier*. In England, a commoner was always an honorable title; but

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even in England, the line of distinction between the privileged and the professional circles is strictly drawn. In this country no such distinction exists, and this is the great and only real difference between the state of society here and in Europe. With us, in the absence of any hereditary privileged class, the prominent members of the various professions, mercantile, mechanical and literary, — for they all stand in public opinion, for this purpose, precisely on a footing, — take their places naturally and without controversy in the front rank, and compose the first or fashionable circles. The intimation that these circles, thus constituted, undertake to exclude any other persons, and especially the more enlightened and intellectual members of society, as unfit to keep company with them, is really too absurd, and we cannot but wonder that Mrs. Butler should have been led, by any accidental error of observation, to make a representation so entirely gratuitous. It is well known, that individuals of any pretensions to intellectual distinction, and who sustain, at the same time, a respectable moral reputation, whether natives or foreigners, are more valued and noticed in this than they are in any other country. Mrs. Butler, herself, affords a striking example of the correctness of this remark, in its application to foreigners; and the persons whom she has mentioned as the victims of invidious distinction at New York, are, as we have said before, precisely those whom we should have cited ourselves as the petted favorites of the public of all classes and circles.

Our fair censor has, therefore, described as a leading feature in the state of society in this country, the precise distinction of which the *absence* constitutes the great and only real difference between our social constitution and that of Europe. It is also remarkable, as a proof how little she has matured her opinions on the subject, that while she condemns, in strong terms, this distinction, as she incorrectly represents it to exist here, she looks back to it as it really does exist in Europe, with a sort of longing regret; and, what is even more curious, she seems to suppose that every body she sees here, is infected with the same feeling. "A republic is a natural anomaly." What the world may be fit for six hundred years hence, she cannot exactly say: but in the mean time, "it is my conviction that America will be a monarchy *before I am a skeleton.*" At an interview with the Recorder of New York, and some other gentlemen, she had opportunity of perceiving how

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thorough a chimera the equality is, that we talk of as Americans: "here they were talking of their aristocracy and their democracy, and if nothing else bore testimony to the inherent love of *higher things*, which, I believe, exists in every human creature, the way in which the lawyer dwelt upon the Duke of Montrose, to whom, in Scotch kindred, he is allied at the distance of some miles, and Lady Loughborough, whom, heaven knows how he got hold of, would have satisfied me that my Lord or my Lady are just as precious in the eyes of these levellers, as in those of Lord and Lady-loving John Bull himself."

All this is pleasant enough, and it would be curious, if there were room, to examine the nature of these *higher things*, of which Mrs. Butler, and, in her opinion, every body else, is naturally so much enamored. Take, for instance, the Duke of Montrose. The real *higher thing* called a duke, is a general, — *dux*, — a leader of armies. These are *things* that we have in this country, in abundance, wherever they are wanted, as our author's countrymen know to their cost. Our Washingtons, Lincolns, Greenes, Lees, and Jacksons, were, or are, all real dukes. But what is the Duke of Montrose? A person who is called, by courtesy, duke or general, because one of his ancestors was a general some centuries ago. Now, supposing even that this kind of *misnomer* may, for certain purposes, have its use, we cannot think that there can be, in human nature, any "inherent love" for an object so entirely artificial; or that mere names, thus falsely applied, can be described with propriety as the *higher things* that naturally excite the enthusiasm of the generous and aspiring mind. If the son of Sir Walter Scott were called, by courtesy, *the Author of Waverley*, should we have a better chance for the further continuation of the Waverley novels, than we have now? The *high things*, connected with that appellation, were the novels, and the power of producing them. When these, in the course of nature, came to an end, the day of high things was over, and that of small things commenced, and it would make no difference to the lover of high things whether some person were complimented, by courtesy, with a title indicating the power of producing these works, or not. The case is the same with political and military distinctions. If titular dukes should continue to exist in England half a century longer, which may be looked upon as somewhat doubtful, the next generation will have its

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Duke of Wellington, like the present; but the *high thing* now represented by this title, will be gone, and the one which takes its place will resemble it about as much as one of the gilt paper crowns, worn by "my father," upon the stage, resembles the real symbol of royalty. Why Mrs. Butler should feel so much enthusiasm about this composition jewelry of conventional rank and titles, we do not exactly see. Perhaps it may be owing to a secret consciousness that there is some analogy between her late profession and the existence of a titled nobility, which is, in fact, from first to last, a sort of theatrical representation. *N' ai-je pas bien joué mon role?* was a question put by the Empress Catharine of Russia, to the French ambassador Ségur. More probably, however, the feeling of our author is the common illusion, by the effect of which things unknown pass for magnificent. As an actress, she had no access on equal and familiar terms to the aristocratic circles of her country; but in consequence of the distinction of her family in their profession, and their private respectability, was occasionally permitted to come and contemplate, at a respectful distance, the splendor with which the nobility are surrounded. This is precisely the view of high life which is best fitted to make a favorable impression upon a susceptible observer; and when, with this wholly ideal impression of the state of society in Europe fresh in her mind, Mrs. Butler came to this country, she was naturally enough, though not very reasonably, disappointed, to find that the ordinary sayings and doings of our working-day world did not quite realize all the glorious dreams of her poetical and theatrical imagination. Hence a constant longing for the brilliant vanities of European rank and fashion; and hence her belief, already alluded to, that America will be a monarchy before she is a skeleton.

"Thy wish was father, Fanny, to that thought."

From the present aspect of the times, the probability is certainly much greater that before that period, as yet, we trust, a far distant one, shall arrive, the parent country will have put on the simple and manly guise of a republic.

Mrs. Butler's remarks upon the manners and condition of the female part of society, are rather more conformable to facts, than her observations on the distinctions of rank to which we have now alluded. It is no doubt true, as is stated in the above extracts, that young ladies, in this country, between the

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time when they complete their education and that of their establishment in life, enjoy more liberty, and mix more freely in society, than they do after they have taken upon themselves the responsibility and care of a family. There is, however, less difference, in this respect, between the state of society here and elsewhere, than Mrs. Butler and some other late writers, who have made remarks of nearly the same kind, appear to suppose. It is the order of nature, every where, that a married lady should assume the management of the domestic concerns of her family; and the entire devotion of every thought, faculty and feeling, to the performance of this duty, which is generally exhibited by the mothers of America, is one of the finest and most honorable features in the national character. The distinction, however, as we have said, is not between the usages of this country and of Europe, but between the usages of society in general throughout the civilized world, and that of the privileged classes of Europe, who seem to occupy much too large a space in the imagination of our rather conservative journalist. The mode of life of these classes is in every particular, and in this, among the rest, entirely unnatural and conventional. The daughters of the royal and aristocratic families of Europe are not permitted to mix freely in society before their marriage, because it is feared that they may form attachments; and their alliances are matters of too much political importance, to be trusted to the impulse of mere unsophisticated youthful feeling. They are secluded in the nursery, or perhaps in convents, until after the parents have agreed upon the connexion which they are to form, and they are supposed to marry not from inclination or affection, but for the mutual convenience of the families. They now enter the world, but the troops of attendants by which they are surrounded, exempt them, in a great measure, from any personal responsibility for the care of their household; while the habits of the circles in which they move, and the circumstances under which their domestic relations have been formed, naturally lead them to feel but little interest in their families, and to devote almost their whole time to the pursuit of pleasure. Their life is a continual round of amusements. Riding and visiting occupy the day: the opera and the assembly fill up the night, through the winter. An excursion into the country, to the watering-places, to the continent, or in these later days of steamboats and railroads, to Greece,

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Egypt, or India, furnishes diversion for the summer. The young men of the same class, relieved in like manner by the possession of hereditary fortunes, or of places in the various departments of the public service, from all care for their subsistence, are left at full liberty to join in these pursuits. In a class of society, of which idleness is the badge and boast, — which considers all useful and profitable labor as a derogation, — the state of morals may easily be imagined. The excitements of gallantry and gambling are the usual resources against the overwhelming *ennui* of a life of total inaction. It is one of the natural consequences of such a state of things, that the younger married ladies occupy a commanding station in society; but they purchase their influence at a very high price. This state of things is, however, as entirely foreign to the manners of the great mass of the population of Europe, as it is, and we trust ever will be, to those of the whole population of this country. In the circles composed of the prominent members of the various professions which form the middle classes of society in Europe, the married and unmarried ladies occupy respectively the same positions as in this country. The former are devoted to the cares and duties of their peculiar relations as wives and mothers, and without renouncing entirely what is sometimes called the "gay world," pass their time and place their happiness chiefly in the sanctuary of domestic life. The latter, having more leisure, and less oppressive cares and duties, indulge themselves more freely in the innocent amusements that suit their age. This is precisely the case with us, and must be the case in all countries where the order of nature is not violated by artificial institutions. The introduction in this, or any other country, of a privileged order, monopolizing, by hereditary right, a large proportion of the wealth and power of the community, and holding all useful labor a disgrace and a derogation, would give at once to the younger married ladies of that class, not merely the ascendency in their own social circles, but the virtual control of the whole machinery of the government. Such was the state of things in France, — under the old *regime*, the great example of this form of social life, — through the whole century preceding the revolution, and the disgust felt by the people at the undisguised and unblushing corruption which attended it, was one of the chief causes which produced that political convulsion. Whether Mrs. Butler and the other wri-

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ters to whom we have alluded, contemplate a reform of this kind in its full extent, we do not pretend to know; but it is in this way only, that their objects can be effected; and we think we may add, that the people of the United States are not yet prepared for such a change in the forms of private or political life.

After playing some time at New York, our author proceeded to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. She afterwards visited Boston, and returning thence to New York, made an excursion into the interior of that state, in the midst of which the journal terminates, rather abruptly, with her arrival at Niagara. We shall not undertake to follow her in detail through the long course of her excursions, which were diversified with the usual number of hair-breadth 'scapes, and moving accidents by flood and field. As a specimen at once, of the activity displayed by the fair journalist in encountering these adventures, and the spirit with which she knows how to describe them, we give the following extract. The scene is at the residence of her namesake and kinsman, near West Point.

"I was not inclined to rest, and Mr.—— having promised to show me some falls at a short distance from the house, he and his brother, and I, set forth thither. We passed through the iron-works: 'twas Sunday, and everything except a bright water-course, laughing and singing as it ran, was still. They took me over the works, showed me the iron frames of large mill wheels, the machinery and process of boring the cannon, the model of an iron forcing-pump, the casting-houses, and all the wonders of their manufactory. All mechanical science is very interesting to me, when I have an opportunity of seeing the detail of it, and comprehending, by illustrations presented to my eyes, the technical terms used by those conversing with me. We left these dark abodes, and their smouldering fires, and strange, powerful-looking instruments, and taking a path at the foot of the mountains, skirted the marsh for some time, and then struck into the woods, ascending a tremendous stony path, at the top of which we threw ourselves down to pant, and looked below through a narrow rent in the curtain of leaves around us, on the river, and rocks, and mountains, bright with the noon-day splendor of the unclouded sky. After resting here a few moments, we arose and climbed again, through the woods, across a sweet clover field, to the brow of the hill, where stands the highland school,—a cheerful-looking cottage, with the mountain tops all round, the blessed sky above, and the downward sloping woods and lake-like river below. Passing

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through the ground surrounding it, we joined a road skirting a deep ravine, from the bottom of which the waters called to me. I was wild to go down, but my companions would not let me. It was in vain that I strained over the brink, the trees were so thickly woven together, and the hollow so deep, that I could see nothing but dark boughs, except every now and then, as the wind stirred them, the white glimmer of the leaping foam, as it sprang away with a shout that made my heart dance. We followed the path, which began to decline, and presently a silver thread of gushing water ran like a frightened child across our way, and flung itself down into the glen. At length we reached the brown, golden-looking stream. Mr. —— was exhorting us to take an upper path, which he said would bring us to the foot of the fall; but I was not to be seduced away from the side of the rivulet, and insisted upon crossing it then and there, through the water, over moss-capped stones, across fallen trees, which, struck by the lightning, or undermined by the cold-kissing waters, had choked up the brook with their leafy bridges. So, striving on, as best we might, after wading through the stream two or three times, we reached the end and aim of our journey, the waterfall. We stood on the brink of a pool, about forty feet across, and varying in depth from three to seven or eight feet: it was perfectly circular, and except on the south, — where the waters take their path down the glen, — closed round with a wall of rock about thirty feet high, in whose crevices trees, with their rifted roots, hung fearlessly, clothing the grey stone with a soft curtain of vivid green. Immediately opposite the brook, and at the north of the pool, the water came tumbling over this rocky wall in three distinct streams, which, striking the projecting ledges of iron-looking stone, at different angles, met within eight or ten feet of the pool, and fell in a mingled sheet of foam. The water broke over the rocks like a shower of splintered light, — the spray sprang up in the sunlight, and fell again all glittering into the dark basin below, that gleamed like a magic jewel set in the mossy earth. On the edge of the rocks, beside the waterfall, a tree stood out among its greenly-mantled fellows, bare, broken, and scathed to the very roots with lightning. Its upper half had fallen aslant one branch of the waterfall, and lay black and dripping over the pure white torrent, half falling down its course, half stayed by some rocky ledges on which it rested. As I gazed up in perfect ecstacy, an uncontrollable desire seized me to clamber up the rocks by the side of the fall, and so reach the top of it. My companions laughed incredulously as I expressed my determination to do so, but followed where I led, until they became well assured that I was in earnest. Remonstrance and representation of impossibility having been tried in vain, Mr. —— prepared to guide me, and

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Mr. ——, with my bag, parasol, and bonnet in charge, returned to the edge of the pool to watch our progress. Away we went over the ledges of the rocks, with nothing but damp leaves, and slippery roots of trees for footing. At one moment the slight covering of mould on which I had placed my foot, crumbled from beneath it, and I swung over the water by a young sapling, which upheld me well, and by which I recovered footing and balance. We had now reached the immediate side of the waterfall, and my guide began ascending the slippery, slanting rocks down which it fell. I followed: in an instant I was soaked through with the spray, — my feet slipped, — I had no hold; he was up above me, — the pool far below. With my head bowed against the foam and water, I was feeling where next to tread, when a bit of rock, that my companion had thought firm, broke beneath his foot, and came falling down beside me into the stream. I paused, for I was frightened. I looked up for a moment, but was blinded by the water, and could not see where my guide was; I looked down the slanting ledge we had climbed, over which the white water was churning angrily. 'Shall I come down again?' I cried to Mr. ——, who was anxiously looking up at our perilous path. 'Give me your hand!' shouted his brother above me. I lifted my head, and turned towards him, and a dazzling curtain of spray and foam fell over my face. 'I cannot see you,' I replied; 'I cannot go on, — I do not know what to do.' 'Give me your hand!' he exclaimed again; and I, planting one foot upon a ledge of rock so high as to lift me off the other, held up my arm to him; but my limbs were so strained from his height above me, that I had no power to spring or move, either up or down. However, I felt my presence of mind going; I knew that to go down was impossible, except headlong, — the ascent must therefore be persevered in. 'Are you steady, quite, quite steady?' I inquired: he replied, 'Yes;' and holding out his hand, I locked mine in it, and bade him draw me up. But he had not calculated upon my weight, — my slight appearance had deceived him, and as I bore upon his arm, we both of us slipped — I turned as sick as death, but only cried out, 'Recover yourself! recover yourself! — I am safe!' which I was, upon a rocky rim about three inches wide, with my arm resting on the falling stump of the blasted tree. He did recover his balance, and again holding out his hand, drew me up beside where he was sitting, on the edge of the rocks, in the water. We pledged each other in the clear stream, and standing on the top of our hardly gained eminence, in the midst of the rushing brook, I wrang my handkerchief triumphantly at Mr. ——; which was rather a comical consideration, as I was literally dripping from head to foot, — no Naiad ever looked so thoroughly watery, or could have taken more delight in a ducking. As soon as he

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saw us safe, he scrambled up through the woods to the road, and we doing the same, we presently all met on the dusty highway, where we congratulated each other on our perseverance and success, and laughed very exceedingly at my soaked situation."

As another example of the serious mood of the author, we extract the following reflections on the natural disposition of the sex for devotional feelings.

"There are many reasons why women are more religious than men. Our minds are not generally naturally analytical,—our educations tend to render them still less so: 'tis seldom in a woman's desire, (because seldom in her capacity,) to investigate the abstract bearings of any metaphysical subject. Our imaginations are exceedingly sensitive, our subservience to early impressions, and exterior forms, proportionate; and our habits of thought, little enlarged by experience, observation, or proper culture, render us utterly incapable of almost any logical train of reasonings. With us, I think therefore, faith is the only secure hold; for disbelief acting upon mental constructions so faulty and weak, would probably engender insanity, or a thousand species of vague, wild, and mischievous enthusiasms. I believe too, that women are more religious than men, because they have warmer and deeper affections. There is nothing surely on earth that can satisfy and utterly fulfil the capacity for loving which exists in every woman's nature. Even when her situation in life is such as to call forth and constantly keep in exercise the best affections of her heart, as a wife, and a mother, it still seems to me as if more would be wanting to fill the measure of yearning tenderness, which, like an eternal fountain, gushes up in every woman's heart; therefore I think it is that we turn, in the plenitude of our affections, to that belief which is a religion of love, and where the broadest channel is open to receive the devotedness, the clinging, the confiding trustfulness, which are idolatry when spent upon creatures like ourselves, but become a holy worship when offered to heaven. Nor is it only from the abundance and overflowing of our affections that we are devout; 'tis not only from our capacity of loving, but also from our capacity of suffering that our piety springs. Woman's physical existence, compared with that of man, is one of incessant endurance. This in itself begets a necessity for patience, a seeking after strength, a holding forth of the hands for support; thus, the fragile frame, the loving heart, and the ignorant mind, are in us sources of religious faith. But it often happens that those affections, so strong, so deep, so making up the sum and substance of female existence, instead of being happily employed, as I have supposed above, are converted into

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springs of acute suffering. These wells of feeling hidden in the soul, upon whose surface the slightest smile of affection falls like sunlight, but whose very depths are stirred by the breath of unkindness, are too often unvisited by the kindly influence of kindred sympathies, and go wearing their own channels deeper, in silence and in secresy, and in infinite bitterness, — undermining health, happiness, the joy of life, and making existence one succession of burden-bearing days, and toilsome, aching, heavy hours. It is in this species of blight, which falls upon many women, that any religious faith becomes a refuge and a consolation, more especially that merciful and compassionate faith whose words are, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' To that rest betakes itself the wearied spirit, the wounded heart; and it becomes a blessing beyond all other blessings; a source of patience, of fortitude, of hope, of strength, of endurance; a shelter in the scorching land, — a spring of water in the wilderness."

The remarks of Mrs. Butler upon the political institutions of the country, are, as we have said, among the feeblest parts of the book; but we deem it unnecessary to undertake to refute them in detail. They are little more than a repetition of observations made by former travellers, which, as far as they require attention, have been repeatedly noticed and reduced to their proper value. As a specimen, however, of the style and tone of the political part of the work, we copy the following short note:

"Unfortunately, this precaution does not fulfil its purpose; universal suffrage is a political fallacy: and will be one of the stumbling-blocks in the path of this country's greatness. I do not mean that it will lessen her wealth, or injure her commercial and financial resources; but it will be an insuperable bar to the progress of mental and intellectual cultivation, — 't is a plain case of action and reaction. If the mass, i. e., the inferior portion, (for when was the mass not inferior?) elect their own governors, they will, of course, elect an inferior class of governors, and the government of such men will be an inferior government; that it may be just, honest, and rational, I do not dispute; but that it ever will be enlarged, liberal, and highly enlightened, I do not, and cannot believe."

Whether universal suffrage be, or be not, in the abstract, a correct principle, is a point which we need not examine. In every country the best, and indeed the only practicable political institutions, are those under which the people have grown

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up from youth to maturity, and to which their feelings and habits are accommodated. This is the ground upon which the usage of universal suffrage rests in the United States, and were it even attended by the inconveniences supposed by our author, it must still continue to exist. It is the birthright of the nation, and nothing but a violent revolution can ever deprive them of it. We cannot say, however, that we think the reasoning of Mrs. Butler against it, very conclusive. "If the mass elect their own governors, they will, of course, elect an inferior class of governors, and the government of such men will be an inferior government." This conclusion, though given in a somewhat oracular tone, is far from according with the experience of this or of other periods. If "industrious little me" can find time to look into the history of Rome, she will ascertain that when the plebeians had obtained, after long struggles, the right of electing one of the consuls at discretion, they always elected him from among the patricians. And to come nearer home, if the presidents and governors of the United States, from the beginning of our history to the present time, — if the political men of all parties, who are at this moment rendered prominent by the principle of universal suffrage, — the Clays, the Websters, the Calhouns, the Forsyths, the Van Burens, and others, — if these "belong to an inferior class," we should be glad to know to what class we are to look for their betters, either in moral or intellectual qualities. The most acute and profound speculative politicians, — Montesquieu, for example, the master of the science, — while they deny the capacity of the people to administer the government in person on the principle of pure democracy, acknowledge, in the fullest manner, their capacity to elect their rulers, and refer, in proof of the principle, to the examples we have cited, of Greece and Rome.

But this is not all. Were it even admitted, that the principle of universal suffrage does not, in all cases, bring out the best men, before you make a change, the important question arises, what are you to substitute for it? The rulers elected on this principle, are, according to Mrs. Butler, an inferior class; but to whom are they inferior? Are they inferior to the hereditary rulers of the old world? Are the Washingtons, the Adamses, the Jeffersons, the Jacksons, of this country, inferior to the Georges, the Lewises, the Ferdinands, and the Frederics, of Europe? Are the Websters and Whites of the American senate, inferior to the great hereditary peers of Eng-

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land, — the Norfolks, for example, or the Northumberlands? This will not even be pretended. If the elective principle brings out an "inferior class of men," the hereditary principle brings out a still lower one, —

"In the lowest deep a lower depth."

What, then, would Mrs. Butler have us do? If the statesmen whom we now employ are inferior men, they are inferior not to those who are placed in power in other countries, by the opposite hereditary principle, but to the "illustrious obscure" of some hitherto unexplored stratum of society. By what process, then, are we to arrive at these political phœnixes? Shall we limit the right of suffrage? This plan, too, has been always practised among us in connexion with that of universal suffrage, and it does not appear from any experience we have yet had, that the results of the two are materially different. In Massachusetts the right of suffrage is nearly universal; in Virginia it is limited to freeholders. These have always been, intellectually, the leading, as they are the oldest states in the union, and have both been remarkable for putting forward their ablest and best men in political employments. Thus the two states, whose forms of election differ most widely, are precisely those in which the results have been most nearly alike; and what may appear more remarkable, the state where the right of suffrage is limited, has always been considered the great champion of democracy; while Massachusetts, with her system of universal suffrage, has been always accused, whether justly or not, of an aristocratic tendency.

We are compelled to say, therefore, if Mrs. Butler will excuse us for differing from her, that she is, in our opinion, wrong, upon this point, both in her facts and in her principles. The men who are brought into public life in this country, by the operation of our system of election, far from belonging to an inferior class, are, in general, the prominent persons in their respective parties; and such, from the nature of the case, they must be, under any form of election. Whatever, in fact, may be the nature of the government, the men who really exercise political influence, are, substantially, self-appointed. The irresistible vocation of talent and character, — in other words, the decree of Providence, — carries them forward, and no human power can prevent them from accomplishing their destiny. In

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barbarous countries, where military skill and talent are the only means of influence, they employ the sword; in civilized countries, the press and the tribune. If the persons or parties in possession of power, recognize their claims, they take their places naturally in the social order, and operate through the regular channels; if their claims are resisted, they create a personal influence around them, which, in arbitrary governments, changes the ruler, and in free countries, the majority. The different forms of election are only different modes in which the voice of the people declares their election to the places of trust and power. Universal suffrage points them out as distinctly as any other system; in arbitrary governments the hereditary ruler is compelled, at his risk and peril, to put them where they ought to be. What form of election in England would have failed to place Pitt and Fox at the head of their respective parties in parliament? The old French government could imprison Mirabeau at discretion; but the consequence was, that they soon found the Bastille and the Tuileries tumbling about their ears, and were too happy to treat with him upon his own terms. If the men who are naturally called by their character and talents to exercise political influence, sometimes fail to do all that might be expected from them, it is not because the forms of election or administration in the countries where they reside, operate against them, but because their high endowments are combined with defects of character, which wholly, or in part, neutralize their efficiency. The different forms of election and administration are only different sorts of machinery which the men of talent use with equal facility to accomplish their objects; if they fail to govern others, it is because they are unable to govern themselves.

The real objection to universal suffrage, so far as there is any, is not that it brings out men of an inferior class, which, in fact, is not the case; but that it is a cumbrous, tumultuous, and perhaps, under some circumstances, unsafe mode of doing what might be nearly or quite as well done by a much simpler process. The whole country is kept in a state of permanent excitement, which, at one time or another, may not improbably take the form of civil war, upon the question of the presidency, when almost any simple provision, such, for example, as that the oldest member of the senate should be, *ex officio*, president, would, so far as the public service is concerned, answer the purpose just about as well as the present mode of

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election. The hereditary principle, employed in other countries, was doubtless introduced, or at least is most plausibly defended, as a simpler mode of solving the problem, who shall govern? than popular suffrage. But, on the other hand, this and all other "simple machines," are attended with inconveniences and dangers of other kinds, not less serious than the toil and trouble of voting. The wise man accepts the lot which Providence assigns him, and endeavors as far as he can to avoid its inconveniences, and to turn its advantages to the best account. Universal suffrage or an extension of the elective franchise, amounting substantially to the same thing, is our "Sparta;" it is our duty and policy to do the best we can with it, and so far as the character of the persons elected to office under it is concerned, we see no reason yet to believe that we are less fortunate than contemporary communities which proceed upon different principles.

But we find that we are growing serious, and must hasten to a close. "Dear good little me," though she uses some naughty language, and is rather ultra-conservative in her notions upon government, is, upon the whole, a favorite with us, and we trust that we shall not part upon ill terms. If we have lost any portion of her good graces by disputing her political theories, we must endeavor to make up for it by praising her poetry. We cannot say that we greatly admire her tragedy, — and the fugitive pieces which she has since published, are very unequal. But some of them evince a real talent. Her fortunate release from the slavery of the sock and buskin, will give her ample leisure to cultivate this faculty, and enable her to supply, with excitement of a higher and nobler kind, the void that must be left in her feelings by the absence of the popular applause upon which she had so long fed. Of the poetical essays in the present volume, the one entitled "Autumn" is perhaps the best. It combines the same correct, graphic, and brilliant delineation of nature, which we have seen in some passages of her journal, with a power of versification which would do credit to a practised poet. Our readers will be pleased to see it entire.

"Thou comest not in sober guise,
In mellow cloak of russet clad, —
Thine are no melancholy skies,
Nor hueless flowers, pale and sad;
But, like an Emperor, triumphing,

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With gorgeous robes of Tyrian dyes,
Full flush of fragrant blossoming,
And glowing purple canopies.
How call ye this the season's fall,
That seems the pageant of the year?
Richer and brighter far than all
The pomp that spring and summer wear,
Red falls the westering light of day,
On rock and stream and winding shore;
Soft woody banks and granite gray,
With amber clouds are curtained o'er;
The wide clear waters sleeping lie
Beneath the evening's wings of gold,
And on their glassy breast the sky
And banks their mingled hues unfold.
Far in the tangled woods, the ground
Is strewn with fallen leaves, that lie
Like crimson carpets all around
Beneath a crimson canopy.
The sloping sun, with arrows bright,
Pierces the forest's waving maze;
The universe seems wrapt in light,
A floating robe of rosy haze.
Oh Autumn! thou art here a king,—
And round thy throne the smiling hours
A thousand fragrant tributes bring
Of golden fruits and blushing flowers.
Oh! not upon thy fading fields and fells
In such rich garb doth autumn come to thee,
My home!—but o'er thy mountains and thy dells
His footsteps fall slowly and solemnly.
Nor flower nor bud remaineth there to him,
Save the faint-breathing rose, that, round the year,
Its crimson buds and pale soft blossoms dim,
In lowly beauty constantly doth wear.
O'er yellow stubble lands in mantle brown,
He wanders through the wan October light:
Still as he goeth, slowly stripping down
The garlands green that were the spring's delight.
At morn and eve thin silver vapors rise
Around his path: but sometimes at mid-day
He looks along the hills with gentle eyes,
That make the sallow woods and fields seem gay.
Yet something of sad sov'reignty he hath,—
A sceptre crown'd with berries ruby red,

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And the cold sobbing wind bestrews his path
With wither'd leaves, that rustle 'neath his tread;
And round him still, in melancholy state,
Sweet solemn thoughts of death and of decay,
In slow and hush'd attendance, ever wait,
Telling how all things fair must pass away."

ART. VII. — *Dunlap's History of the Arts.*

History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States. By WILLIAM DUNLAP, Vice President of the National Academy of Design, Author of the History of the American Theatre, Biography of G. F. Cooke, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. New York. 1834.

WE have read this book throughout with great, though equally sustained interest. Mr. Dunlap has brought together in it a great variety of curious information about artists and the arts in the United States. The author's own life has been given, in a great measure, to the study and practice of painting, both at home and abroad; and though he has never reached a high eminence in that art, yet his familiarity with practical details, and his extensive acquaintance with living artists, would seem to give him peculiar qualifications for the task he has undertaken. This task we think Mr. Dunlap has, on the whole, ably and laboriously fulfilled. Every source from which knowledge could be drawn, has been resorted to, and an extraordinary collection of materials, to illustrate the progress of the arts, in and out of the United States, has been gathered with untiring industry, and amazing minuteness of research. Printed and manuscript biographies, public and private documents, the testimony of living artists, and notes and memoranda of the dead, pour their treasures into this reservoir. The number of names which Mr. Dunlap has made the public acquainted with, would make the stoutest defenders of the superiority of American genius stare with wonder, and ought to make the cavillers hang their heads with shame. These names include the professors of all the arts of design, both those who had talents and those who had not; but we feel bound to say,

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that the latter class outnumbers the former by a great majority, *counting per capita.*

Mr. Dunlap has relieved the body of his work by interspersing brief essays on the several arts, some of which are from his own pen, and some written by others practically engaged in the profession. In this way a great amount of information on the technical terms and manual processes of art, is brought within the reader's reach. This information, though not commonly possessed, is quite necessary to the right understanding of criticisms on the works brought into discussion. We think Mr. Dunlap has done wisely to give his readers this benefit, and hope it will prove a benefit to the sale of the book.

Some of the most interesting portions of the work are the auto-biographical letters of living artists, published wholly or in part. Mr. Alexander's sketch of his early life, is one of the most entertaining histories of genius, struggling to find its true position, that we have ever read. Mr. Allston's notices of cotemporary artists, are fine specimens of good humor, and excellent criticism. The same remark may be applied to many others.

Mr. Dunlap's narrative style is easy and clear, though sometimes wanting in strength. There is, also, a want of arrangement, selection and compression; circumstances of little or no importance, are often related with as much gravity as those of the highest. The spirit of Mr. Dunlap's criticism, though not searching and profound, is, in general, full of good sense and candor. He praises heartily, and blames independently. He loves and respects the arts, and delights to honor those whose genius in the arts has made them illustrious. But we have some fault to find with him. He has been too free in showing up the private histories of artists, and blazoning abroad circumstances in their domestic or personal relations, which ought to have been held forever sacred from the public gaze. A man no more forfeits his individual rights by becoming a painter or sculptor, than he does by becoming a shoe-maker or house-carpenter, — and that great busy-body, the public, has as good a claim to pry into and violate the sanctity of domestic life, in one case, as in the other. He has taken up too many pages with the unimportant or merely local quarrels of artists, and sometimes shews a strength of personal feeling that must lessen his credit as an impartial historian. The wearisome attacks on Colonel Trumbull are marked by a harshness

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of temper which a sensible man ought to keep under the control of his better nature. Many stories are told, in this and other portions of the work, — the life of Stuart, for instance, — which are probably no more than idle gossip; but being thus furnished with a local habitation in authentic history, may be of serious injury to the fame of those about whom they are related. Scandalous chronicles need more sifting to come at the truth than the records of virtuous deeds, a discreditable story being commonly more readily believed, and more easily invented, than the opposite one. It is a safe rule to believe all the good a man has credit for, *at once*, and disbelieve all the evil laid to his charge, save on the strictest proof. Take the *word* of him who speaks his neighbor's praise, but hold the tale-bearer to the *law* and the *testimony*.

We propose to give a few pages to some notices of the state of American art. The rank which our countrymen have taken in this department, within the last fifty or sixty years, renders this an interesting and important theme. Undoubtedly many of the master productions of this age have sprung from the genius of America. Men are ever and anon starting up, in the bosom of our happy land, whom God has gifted with the seeing eye and the cunning hand; before whom nature outspreads her beauties, and is understood; over whose souls the mighty mother breathes her inspiration, and they heave with the emotions of creative genius struggling on blindly, until some happy accident, some unforeseen event, leads them into their destined path, and a thousand forms of beauty, grace, and grandeur, descend to them and gather round them, to glow on the canvass, to live in the marble. Our greatest want is the want of models, which time and patience will supply. An open career, unbounded freedom of personal action, are the birthright of every American artist. The spreading intercourse of this country with others, the ever-growing sum total of native productions, are fast filling our public collections and our private abodes. Public and private prosperity are increasing, and the humanizing arts are following in their train.

The first artist commemorated by our author, was John Watson, a Scotchman, who came to the United States in 1715. This gentleman appears to have been a great oddity. His works made the children stare, and might reasonably have made grown people stare, too. He had some taste for picture-making, but more for money-making. He had a bad eye for

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the picturesque, but an excellent one for the main chance. He often missed a likeness, but never a safe investment. His works are never spoken of, and even his name is unknown beyond the circle of Mr. Dunlap's readers.

Smybert, the next in order, is chiefly remarkable for the influence he exercised over the minds of abler artists than himself, Copley, Trumbull, and Allston. His most interesting works are the copy of Vandyke's Bentivoglio in Harvard library, and a picture of Bishop Berkeley's family, now in the possession of Yale college. He had joined in the visionary schemes of this enthusiastic philanthropist and scholar. The main object of the enterprize failed, but its failure was more fortunate for the artist than success would probably have been, for it led him to Boston, matrimony, and competence.

After noticing slightly several other and more obscure artists, our author takes up the life of Benjamin West. West had the singular fortune of reading the greater part of his biography, in the ample volume of Galt. But though this circumstance might reasonably be expected to give additional weight to the narrative, it must be confessed that Galt's love of fiction, or habit of writing fiction, has strangely adorned the simple history of the Quaker painter. As an artist, West's fame has perhaps already passed its zenith; and in this respect, he will probably stand lower in the opinion of posterity, than the love and admiration of his cotemporaries will allow. But his history will offer to all coming ages, a beautiful example of a virtuous and honorable man. True his character has been exposed to the sneer, and his genius to the mockery of the foul-mouthed author of Peter Pindar; but what exalted and illustrious worth was sacred from his attacks? what purity of virtue was not assailed, — what decency of social life was not violated by that "obscene bird" of song? West's talents were unquestionably great, but his industry was greater. His temper was placid, his habits frugal, his manners gentle. He had gathered up treasures of knowledge, which he dispensed to the young with unsparing bounty. Information and advice were never sought from him in vain, by the youthful beginner in the career of art. Exposed to the temptation of a dangerous metropolis, he passed through a long life without a stain. The attractions of fashionable dissipation, so fatal to the irregular sensibilities of most men of genius, were opened in vain before the undisturbed serenity of his mind.

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He toiled on, amidst them all, with a steadiness of purpose, a calmness of self-possession, a coolness of judgment, an evenness of temper, a staid sobriety of feeling, that made the results of his efforts, both in the services he rendered to his studious young countrymen, and in the number and extent of his works, truly amazing.

Mr. Dunlap gives the following account of a well known incident, in the painter's life.

"At the age of twenty-one, Benjamin West embarked with young Allen, and soon arrived at Gibraltar, where the ship stopped for convoy. Captain Kearny, commanding the ships of war on the station, was a friend of young Allen's father, and the young man, with his companion, being invited to dine on board his ship, West was introduced favorably to the officers, with whom he proceeded up the Mediterranean. Messrs. Rutherford and Jackson were the correspondents of Mr. Allen, and the young painter, having delivered his credentials to them at Leghorn, was furnished with letters to Cardinal Albani and other distinguished characters at Rome. Under these favorable auspices the quaker painter proceeded on his journey in charge of a French courier, who had been engaged by his Leghorn friends as his guide and interpreter, and gained his first view of the immortal city from a height at eight miles distance. It is easy to imagine the impression such a prospect, and its attendant anticipations, would make upon an American youth of that day, and it is much safer to leave the subject to the imagination of the reader than to obtrude upon him the surmises of the writer. Suffice it to say, that the unsophisticated Yankee arrived safe at the great metropolis, and was introduced to the remains of her ancient taste and splendor, scarcely more the object of his admiration, than he was of attention to the nobles of Italy, and the illustrious strangers with whom the city swarmed. An American had come to study painting, and that American a quaker! This was a matter of astonishment, and when it was found that the young man was neither black nor savage, but fair, intelligent, and already a painter, West became emphatically the lion of the day in Rome.

"It was on the 10th of July, 1760, that the French courier deposited the youth at an hotel in the great city, and spread the strange story abroad that a quaker and an American had come to study the fine arts in Italy; this appeared so extraordinary to an English gentleman, Mr. Robinson, that he immediately sought him, and insisted on his dining with him. The letters brought by West proved to be from Mr. Robinson's friends, and the artist had the advantage of an immediate introduction to the best society of Rome.

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"At the house of Mr. Crespigny he was presented to Cardinal Albani, who, although blind, 'had acquired, by the exquisite delicacy of his touch, and the combining powers of his mind,' we quote Mr. Galt, 'such a sense of ancient beauty, that he excelled all the virtuoso of Rome in the correctness of his knowledge of the variety and peculiarities of the smallest medals and intaglios.' To this virtuoso Mr. Robinson introduced the quaker as 'a young American, who had come to Italy for the purpose of studying the fine arts;' and the query of the cardinal was, 'Is he black or white?'

"West, among the many advantages derived from nature, possessed a fine form, and a face as fair as artists paint angels, or lovers their mistresses. At the age of fifty he was remarkable for comeliness; and it is presumed that at the period of which we treat, his appearance must have been very prepossessing, and not the less for the flowing locks and simple attire of his sect. The cardinal being satisfied that the painter was as white *as himself*, (that being his next inquiry,) received him graciously, examined his face and head, with his fingers, expressed his admiration, and made up a party to witness the impression which the sight of the chef d'œuvres of antiquity, would make upon a native of the new world. The Apollo was first shown him, and his exclamation was, 'How like a young Mohawk warrior!'

"The Italians, on hearing the words translated by Mr. Robinson, were mortified, but when West, at that gentleman's request, described the Mohawk in his state of native freedom, as seen in those days, his speed, his vigor, his exercise with the bow,— when Mr. Robinson interpreted the words, 'I have seen a Mohawk standing in that very attitude, intensely pursuing with his eye the flight of the arrow just discharged from the bow,' his auditory were delighted by the criticism of the stranger, and applauded his untutored acumen."

The following extract contains an interesting summary of Mr. West's travels in Italy.

"It is related by Mr. Galt that West's first specimen of painting in Europe, a portrait of Mr. Robinson, was said to be better colored than the works of Mengs, at that time the greatest painter in Rome, and that the young American was pronounced the second in rank in that capital. This assertion does not accord with the fact that few of West's pictures previous to that time appear to have merited preservation. Many of Copley's works painted before he left his country are yet to be seen and admired. We have been obliged to search diligently for any specimen of West's portrait painting before he left America, and when we have found it, it has hardly been worth the search. This, however, we can

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say, that we have found none better among the works of his predecessors. They are not such as we should expect would rival Mengs in coloring or anything else; we have previously mentioned those of Mr. Bard and Mr. Morris, and we may not have seen the best he painted at that early period. On the other hand, we know that West during the four years he passed in Italy, painted pictures which gained him academical honors, and the applause of the public; we know that his copy of Corregio's St. Jerome, executed at Parma, is a perfect specimen of coloring; and we know that on his arrival in England he took his stand immediately as the first historical painter in the kingdom.

"Mengs and Pompeo Battoni were at this period the greatest painters of Rome. Of the latter, in connection with our subject, we have been favored with the following from Mr. Allston, as related to him by Mr. West. 'Battoni was at that time 'in full flower,' dividing the empire of art with Mengs. He received Mr. West very graciously in his painting room, and after some questions respecting his country, concerning which he seemed to have had no very distinct notion, — said, 'And so, young man, you have come — how far is it?' 'Three thousand miles.' 'Ay, three thousand miles from the woods of America to become a painter! You are very fortunate in coming to Rome at this time, for now you shall see Battoni paint.' He thereupon proceeded with his work then in hand, a picture of the Madonna; occasionally exclaiming, as he stept back, to see the effect, 'e viva Battoni!'

"Mengs very liberally applauded the effort of the young artist, which had been compared to his own masterly productions, and traced out a plan for his studies and travel. 'See and examine everything deserving of your attention here, and after making a few drawings of about half a dozen of the best statues, go to Florence, and observe what has been done for art in the collections there. Then proceed to Bologna, and study the works of the Caracci; afterwards visit Parma, and examine attentively the pictures of Corregio; and then go to Venice, and view the productions of Tintoretto, Titian, and Paul Veronese. When you have made this tour, come back to Rome, and paint an historical composition to be exhibited to the Roman public.'

"The excitements of Rome produced fever, and before West could avail himself of this judicious advice, his friends and physicians advised a return to Leghorn for the restoration of health. Here he was received into the hospitable mansion of Messrs. Rutherford and Jackson, and by their care, recovered so far as to return to his studies in Rome, but was soon again forced by a relapse to fly once more to Leghorn, when the fever left him with an affection of the ancle, which threatened the loss of the limb.

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His constant friends Jackson and Rutherford sent him to Florence, and placed him under the care of a celebrated surgeon, who produced a radical cure, after a confinement of eleven months.

"Even during this season of pain and disease, the artist pursued his studies, and was encouraged by the attentions of men of taste and influence, both natives and travellers. When recovered so as to bear the fatigues of travelling, he had the good fortune to obtain as a companion on the tour recommended by Mengs, a man of extraordinary accomplishments and acquirements. A gentleman of the name of Matthews, connected with Messrs. Rutherford and Jackson, visited Florence and agreed to accompany the young painter in his visit to the most celebrated repositories of Italian art.

"In the mean time, that good fortune which attended West's conduct throughout life, was operating in his favor on the shores of the western world. The applause bestowed on the portrait of Mr. Robinson, was mentioned in a letter from Rutherford and Jackson to Mr. Allen, of Philadelphia, and the letter read by him to an assemblage of gentlemen at his dinner table, among whom was Governor Hamilton. Allen mentioned the sum deposited with him, by West before his departure, adding, 'as it must be much reduced, he shall not be frustrated in his studies for want of money: I will write to my correspondents to furnish him with whatever he may require.' This generous declaration produced a demand from the Governor, that 'he should be considered as joining in the responsibility of the credit.' The consequence was, that while West was waiting at Florence for the sum of ten pounds for which he had written to his friends at Leghorn, he received notice from their bankers that they were instructed to give him unlimited credit.

"It is not always that talents, when backed by good conduct, produce such effects upon mankind; and some may perhaps exclaim, 'surely mankind are less inclined to obey the generous impulses of nature now, than they were a century ago.' But it is not so. Talents ever command admiration, and good conduct solicits good will. But both or either may be obscured by circumstances. They may exist separately, and not be deserving of friendship. They may be united, and their efforts destroyed by personal defect in the possessor, timidity, false shame, false pride or excessive sensitiveness, — and as far as these defects have influence, the effects of good conduct are weakened, obscured or destroyed. West had talents, virtue, youth, beauty, and prudence. He appears to have possessed no quality to counteract their influence, and circumstances independent of his own good qualities seemed uniformly to favor his progress.

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"From Florence Mr. West proceeded to Bologna, and after inspecting the works of art, he went on to Venice. Here the style and coloring of Titian were his principal study. After completing the tour recommended by Mengs, he returned to Rome, and pursued his study again in that great centre of taste. He at this time painted his pictures of Cimon and Iphigenia, and Angelica and Medora. These established his reputation as an historical painter, and obtained him the academical honors of Rome.

"By the advice of his father he determined to visit England before returning home, and again he had the advantage of travelling with a man of taste and refinement, Dr. Patoune, who was returning to Great Britain. The doctor proceeded to Florence, while the painter went to take leave of his friends at Leghorn. The travellers afterwards stopped at Parma, while West finished his copy of St. Jerome. This beautiful picture is in the possession of the family of Mr. Allen, one of the painter's earliest friends, and in America. Here again the novelty of an American quaker painter procured him the attention of the great; and the *friend* kept on his broad brim when introduced to the court of Parma, very much to the astonishment of the prince and his courtiers, — perhaps not a little to their amusement.

"Genoa and Turin were taken in the route to France, and the peace of 1763 having been but lately concluded, the travellers as Englishmen, were only protected by a magistrate from a mob, who had not yet ratified the treaty. In Paris, West visited, as every where else, the collections of paintings and sculptures, but the inferiority of France to Italy was at that time more apparent than at this, and the American had little to learn in Paris, who had studied in, and gained the approbation of the academies of Italy."

The following able review of Mr. West's character is from the pen of Sir Martin Archer Shee, the President of the Royal Academy.

"The discourses of President West bear ample testimony to the zeal and knowledge which he brought to the performance of a task, rendered as arduous as it was honorable, by the extraordinary ability with which it had been previously executed.

"Well grounded in the elementary principles of this profession, he was as conversant with the theory, as he was dexterous in the practice of his art. It is no exaggeration to say of him, that in the exercise of those powers of the pencil, to the attainment of which his ambition more particularly directed him, he was unrivalled in his day. Such, indeed, was the facility of his hand, and with so much certainty did he proceed in his operations, that

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he rarely failed to achieve whatever he proposed to accomplish, and within the time which he had allotted for its performance.

"Indefatigable application and irrepressible ardor in his pursuit, succeeded in obtaining for him that general knowledge of his subject, which seldom fails to reward the toils of resolute and well-directed study. No artist of his time, perhaps, was better acquainted with the powers and the expedients, the exigencies and the resources of his art. No man could more sagaciously estimate the qualities of a fine picture, or more skilfully analyze the merits combined in its production. If you found yourself embarrassed in the conduct of your work, and you consulted him, he would at once show you where it failed, and why it failed. Like a skilful physician, he announced with precision the nature of the disease, and could suggest the remedy, even where he was not himself qualified to administer it.

"The qualities which distinguished him, both as a man and as an artist, were, perhaps, not a little influenced by the peculiar religious impressions which he had early received. Order, calmness, and regularity characterized him through all the relations of life. In his habits of investigation, there was nothing loose, desultory, or digressive. The stores of knowledge which study and experience enabled him to lay up, were immediately classed and ticketed for use; and the results of his observations he diligently endeavored to compress into principles, whenever they would admit of so advantageous a reduction; the natural turn of his mind leading him to repress, within the strict limits of system and science, the arbitrary, irregular, and eccentric movements of genius and taste.

"No man could be more liberally desirous than West to impart to others the knowledge which he possessed. He never, indeed, appeared to be more gratified than when engaged in enlightening the minds of those who looked up to him for instruction; and though, in following the path of precept marked out by his great predecessor, and communicating the lessons of his experience in a similar way, he does not approach to a rivalry with Reynolds as a teacher of his art; though his pen was not so ready as his pencil, and cannot be said to display the graces of language and style which distinguish the compositions of that eminent writer, yet the discourses of President West, delivered from this place, must be acknowledged to contain many ingenious remarks and much useful information. They evince an ardent enthusiasm for the honor and interests of his profession, and a laudable zeal to recommend the just claims of the arts to the respect and protection of our country.

"It is impossible to review the character and professional powers of this able artist, without the strongest sense of regret that

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they are so inadequately understood and appreciated in this country, even at this day. The spirit of criticism prevalent among us, which, it must be confessed, is not generally too indulgent to the imperfections of modern art, has shown itself, in his case, more than usually fastidious and severe. The high aims of his pencil, which might reasonably be expected to propitiate the community of taste, have procured for him no favor. He is unsparingly censured when he fails, and is allowed little credit where he has succeeded. He is tried, not by his merits, but by his defects, and judged by a tribunal which admits only the evidence against him. His profession, indeed, have always done him justice; and they manifested their sense of his claims by the station in which they placed him. But few artists have been less favored by fortune, or more ungenerously defrauded of their fame. It has been unreservedly stated on his own authority, that the remuneration of his labors, from the patronage of *the public*, during the space of forty-five years, was so inadequate to his very moderate wants, as to leave him dependent on the income allowed him as historical painter to his royal patron George the Third, for the means of living in this country.

"It is melancholy to reflect, that in consequence of this resource having been unexpectedly withdrawn from him, very late in life, and at a period when his royal protector must have been unconscious of such a proceeding, the close of his long and laborious career was embittered by pecuniary embarrassment. But his enthusiasm for his art never for a moment failed under his disappointments. The spring of his mind never once gave way, and nearly to the latest hour of an existence prolonged beyond the period usually assigned to the age of man, he was occupied in projecting works sufficiently extensive to startle the enterprize of youth, and demand the exertion of the most vigorous manhood.

"Unfortunately, however, West did not possess, in a sufficient degree, those qualities of art which are the most popular amongst us. The captivations of color, *chiar' oscuro*, and execution, which the English school displays in such perfection, were wanting to set off his productions; and the merits of a higher order which they contained, appealed to, and required the exercise of a better informed and more comprehensive judgment than the taste of his time could in general supply.

"So little impression, indeed, had his various powers left upon the public mind, after the toils of more than half a century, that a collection of his pictures, formed after his death by his family, containing many of his finest works, and arranged with peculiar judgment and taste, had scarcely sufficient attraction for the admirers of art in this great metropolis, to defray the expenses attending their exhibition.

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"The defects of West were obvious to the most common observer of his works. Every small critic could talk of the hardness of his outline, the dryness of his manner, and the absence of what may be called those *surface sweets* which are so highly prized, under the name of execution, by that class of artists and connoisseurs who think more of the means than of the end, in contemplating a work of art. But it demanded greater knowledge of the subject than is commonly found amongst the ordinary dispensers of fame in this country, to appreciate his various acquirements; — his powers of composition; — his general facility of design; — his masterly treatment of extensive subjects, where, in pouring a population on his canvass, the resources of an artist's imagination are put to the test; — the scientific construction and arrangement of his groupes, and the appropriate action and occupation of the different figures of which they are composed. Yet all these are qualities which rank high in the scale by which it is usual to estimate the comparative claims of a painter. We must take care not to lose sight of the standard by which the relative merits of our art are to be measured. In proportion as the intellectual is combined with the mechanical, do we value those productions of man which are not appropriated to the purposes of manufacture, or the ordinary accommodations of life.

"Invention, composition, design, character, and expression have always taken precedence of coloring, *chiar' oscuro*, and execution, in the estimation of the judicious critic; though excellence in the latter qualities may be justly preferred to mediocrity in the former. We may, from local prejudice, or personal peculiarity, prefer silver to gold, or a pebble to a diamond; but if we reverse in our notions the relative value, which, by common consent, has been assigned to these objects, our judgment will be considered not only erroneous but diseased.

"The ambition of West directed him to the highest department of his art. In *his* hands the pencil was always employed for the noblest purposes, — on subjects the moral interest of which outweighs their mechanical execution. He delighted to commemorate heroic deeds, to illustrate the annals of sacred history, and perpetuate the triumphs of patriotism and public virtue.

"If we applaud the exalted spirit which prompted him to devote his talents to such praiseworthy objects, shall we not also offer the just tribute of our admiration to the enlightened monarch who encouraged and sustained his labors; who, by liberally endeavoring to re-open the church to the arts, sought to procure for them a new source of employment in this country, and who, as far as in him lay, set an example of generous patronage of the arts to the great and powerful of his day, which, if it had been followed with corresponding zeal and patriotism, could not have failed to obtain

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for Great Britain all the glory which pre-eminence in arts can shed upon a state?

"The degree of success with which the honorable exertions of West were attended, may, I conceive, be fairly determined by this test: let the most prejudiced of those who are inclined to question his claims to the rank of a great artist examine the series of prints engraved from his works. I would, in particular, entreat them to view with some attention, the Death of General Wolfe, — the battle of La Hogue and the Boyne, — the Return of Regulus to Carthage, — Agrippina bearing the ashes of Germanicus, — the young Hannibal swearing eternal enmity to the Romans, — the Death of Epaminondas, — the Death of the Chevalier Bayard, — Pyrrhus, when a boy, brought to Glaucus, king of Illyria, for protection, — and Penn's treaty with the Indians; not to mention many others, perhaps equally deserving of enumeration. Let these well-known examples of his ability be candidly considered, and where is the artist, whose mind is enlarged beyond the narrow sphere of his own peculiar practice, — where is the connoisseur, whose taste has not been formed by a *catalogue raisonné*, or in the atmosphere of an auction-room, — who will hesitate to acknowledge that the author of such noble compositions may justly claim a higher station in his profession than has been hitherto assigned to him, and well merits to be considered, in his peculiar department, the most distinguished artist of the age in which he lived?"

The next artist commemorated in these memoirs, is John Singleton Copley. He was born in Boston, in 1738, and began to show the turn of his genius for painting early in life. In 1774 he went to Italy, and two years after, arrived in England, where he devoted himself to portraiture, and became a member of the Royal Academy. Besides his portraits, many historical pieces from his pencil have gained considerable celebrity, — among them are, "the Death of Chatham," and "Charles the First in the house of Commons." The name of Copley has been made still more illustrious, by the genius of the painter's son, Lord Lyndhurst, who has twice been raised to the dignity of Lord High Chancellor of England. The following remarks on Copley are from the letters of C. R. Leslie, addressed to Mr. Dunlap.

"'Of Copley I can tell you very little. I saw him once in Mr. West's gallery, but he died very soon after my arrival in London. Mr. West told me he was the most tedious of all painters. When painting a portrait, he used to match with his palette-knife a tint

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for every part of the face, whether in light, shadow, or reflection. This occupied himself and the sitter a long time before he touched the canvas. One of the most beautiful of his portrait compositions is at Windsor Castle, and represents a group of the royal children playing in a garden with dogs and parrots. It was painted at Windsor, and during the operation, the children, the dogs, and the parrots became equally wearied. The persons who were obliged to attend them while sitting complained to the queen; the queen complained to the king; and the king complained to Mr. West, who had obtained the commission for Copley. Mr. West satisfied his majesty that Copley must be allowed to proceed in his own way, and that any attempt to hurry him might be injurious to the picture, which would be a very fine one when done.'

"The prediction of West was fully accomplished; and this graceful, splendid, and beautiful composition was seen by the writer at Somerset House, in the year 1786 or '7, and is remembered with pleasure to this day.

"On the subject of Copley, we must give our readers some further valuable and entertaining matter from the pen of Mr. Leslie. He says:

"'As you ask my opinion of Copley, you shall have it, such as it is. His merits and defects resemble those of West. I know not that he was ever a regular pupil of the president, but he was certainly of his school. Correct in drawing, with a fine manner of composition, and a true eye for light and shadow, he was defective in coloring. With him it wants brilliancy and transparency. His Death of Major Pierson, I think his finest historical work, — you have perhaps seen it, — at any rate you know the fine engraving of it, by James Heath. Copley's largest picture is in Guildhall; the destruction of the floating batteries off Gibraltar, by General Elliot. The foreground figures are as large as life, but those in the middle distance, are either too small or deficient in aerial perspective. Instead of looking like men diminished by distance, they look less than life. With the exception of this defect the picture is a fine one. His Death of Lord Chatham is now in the National Gallery. It is the best colored picture I have seen by him, but it has a defect frequent in large compositions made up of a number of portraits. There are too many *figures to let*. Too many unoccupied, and merely introduced to show the faces. His picture of Brooke Watson and the Shark, is in the large hall of the Blue Coat School. It is a good picture, but dry and bad in color. He painted, I believe, a great many portraits, but I have seen none of any consequence excepting the group of the King's Children I described to you in my last. It is a beautiful picture. I have heard Allston say, he has seen very fine

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portraits, painted by Copley before he left America. I would advise you to write to Allston about it.' In another of Mr. Leslie's valuable letters we have the following: — 'I know not if Allan Cunningham in his life of Copley, has told the following story of his tediousness as a painter. It is said, a gentleman employed him to paint his family in one large picture, but during its progress, the gentleman's wife died, and he married again. Copley was now obliged to obliterate all that was painted of the first wife, and place her in the clouds in the character of an angel, while her successor occupied her place on earth. But lo! she died also, and the picture proceeded so slowly as to allow the husband time enough to console himself with a third wife. When the picture was completed, therefore, the gentleman had two wives in heaven, and one on earth, with a sufficient quantity of children. The price, which was proportioned to the labor bestowed on the picture, was disputed by the employer, who alleged that the picture ought to have been completed before his domestic changes had rendered the alterations and additions necessary. Copley went to law with him; and his son, (now Lord Lyndhurst,) who was just admitted to the bar, gained his father's cause. The story was told me by a gentleman, who was old enough to remember Copley, but he did not give me his authority for it, and I fear it is too good to be true.* I remember one or two of Copley's last pictures in the exhibition, but they were very poor; he had outlived his powers as an artist.'"

This country has produced no portrait painter of more commanding excellence, than Gilbert Stuart. He was a man of great impetuosity and lively sensibility. His discernment was acute, and his judgment unerring. He saw the character of his sitters at a glance, and gave them to the canvas with amazing truth. He did not merely imitate the face, — *map* it, as some one has well expressed the thought, — but he unlocked the secret within, and drew the portrait of the mind itself. He painted the outward lineaments with striking truth; but in a higher spirit of truth, he strove to give the *thinking being*. A curious anecdote is told, to illustrate this trait of Stuart's genius. Lord Mulgrave engaged Mr. Stuart to paint a portrait of his brother, General Phipps, then on the point of sailing to India. Something strange in the picture struck his lordship's eye, and drew from him the exclamation, "I see insanity in that face!" The first news of General Phipps, after his arrival, was, that

"*Cunningham tells this story with such variations as such stories are liable to; the reader has seen it, and will judge which is best."

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he had gone mad, and cut his throat! This may have been an accidental coincidence; but it is most likely that the painter saw some slight peculiarity of mind, symptomatic of insanity, and that it unconsciously affected his conception of the whole character. Stuart's portraits have thus, very naturally, taken rank with the foremost productions in that branch of art.

Stuart's talent in conversation is said to have been extraordinary. His wit was copious and ready, his knowledge various, and he appears to have had, in an eminent degree, the art of making every sitter talk in his own peculiar vein. Every body has heard of the awkward feelings experienced by people who are suffering the operation of having their pictures taken. The painter who has not tact enough to remove these amiable weaknesses, will stand a poor chance of giving a happy likeness. A majority of the portraits in the world, express the feelings of bashful men, under a painful consciousness of being dressed up, and standing point blank before a row of ladies in a drawing-room. But Mr. Stuart's portraits differ widely from all this. The character of many of our most distinguished men will be handed down to posterity by his vivid pencil. The following capital anecdote is from the amusing pen of Dr. Waterhouse.

"'He was travelling in England in a stage-coach, with some gentlemen, who were strangers to him, but all sociable, and full of spirits. After dinner they fell into conversation, in which Stuart, it seems, was conspicuous; for his conversation was at all times animated and various, (and not the less so after dinner,) upon any topic that came up, especially upon subjects that called forth nice discrimination, correct judgment, and rapid thought, apt phrases, ludicrous images, and Burke-like power of expressing them.

"'After he had been blazing away in his dramatic manner, his companions were very desirous to know *who* and *what* he was, for whatever Doctor Franklin may have said a century ago of the *question-asking propensity* of his countrymen, I never noticed so much of that kind of travelling curiosity in New-England as in Britain. On the contrary, I am certain that we in the United States are remarkably free from that sort of travelling importunateness. To the round-about question, to find out his calling or profession, Mr. Stuart answered with a grave face, and serious tone, that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair, (at that time the high craped pomatumed hair was all the fashion.)—'You are a hair-dresser then?' 'What!' said he, 'do you take me for a

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barber?' 'I beg your pardon, sir, but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to ask what you are then?' 'Why I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat, or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat.' 'O, you are a valet then, to some nobleman?' 'A valet! indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant;—to be sure I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen.' 'Oh! you are a tailor!' 'Tailor! do I look like a tailor? I'll assure you, I never handled a goose, other than a roasted one.' By this time they were all in a roar. 'What the devil are you then?' said one. 'I'll tell you,' said Stuart. 'Be assured all I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats, and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes *at your service.*' 'Oho! a boot and shoe-maker after all!' 'Guess again, gentlemen, I never handled boot or shoe but for my own feet and legs; yet all I have told you is true.' 'We may as well give up guessing.' After checking his laughter, and pumping up a fresh flow of spirits by a large pinch of snuff, he said to them very gravely, 'Now, gentlemen, I will not play the fool with you any longer, but will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide* profession. I get my bread by making faces.' He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments of his visage, in a manner such as Samuel Foote or Charles Matthews might have envied. When his companions, after loud peals of laughter, had composed themselves, each took credit to himself for having 'all the while suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theatre,' and they all knew that he must be a comedian by profession; when to their utter surprise, he assured them that he never was on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a play-house, or any similar place of amusement. They now all looked at each other with astonishment.

"'Before parting, Stuart said to his companions, 'Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of my various employments, is comprised in these few words: I am a portrait-painter. If you will call at John Palmer's, York-Buildings, London, where I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair, *à la mode*, supply you, if in need, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravats, and make faces for you.'

"'While taking a parting glass at the inn, they begged leave to inquire of their pleasant companion, in what part of England he was born; he told them he was not born in England, Wales, Ireland, or Scotland. Here was another puzzle for John Bull. 'Where then?' 'I was born at Narraganset.' 'Where's that?' "Six miles from Pottawoone, and ten miles from Poppasquash, and about four miles west of Canonicut, and not far from the

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spot where the famous battle with the warlike Pequots was fought.' 'In what part of the East Indies is that, sir?' 'East Indies, my dear sir! it is in the state of Rhode-Island, between Massachusetts and Connecticut river.' This was all Greek to his companions, and he left them to study a new lesson of geography, affording another instance of the ignorance of islanders, respecting men of genius, whose vernacular tongue is the same with that of Bacon, Newton, and Locke, Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope.'"

Stuart received much instruction from Mr. West, and became distinguished among the greatest portrait-painters of the British metropolis, where he passed many years of his life. With the proud feeling and high-wrought sensibilities of genius, he had many of its weaknesses. His disregard for the maxims of prudence often entangled him in pecuniary difficulties, and threw a shadow over the uprightness of his character, which never dims the lustre of dull minds, protected by the homely but important virtues of carefulness and economy. His life, — though beautiful forms could be summoned around him at will, — must have been a wretched scene, a "painted misery," harassed by petty annoyances, as unnecessary as they were vexatious. But we will

> "No farther seek his merits to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
> There they alike in trembling hope repose,
> The bosom of his Father and his God."

The twelfth chapter contains an interesting sketch of miniature painting, a beautiful branch of art, which has been cultivated with much success among us, and has at present many skilful practisers. The next three chapters Mr. Dunlap gives to his own biography. This will be read with eagerness, both on account of the varied incidents and scenes which he has been a witness of, or an actor in, and the perfect candor with which he delineates his own character in its shades as well as lights. The next chapter is taken up with names but little known to fame. The eighteenth chapter contains a sketch of the history of architecture, accompanied by much useful information on the technical terms of the art. This is followed by a full account of the life and works of Colonel Trumbull, in which many of his productions are highly praised; but we are sorry to say that portions of the narrative are uncandid, and unnecessarily severe. We cannot go into the battles of the artists; the space in Mr. Dunlap's book taken up by this unpleasant subject, is

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worse than wasted. We leave it with the single remark, that we do not admire Colonel Trumbull as an artist, but that his industry and zeal entitle him to respect, if not to applause. His life is closely connected with the history of the American revolution, many scenes of which he has illustrated by his pencil, and his name will thus have a twofold claim on the notice of posterity. A short sketch of American academies of art, followed by shorter sketches of some obscure artists, closes the first volume.

The second volume embraces a period of greater brilliancy and higher improvement in American art; a period illustrated by the genius of Malbone, Vanderlyn, Jarvis, the Peales, and numberless others. But the works of Washington Allston will, of themselves, make this a splendid era in our history. As this gentleman is living among us, he is to be spoken of with reserve, except as an artist. What, then, are the leading traits of his genius? His works show a mind of vast compass, and varied culture. In literary attainments and poetic talent, he stands pre-eminent among his brethren. Early education, after studies, and wide intercourse with the most illustrious men of Europe, have made him familiar with every region of thought, from which a genius for art can draw its nourishment. He has carefully studied the great models of painting abroad, — in Italy and England, — and he has mastered the profoundest principles with the minutest details. His drawing is celebrated for truth, science, and accuracy. His coloring is rich, expressive, and of the most delicate finish. But above and beyond this, he has the proudest attribute of genius, the power of surrounding himself at will with the loveliest and sublimest creations. His imagination seems to dwell forever in a world of ideal beauty, — in the "kingdom of forms" which come and go, obedient to his nod. He can conjure up the most solemn scenes of Pity and Terror, or the mild and gracious images of Romance and Love. The awful Shade of Samuel speaks horror to the soul of the conscience-stricken king, — the figure of the Prophet of Israel, dictating to his Scribe, dilates with the inspiration of God, — and the richest and softest scene of Shakspeare, starting into mimic life on the canvas, makes the heart feel with a delicious enchantment,

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the bank."

No American has approached so near the great masters of past

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ages, as Mr. Allston. His love for the art has bound him to it, heart and soul, and for life. The promptings of his exquisitely organized nature lead him onward and still onward in his high career. His works are among the most illustrious examples of the loftiest poetry of art. His hand and eye are obedient to the bidding of his calm intellect. May the world long profit by the presence of that serene spirit, whose pathway has always lain in the realms of truth, purity, and beauty; whose treasured thoughts have been poured out in every form of grace and sublimity; whose light is destined to shine, like some beneficent star, in the brightest constellation of American genius!

Mr. Dunlap has adorned his life of Allston with many extracts from the painter's letters. These are delicious pieces of poetry, anecdote, and criticism, and, what is better, they breathe the finest spirit of humanity. They show a heart as free from malice and envy as childhood itself. Such is the character of a great and good man. Let the irritable geniuses of the age learn of him, that the essence of wisdom is not concentrated in a sneer.

The life of Mr. Sully is full of interest. He will unquestionably hold a high rank in the history of American art. Of a later race, there are many distinguished names. Harding is successful and brilliant in portrait painting. Alexander excels in this, and may excel, if he chooses, in higher branches of art. His "Magdalen," though an unfinished study, is an uncommonly beautiful exhibition of pathos and power. It drew from Sir Walter Scott, when that great man was in Italy, the exclamation, "she is forgiven!" and has, from this circumstance, a melancholy interest. Inman is celebrated for the exquisite finish of his style of portraiture. Mr. S. F. B. Morse is in the prime of life, and the flower of strength. His fame is high and increasing. His exertions have been honorably devoted to a more systematic promotion of his favorite arts; and he has been called to preside over an institution which owes its origin mainly to his labors. He has lately finished a picture, representing the Gallery of the Louvre, with copies on a reduced scale, of many master works in that celebrated collection. This picture we have not yet had the pleasure of seeing; but report speaks of it in terms of high praise. The history of Mr. Cole is replete with touching interest. His success is the just reward of virtuous industry, and strong native

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powers. His landscapes are finished and beautiful productions; and he bids fair to occupy an enviable niche in the temple of fame. Many other living painters, of high promise, are commemorated in this volume; but we are compelled to pass them by, together with numerous interesting notices of engravers and architects, for the sake of saying a few words on American sculpture.

In this noble art, two young Americans have risen to a conspicuous rank. Mr. Augur, now living in New Haven, is well known for several beautiful pieces executed by him under many disadvantages, but with signal success. His first original work, we believe, was a small statue of Sappho, which attracted considerable attention in Boston, and was bought by Mr. Thomas H. Perkins. This work has some serious imperfections. The expression of the impassioned poetess is more like that of a puritan girl of Cromwell's time; the figure is rather stiff, and the attitude ungraceful. But the touch of genius, though unripe and inexperienced, is upon it. There is a promise of better things, and the promise has been kept. The group of "Jeptha and his Daughter," followed. This is a higher and grander subject. The action belongs to the sphere of tragedy, and requires greater vigor of conception and profounder sentiment. The crisis chosen by the artist, is the moment when the chieftain recognizes his daughter. He is bound by a solemn vow to offer up to God the first one who comes forth to meet him, as he returns victorious from the battle field. The sudden agony of the father's heart, on seeing his only and beloved daughter rush to certain death, — to death by his own hand, — with triumphant song and dance, is conceived with wonderful force of imagination, and fully expressed in the looks and attitude of the warrior. The artist is equally successful in expressing the mingled concern, inquiry, and astonishment of the daughter, as she suddenly pauses, bends forward, and sees her father agitated by some strong but unaccountable emotion. In the execution of this group there are very decided proofs of much progress in the art, since the last. The drawing is correct, the draperies well managed, the attitudes easy and natural, and the chiselling is done with a free hand. We are not aware that Mr. Augur has exhibited anything since, but we hope to hear from him again, at his convenience; for we are sure that he is striding forward to high fame and honor in his beautiful art.

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Horatio Greenough, now resident in Florence, has already gained a wide and well-deserved renown. A few years ago he left the halls of Harvard University, to visit the land of art, beauty, and song. He had already shewn a fine eye for form, and his imagination was teeming with creations, which his hand was destined, at a future day, to embody. He went abroad with the advantage of a thorough literary education, which he had wisely persevered in attaining. With a mind highly cultivated, and full of poetry, he sailed to Italy, and gave himself up, enthusiastically, wholly, to sculpture, surrounded by the gathered treasures of ancient and modern genius. He toiled on silently, patiently, fervently. There were moments, doubtless, of anxious thought and gloomy foreboding. But he lived in a world of beauty, against whose splendors he could not shut his eyes; and with the strong spirit of youth and ambition, he worked on, nor abated "one jot of heart or hope."

The first original work of Mr. Greenough, exhibited in this country, was the group of "Chanting Cherubs." The idea of this delightful group was taken from two figures in the Madonna del Trono, of Raphael. The work was executed for Mr. J. F. Cooper, by whom it was sent to the United States. It drew many visitors, and excited the strongest interest and admiration. The figures represent two infant spirits, or cherubs, about to begin a chant. The idea of sinless childhood, free from the sufferings of this world, in the act of praise and song to the new-born Saviour of man, is expressed in this group with remarkable sweetness, purity, and beauty. This work gave Mr. Greenough, at once, a high rank, in the opinion of his countrymen. Another work of great merit followed. The idea of the "Medora" is borrowed from the following lines of Lord Byron's Corsair:

"In life itself she was so still and fair,
That death, with gentle aspect, withered there;
And the cold flowers her colder hand contained,
In that last grasp as tenderly were strained,
As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a sleep,
And made it almost mockery yet to weep;
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
And veiled, — thought shrinks from all that lurked below.
Oh! o'er the eye death most exerts his might,
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light;

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Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips,—
Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile,
And wished repose, but only for a while.
But the white shroud, and each extended tress,
Long, fair, but spread in utter lifelessness,
Which late the sport of every summer wind,
Escaped the baffled wind that strove to bind,—
These, and the pale pure cheek, became the bier."

Medora lies in the stillness and beauty of recent death. The outlines and proportions of the figure belong to the most perfect form of female loveliness, while the placid, calm repose that overspreads her countenance, is exquisitely true to the poet's conception. The attitude, the position of the several limbs, and the resting of the drapery, are wrought out with minuteness of labor, carefulness of study, and delicacy of thought.

We have since been gratified with another specimen of Mr. Greenough's genius,—a group of two infants, the elder of whom is receiving the younger into Paradise. The figures are moulded after the fairest and fullest form of childhood. Their attitudes are marked by perfect grace and freedom, on whichsoever side they are viewed. The younger spirit is gazing into the face of his guide with an expression of infantile confidence and earnest inquiry. *Quæ nunc abitis in loca?* is the question bursting from his amazed and happy heart. The elder exhibits a beautiful blending of child-like loveliness with the expanded intellect of a spiritual being. The lines of the lower part of his face are those of humanity; but the broad and beautiful forehead speaks the higher intelligence of another state. A spirit sits enthroned upon it, not of this world.

Mr. Greenough is understood to be engaged at present on the statue of Washington, for which he has lately received a commission from the government of the United States. This, though a splendid distinction for so young a man, is fully merited by his genius and industry. The two greatest sculptors of this age,—Chantrey and Canova,—have tried their hands upon this, the sublimest subject of mere human history; but it is thought with no very eminent success. Mr. Greenough will have one advantage in the execution of his work over both his illustrious predecessors,—the enthusiasm of an American heart for the Founder of American Liberty.

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Mr. Greenough has shown many of the highest qualities of genius. He has shown a high creative genius, set off by the graces of refined taste. His industry is unwavering, his perseverance unbroken. He has a correct eye for form, a skilful hand for drawing, and superadds to the other excellencies of his works, the higher excellence of soul and sentiment. With such gifts of genius, — with an accomplished education, — with the untrammeled freedom of an American spirit, Mr. Greenough's prospects are more flattering to his ambition than those of any artist who has sprung up among us.

What, then, is the state of American art? We have had an abundance of earnest devotees, as Mr. Dunlap's book bears ample testimony. That we have had many artists of exalted genius, the collections of this country and Europe fully prove. Allston, Stuart, and his accomplished nephew, Stuart Newton, with many others, have been equally distinguished at home and abroad. The elder teachers of American artists have passed or are passing away; but a new generation is coming forward, to dispute the palm, perhaps to win the victory. The galleries of Europe are annually thronged with pilgrims from the new world, to the tombs of departed genius in the old. We have academies which have done something, and promise to do more, for the arts. We have yearly exhibitions of all the good pictures to be had, in all the principal cities of the Union. We have other exhibitions, from time to time, of great works which find their way from Europe to our shores. The Boston Athenæum has, in its possession, the invaluable paintings of Rome, by Panini. We have had among us copies of many celebrated pictures and statues of Italy. We have had the original comic group of Mr. Thom, from Burns's Tam O'Shanter, — and very lately, the model of a group, executed by an artist of New York, representing Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman. Artists are regarded among us with esteem, nay, with reverence. Their works are examined, criticised, praised, — both with and without knowledge, — and, what is better, they are bought.

But it must be confessed, that a large proportion of the works of our artists, like a majority of our literary productions, are of an ephemeral character. Landscapes and fancy-pieces are produced in quantities to suit, like stanzas to young ladies, and verses in albums. Our artists are not willing enough to give long years to strict mental toil, — to a laborious study of the

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principles which lie at the foundation of all art, — to an unceasing practice of the elementary studies, on which all accuracy depends, — and to the unfolding of the imagination and taste, by careful literary culture. Still we think, after the works of temporary interest have vanished from the face of the earth, there will be left many enduring memorials, on which genius, labor, and high poetry, are visibly stamped. It may be that an era of art is approaching, in which the graceful refinement, the elaborate finish, the delicate taste, fostered by the venerable institutions of Europe, shall be made to adorn the spirit of our republic, and the typified sentiment of American freedom.

ART. VIII. — *Slavery.*

An Appeal in Favor of that Class of Americans called Africans. By Mrs. CHILD, Author of the Mother's Book, &c., &c. Boston. 1831.

WE have placed the above title of a book by Mrs. Child, at the head of this article in order to express our regret that a writer capable of being so agreeable, and at the same time so useful, should have departed from that line of authorship in which she has justly acquired a high reputation. Our principal object in the article is to offer to our readers a brief and rapid outline of the state of slavery at different periods in the history of the world; and, in that way, to correct impressions upon the subject which are, we believe, in many cases, erroneous and ill-founded. We have been the more strongly induced to do this, from the high state of excitement which exists in England and our own country upon the subject, and which has been fomented by the press, by associations, and the various other modes of operating upon the public mind, that distinguish in so remarkable a manner the history of the present age.

It is not indeed surprising, that the subject of involuntary servitude should excite a deep interest in the public mind. While so many institutions for benevolent purposes are at work, and unparalleled efforts are making to enlighten, educate, and elevate mankind, it is hardly to be conceived that a

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numerous class of human beings should be held in slavery by a people professing to be governed by the precepts of the Christian religion, without exciting the animadversion of philanthropists.

There is so glaring an absurdity in this condition of society, that the danger to be apprehended, when public attention is aroused to the subject, is, lest feeling should degenerate into passion, and action be dictated rather by impulse than by judgment.

No one can look forward to the future destinies of our own country, so far as they are connected with this subject, without misgivings and gloomy forebodings. But leaving this view of our subject for the present, we propose to inquire how far slavery prevailed among some of the principal nations of antiquity, — what was its state in Europe during the middle ages, — and finally, to trace the rise, progress, and present state of negro slavery, in England and her colonies, and in our own country.

It is certainly a curious fact, that so far as we can trace back the history of man, we discover the existence of slavery. One of the most obvious causes of this, lay in the almost incessant wars which were early carried on between tribes and nations, in which the prisoners taken upon one side and the other were either slain or reduced to slavery. Thus the latin word which we translate *slave*, indicates by its etymology that the captive, who was brought into bondage, had been preserved from death.

Among the Jews, slavery was not only tolerated, but authorized and regulated by the laws of Moses. The Mosaic institutions, however, were rather predicated upon the previous existence of slavery in the surrounding nations, than designed to establish it for the first time; and the provisions of the Jewish law upon this subject, effected changes and modifications which must have greatly improved the condition of slaves among that peculiar people.

There were several modes by which the Hebrews might be brought into servitude. If any one was reduced to poverty, he might sell himself. A father might sell his children. Insolvent debtors might be delivered as slaves to their creditors. Thieves, who were unable to make restitution for the property stolen, were sold for the benefit of the sufferers. Prisoners of war were subjected to servitude; and if a Hebrew captive

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was redeemed by another Hebrew from a Gentile, he might be sold by his deliverer to another Israelite. At the return of the year of jubilee, all Jewish captives were set free. This, however, did not apply to foreign slaves held in bondage. Over these the master had entire control. He might sell them, judge them, and even punish them capitally, without any form of legal process. Thus the law of Moses provides, that "if a man smite his servant or his maid with a rod, and he die under his hand, he shall be surely punished; notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished, for he is his money." And this restriction is said, by learned writers, to have applied only to Hebrew slaves, and not to foreign captives who were owned by Jews. In general, if any one purchased a Hebrew slave, he could hold him only six years; but for the redemption or emancipation of foreign slaves there seems to have been no provision; and if a Hebrew captive, at the time of his being entitled to his freedom, declared his love for his master, and his unwillingness to go free, his master brought him before the judges, and then to the door-post of his own house, and bored his ear through with an awl, and he thereby became his servant forever.

There were various other provisions in the Mosaic laws upon the subject of slavery. Among other things, they declared the terms upon which a Hebrew, who had been sold, could redeem himself, or be redeemed by his friends, and his right to take with him his wife and children, when discharged from bondage; but it is unnecessary to repeat these provisions in order to show the character and extent of slavery among God's chosen people.

In Greece, slavery existed from the earliest period of her history, of which we have any knowledge. It was general there before the days of Homer. The various states of Greece had different codes of laws, but in them all the slaves were a majority of the people. The proportion of slaves to freemen probably varied in different states, and in the same state at different times. An historian states the proportion to have been, at one period, as 400 to 30. In Athens, another writer states, there were three slaves to one freeman; and at one time, in that state, when there were but 10,000 free citizens of an age to pay a capitation tax, there were 400,000 slaves, including women and children. In Sparta, the proportion of slaves was much greater than in Athens.

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A trade in slaves was a legitimate branch of business; and in Athens there was a regular market for carrying on this kind of commerce. Those who were bought and sold were either barbarians, or the descendants of conquered Greeks.

The condition and treatment of slaves varied in different states. In Sparta, they were exposed to the most wanton and unrelenting cruelty. They were called Helots, and were the descendants of Greeks who had been early conquered. The severities under which they suffered, seem at this day almost incredible. All the labor among that nation of warriors, both in the house and the field, was performed by slaves. They were a kind of public property, and subject to insult and abuse from every citizen in the state. Their dress was peculiar, distinguishing them from citizens; and no office was too revolting or degrading to be imposed upon them at the will or caprice of their masters. They were not permitted to learn any liberal art, nor to partake in any exercise or duty which was considered manly or honorable. That they might not for a moment forget their condition, they were subjected, we are informed, to the lash every day, and were often compelled to drink to intoxication, in order to be exhibited as objects of disgust before the Spartan youth.

These slaves were so numerous as to be objects of fear to their masters, and measures, alike cowardly and cruel, were adopted from time to time, to diminish their numbers. It was common for the Spartan youth to arm themselves with daggers, and go into the country around the city, and waylay and murder the Helots whom they found abroad in the night-time. And if, at any time, a Helot indicated by his deportment a disposition to rise above his condition, he was despatched by a summary mode, and the state relieved of the danger. At one time, we are informed, some hundreds of the most intelligent Helots were massacred, after having been crowned with garlands in the mockery of triumph.

For any insult or injury, however cruel or gross, they were without any legal redress; and while in some of the Grecian states, a slave upon being too roughly treated by his master, could insist upon being sold to another, the Helot of Sparta had not even this poor relief. We are in the habit of speaking and thinking of the period when Grecian liberty prevailed in the Grecian republics, as a golden age in the history of man. But while many of her free citizens were indeed among

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the bravest, the noblest, and the wisest, that the world has ever seen, there was a vast population scattered through her cities and agricultural districts, more degraded, more oppressed, and more enslaved, than the blacks of the West-Indies or the Carolinas. The gallant and immortal band who fought and died for liberty at Thermopylæ, had been themselves the cruel and uncompromising task-masters of abject and degraded slaves at home.

When we turn to Rome, the picture of slavery is somewhat changed, but can hardly be said to be much improved, especially in the earlier part of her history. Even while claiming to be a free republic, — while her citizens challenged privileges and immunities which proud and independent freemen only could claim, slavery existed in Rome, and was recognized and regulated by her laws. After its first introduction, it was principally sustained and perpetuated by means of captives taken in war, by the sale of debtors who were unable to satisfy the claims of their creditors, and by the issue of the slaves themselves. The number of this class in the empire was, at some periods of the Roman history, truly astonishing. In the time of Claudius, while there were twenty millions of citizens and forty millions of provincials, there were sixty millions of slaves. In the time of Augustus, an African widow left four hundred slaves at her death. A freed-man left thirty-six hundred yokes of oxen, two hundred and fifty thousand smaller cattle, and four thousand one hundred and sixteen slaves. It is stated by Pliny, according to Gibbon, that he had known many persons who owned from ten to twenty thousand slaves. They were chiefly barbarians, taken in the wars which Rome was so constantly carrying on, and must have been purchased at a comparatively inconsiderable price.

The prices of slaves, however, varied according to their capacity of being useful, or able to minister to the pleasures of their masters. Some of them were taught the arts, some were tradesmen, and some of them physicians, and notaries or public writers. In the Justinian code, there was a scale or price current, regulating the value of slaves, whenever a price was to be judicially fixed upon that kind of property. A physician was estimated as worth about three times as much as a common servant.

The prices of slaves, as given by Blair, a recent writer upon this subject, varied from those fixed by the legal standard.

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Thus a fool was sold for £161 9s. 2d. The cook of Apicius, so famous in the history of gourmands, was estimated at £772. Sabinus paid £817 5s. 10d. each for *learned* slaves; and a distinguished actor was estimated, in one instance, at £1614 11s. 8d.

The control of masters over their slaves was, for a long time, absolute and complete, even to the inflicting of capital punishments without trial or appeal. In a later period of their history, the latter power was conferred upon the magistrates.

The laws, however, in regard to slaves, were always extremely severe; and some of them would strike any one, at this day, as cruelly unjust and altogether unreasonable. Thus, if a master was murdered in his house, all his slaves under the same roof, or within hearing of the house, were condemned and punished as murderers. In one instance, recorded in history, four hundred slaves in one palace were executed for not preventing their master's murder. If a man was murdered on a journey, all the slaves who were with him were put to death, nor did it make any difference though their innocence was proved.

If a slave was cruelly treated by his master, he might, at some periods of the Roman history, insist upon being sold to another master. The process of manumitting slaves was easy, and frequently adopted. Many of the richest men in Rome were freed-men. But a freed-man had no right to civil or military honors, nor was he considered as worthy of a seat in the senate. The stain of ignoble birth was not obliterated until the third or fourth generation.

The condition of the slaves in Rome varied, as we have already stated, from time to time; but slavery, in one form or another, existed and was recognized by law, till Rome herself fell a prey to the hordes of her invaders, and slavery assumed the form and character which it wore among the barbarians of Germany and the north of Europe.

Among the German nations, during the middle ages, slaves were extremely numerous. They consisted of captives taken in war, insolvent debtors sold for the payment of their debts, or persons who had sold themselves. It was not thought proper for a creditor to hold his debtor in bondage, and the insolvent, therefore, was sold to some other person than his creditor. These nations were, also, so extravagantly fond of gaming, that they were often willing to stake their liberty upon

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the chance of a game, and to go into perpetual bondage, if the fortune of the play was against them.

In times of famine, also, people often sold themselves to obtain the means of support; and during the most turbulent periods of the dark ages, most of the small landed proprietors were compelled to submit themselves as slaves to some neighboring powerful lord, in order to obtain protection from the rapacity of lawless marauders. Many voluntarily submitted themselves as slaves and vassals of monasteries and the church, partly for protection, and partly from motives of superstition and reverence for the papal institutions. In these several ways, the slaves became by far the most numerous class in the community, and about A. D. 1000, whole towns were filled with them.

In the early stages of German history, after the fall of the Roman empire, slaves were literally destitute of every civil right or privilege. They belonged to their masters and could be sold like any other property, at his pleasure. If a master killed his slave the act was not punishable as an offence, because the slave was not considered as a member of political society. Slaves were not permitted to marry, even for some centuries after these nations were converted to Christianity. They were distinguished by their dress, and while it was common for freemen to wear their hair long, slaves were obliged to have their heads shaved. They were not admitted as witnesses in court against freemen.

They were principally employed in the labors of husbandry, and were early called, from "villa," signifying among other things a *farm*, "villains." They were lodged *en masse* in their master's castle, and when we consider how destitute of comfort at that day were even the palaces of kings, it must be apparent that the slaves were in but few, if in any respects, in a better condition than the cattle that are owned and fed upon our farms at this day.

This may be considered as the earliest stage of slavery among the feudal nations in Europe. From being thus bought, sold, fed and lodged like beasts of burden, they at length were permitted to occupy cottages, with some small portions of land connected therewith, upon which they were allowed to labor during the intervals of their employment in their master's service. They thus became so far connected with the soil upon which they labored, that their master's ceased

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to have a right to sell them separate from it. But nevertheless they passed with the soil, whenever it was sold, as a part of the inheritance, nor could they, at this stage of their history, acquire or hold any property as their own.

The next step in the progress of the liberty of the working classes, was the giving to the occupants of the land an interest in its products, and permitting them to pay a fixed sum annually as rent for the same to the lord of the manor. All these stages were passed through, before the laboring classes in England, or on the continent, were permitted to acquire any right or interest as freeholders in the soil. As lately as the twelfth century a master could punish his slave capitally, without any trial; and even after that time the life of a slave was atoned for by a trifling fine. Charlemagne increased the fine for murdering a slave belonging to the crown lands, from forty-five to one hundred *solidi*. If any one put another's slave to torture, so that he died, he was by law obliged to pay to the owner of the murdered slave, two slaves in his stead, if such slave was innocent of the offence for which he underwent torture.

While Venice was growing rich from the commerce of the East, she purchased Asiatic luxuries by supplying the slave markets of the Saracens with slaves, whom the Venetians pretended to purchase of their heathen neighbors,—it being then, as since, thought to be a sufficient reason for making a man a slave, that he was a heathen. This traffic continued till the close of the eleventh century.

It will be remembered, that the slaves of Germany and the rest of Europe were not guilty of being of a darker hue than their masters. They were often either of the same flesh and blood with their lordly tyrants, or the descendants of the more polished and effeminate nations of the south of Europe, whom their masters had conquered. And many a lord and noble of this day, could he trace his pedigree back to this early period, would doubtless find among his ancestors more than one abject slave of a feudal master.

The Saxons who conquered England and ruled over it for so many years, were a German nation, with German customs and institutions, and like their countrymen, they recognized the lawfulness of slavery. It is stated by Hume that the slaves constituted the greater portion of the population of England during the Saxon government. The wars between the differ-

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ent parts of the kingdom, while it was a heptarchy, and the invasions and wars of the Danes, may have contributed to this multiplication of their numbers.

The conquest of England by the Normans took place in 1066, and we are told by historians that before this time it was common for the English to sell their own children as slaves to the Irish, and that this traffic continued until the reign of Henry II., when the Irish, in a national synod, agreed to emancipate their English slaves. We may here quote from a note in the twenty-fourth number of the London Quarterly Review, the language of William of Malmsbury, a writer of that day, upon this subject. "Directly opposite the Irish coast, there is a sea-port town called Bristol, the inhabitants of which frequently sail into Ireland to sell their people, whom they had bought up throughout all England. There you might see, with grief, fastened together by ropes, whole rows of wretched beings of both sexes, of elegant forms and in the very bloom of youth, a sight sufficient to excite pity even in barbarians, daily offered for sale to the first purchaser. Accursed deed! Infamous disgrace! That men, acting in a manner which brutal instinct alone would have forbidden, should sell into slavery their relations, nay, even their own offspring."

The reader cannot fail to remark the striking resemblance that existed between the commerce and traffic pursued by this "sea-port town," in the twelfth and afterwards in the eighteenth century, when the African slave trade had taken the place of the English.

The Feudal system was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, and in the course of a few years prevailed through the kingdom. The Saxons were treated with great indignity by their conquerors, and the condition of the slaves was in no respect mitigated.

Whoever has read (and who has not?) the inimitable tale of Walter Scott, "Ivanhoe," will recall, at once, the description of the garb and appearance of one of the Saxon slaves, which is given in the first chapter of that work. Among other marks which distinguished his condition was a brass ring, or collar, like the collars now worn by dogs, soldered fast about his neck, upon which were inscribed his name and the name of his *owner*. This refers to the condition of English society at the close of the twelfth century, and serves better than any general description could do, to indicate the depth of degradation, and the

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severity of the bondage to which the lower classes were then reduced.

Traces of this state of society are now discernible in many of the provisions of the English law, — especially in relation to the *tenures* by which estates are there held; but it cannot be necessary for our present purpose even to attempt a sketch or outline of the changes, which successively took place before that state of English freedom was attained, of which her writers so often boast.

By the middle of the fourteenth century the slaves, or villains of England, were become free laborers, and the distinction of names was virtually abolished by the time of Elizabeth, although until then, that condition called *predial servitude* existed in England.

Various causes conspired to bring about these changes in the condition of the people of that country, and among these it is said that the preaching of Wickliffe was powerfully felt. So true is it, that "where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

Another cause of these changes was, that the masters found by experience, as we believe all slave-holders must, that it was more profitable to receive rents for their lands in money, than to require the labor of their tenants in return for the expense of supporting them as slaves. It was first in towns and among artisans and manufacturers, that this change in the mode of paying rent for houses and lands was adopted, and it eventually became universal through the kingdom.

In some parts of Europe slavery disappeared earlier and in others later, than in England. In Italy it had declined by the eleventh or twelfth century, and in the fifteenth, had disappeared altogether. In many of the states of Germany, the peasantry had gained their freedom before the end of the thirteenth century. In France the slaves upon the royal domains were liberated by a decree of Lewis X., in 1315. But servitude was not wholly discontinued there until the revolution of 1793. Until that time the peasantry in some parts of the kingdom were taxed at pleasure by the lord of the manor on which they resided. In other places, the peasantry could not leave their habitations without being liable to be pursued and taken by their lords like fugitive slaves; while in some districts the lord succeeded upon the death of his vassal to his whole estate in exclusion of his kindred. Dreadful as was the storm of that

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revolution, it swept away these relics of a barbarous age, and left a heathen soil for the growth of civil liberty.

In Prussia villanage was not abolished till 1739. In Bohemia and Moravia it was abolished in 1783, and in Baden in 1785. It still continues in some portions of Russia in its most offensive form, though we are not prepared, nor is it necessary for our purpose, to show the number or condition of the serfs in that empire. We now pass over the other portions of Europe to reach the principal subject of our proposed inquiry, viz., the rise and present state of negro slavery. *

Various periods are mentioned by writers as the commencement of the African slave trade. The time mentioned by Mrs. Child is 1442. In 1503 the trade between Africa and the new world commenced. In that year a few negroes were taken by the Portuguese and carried to America, and sold to the Spaniards. The rapacity and horrid barbarities of the Spaniards towards the natives of the new world fill a dark page in the history of human cruelty and suffering.

In 1511, Ferdinand, then king of Spain, was induced to permit a large number of slaves to be imported into his colonies. This measure was, however, opposed by his prime minister, Cardinal Ximenes. When Charles V. came to the throne of Spain in 1516, he granted to a Flemish favorite an exclusive privilege of importing into the Spanish West-India islands four thousand slaves annually. This right the favorite sold for the sum of twenty-five thousand ducats to some Genoese merchants,

* The details of the manner in which personal slavery was abolished in Europe are not very accurately known. The change was effected by a gradual and in some cases obscure process, which seems to have left but few traces in the history of the times. Mr. Sismondi, of Geneva, published about two years ago an interesting pamphlet, which was reprinted entire in the Philadelphia National Gazette, and which gives some account of the abolition of villainage in Tuscany. He states that it was effected by substituting what the French call the *métairie* system, or a division of the produce between the landlord and the cultivator. A tract of land was assigned to the villain who cultivated it himself, and gave the owner half the produce as rent, reserving the other half for himself. The produce was so much greater on this system than on that of personal slavery, that the owner's profits were increased instead of being diminished. Sismondi thinks that the same principle might be applied in the United States, and that the blacks might be raised in this way to a condition of local and political equality with the whites, with the same ease with which the serfs were emancipated in Europe. We had the pleasure to hear, not long since, from an intelligent and philanthropic planter to whom we had communicated the work of Mr. Sismondi that he had commenced an experiment of this kind with some of his own slaves. Without being very sanguine in regard to its success, we look forward with a good deal of curiosity and interest to the result. — Ed.

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who first established a regular and systematic trade in slaves between Africa and America. The number of slaves imported from Africa since that period has been estimated by writers in whose means of judging we have great confidence, to exceed forty millions, of whom from fifteen to twenty per cent. have died on their passage across the Atlantic.

It is not our design to harrow up the feelings by any picture of the horrors of the slave trade, especially of that most revolting of all its horrors the "middle passage," as it is called, from Africa to the port of landing. If the accounts and descriptions which are given as authentic, are not exaggerated an hundred fold, there is no language adequate to do justice to the atrocity of the traffic.

But revolting as it is, it was formerly licensed by the Spanish, French and English governments, and pursued by them and other maritime nations as a legitimate business. So far were those who were engaged in the business, from feeling any misgiving about it or attempting concealment, that it does not seem for centuries to have occurred to any one that it was not an honest, proper and reputable traffic. Nations were eager to monopolize and engross the business of supplying the slave markets of christian countries, and companies were chartered, forts and factories established, and treaties made for the regulation of the trade, long after the commencement of the last century.

It has been and still is common for English travellers to censure the United States in no measured terms, for the existence of the scourge of slavery in our country. However just these remarks may be, they come, to say the least, with an ill grace from citizens of that country which not only, as we shall see, fastened this very evil upon us, but has done more to increase and perpetuate slavery in the world than any, we had almost said every, other nation on the globe.

In 1562, the English began to supply the island of Hispaniola with slaves. The first of these were stolen on the coast of Africa, and Sir John Hawkins, who had been engaged in the enterprise, was sent in one of the Queen's ships, called the *Jesus*, in company with the ships Solomon and Tiger, to seize the blacks upon the Guinea coast.

In the time of James I., a royal charter was granted to a company of merchants in London, with peculiar privileges to carry on this business. In the reign of Charles I., another

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similar company was chartered, and a third was formed in the time of Charles II.; but this latter was opposed by the merchants generally, because "all had a natural right to engage in the business." In 1697, the trade was laid open to all English subjects. In 1689, a solemn convention was formed between England and Spain, by which the former acquired the exclusive right of supplying Jamaica with slaves; and at the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, an article was inserted in the treaty, whereby the exclusive right of England to supply the Spanish colonies in America with slaves, to the number of four thousand eight hundred annually, for a certain term, was recognized and guaranteed.

England, at last, by treaty and the enterprise of her slave merchants, secured to herself two thirds of all the trade. She became the carrier of the Christian world, and had from one hundred and fifty to two hundred ships engaged in the business. Before the year 1797, the average number of slaves transported by her traders, exceeded forty thousand by the year; and after that time, till the passage of the abolition act, they exceeded fifty-seven thousand annually. In one year they are said to have exceeded seventy-four thousand.

The Dutch, in the meantime, were engaged in the business, and are said to have taken about ten thousand slaves a year from the slave coast. The enormities of this abominable traffic began at last to arouse the attention of the humane in England; but the first impulse to the cause of abolition was given, we believe, from America.

The Quakers, as a class, were always decidedly opposed to the trade, and in 1783 petitioned parliament to abolish it. This was the first petition upon the subject ever offered to that body, and found a cordial advocate and supporter in Mr. Wilberforce, who then sat in parliament as a member from Yorkshire. It is hardly necessary to add, that the prayer of the petition was rejected.

Previously to this time, in 1772, a decision was had in the King's Bench upon the subject of slavery, which had an important influence upon the public mind. This was in the case of James Somersett, who had been a slave in Virginia, and had been brought by his master to London, whence he was about to be sent to Jamaica for sale. The right of the master to hold him in England, as a slave, was called in question before Chief Justice Mansfield, who, after learned arguments

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of counsel, decided that no man could be held in slavery in England. The celebrated Granville Sharpe acted on that occasion as the negro's advocate, and was afterwards very active in promoting the abolition of the slave trade.

But the most active agent in the cause of abolition, and one to whose efforts more is to be ascribed than to those of any other person, was Thomas Clarkson, who literally spent his life in the work.

In 1787, an association was formed in England for the suppression of this trade; and in the year following, Mr. Pitt made his first motion in parliament to take the subject into consideration. From that time till its final abolition by act of parliament in 1807, the subject was almost constantly before that body.

The obstacles which the friends of the measure had to encounter, from time to time, were most disheartening, and at this day seem almost incredible. Although the propositions to abolish the trade were urged and sustained by all the eloquence and zeal of the first statesmen and orators in the land, they were defeated by the intrigues of those who were interested in the trade, till the friends of humanity almost despaired of success. Among the members of parliament who were actively engaged in this work, were Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Grey, and above all, the fearless and indefatigable Wilberforce.

It shows how deeply rooted was the slave trade in Great Britain, that it was able to stand so long against the combined attacks of such men as we have named, and one of them the powerful, and popular, prime minister of the kingdom. Pitt did not live to see the accomplishment of his desires upon this subject. He died in 1806. But in the same year, during the ministry of Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville, a bill was brought into parliament for abolishing the slave trade; and upon a motion made by Mr. Fox, in the House of Commons, the proposition was carried by a vote of one hundred and fourteen against fifteen, on the 10th of June, 1806; and a similar motion was carried in the House of Lords, on the 25th of the same month. It was not, however, until February 5th, 1807, that the famous abolition act was passed, by which the slave trade, so far as the English colonies were concerned, was to cease after the first day of March, 1808. This bill received the sanction of the king, although it was understood that he and all the royal family, except the Duke of Gloucester, were opposed to it.

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The trade, however, was still prosecuted, even by Englishmen, under the Spanish, French, and Portuguese flags. Through the influence of the English government, Portugal, in 1815, "brought her humanity to market," and for an agreed price engaged to abolish the trade. In 1817, Spain, by treaty, agreed to abolish the trade after 1820. France made a stipulation for its immediate abolition in 1815.

In 1818, the Netherlands came into a similar arrangement. Sweden had done this as early as 1813. Denmark had the honor of being in advance even of England, in this measure; for, in 1792, an ordinance was passed, making it unlawful for any Danish subject to be engaged in the trade after 1804. Brazil, in 1826, by treaty, engaged to abolish the trade after the year 1830.

Notwithstanding these efforts on the part of the English government, which have been seconded and sustained by that of the United States, and the apparent co-operation of the principal European nations, there is every reason to believe that the slave trade is still prosecuted to a very considerable extent. A writer in Blackwood's Magazine for November, 1833, states, that in 1830, two hundred thousand slaves were brought from Africa, and the number was increasing. The trade is pursued by the merchants of Cadiz, the Havana, Bahia, and Rio Janeiro; and rumor, true or false, has assigned to the English settlement of Sierra Leone an agency in this business, which is hardly to be credited.

The slave trade is indeed unlawful, and by the laws of many nations is made piracy, yet such is the cupidity of man, that, notwithstanding the danger they incur and the odium they encounter, thousands are found ready to engage in it.

Great Britain has of late years, however, pursued the abolition of the trade with a consistency and zeal beyond all praise, and her efforts have atoned, so far as atonement can be made, for her former zeal and enterprise in prosecuting the traffic. In May, 1833, Mr. Stanley brought forward a plan to abolish slavery in the British colonies. This, though violently resisted, has been substantially adopted, and there is little doubt left that in a few years negro slavery will be altogether discontinued in those colonies. No man can contemplate this event without perceiving at once the influence it will exert over the southern portion of the United States.

We had intended to allude more particularly to the revolution in Hayti, which brought into existence that anomaly in the

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western world, a black empire, and to its influence upon the question of slavery in America; but our limits will not admit of the examination, and we pass to negro slavery as it has existed and still exists in the United States.

We have already alluded to the reproaches which foreigners heap upon our national character on account of the existence of this stain upon it. But the origin and cause of the evil may be traced to the state of colonial dependence in which our fathers were placed, and the inflexible determination of the mother country to plant and perpetuate slavery amongst them. This circumstance, it will be recollected, is alluded to in strong and pointed terms in the Declaration of American Independence. In the original draft of that instrument, much stronger language was employed, which the history of the slave question would seem to have fully justified.

Slavery once existed throughout the colonies. The first negro slaves were brought into Virginia by a Dutch ship, and landed at James-town in the year 1620. In Maryland they were first introduced in 1671, when a colonial act was passed to encourage their importation. The same year they were introduced into the Carolinas by a company of emigrants from Barbadoes. A few American merchants engaged in the trade, but by far the greatest proportion of the slaves that were brought into the colonies, were imported by English merchants. The trade never was popular here, and many of the colonies early endeavored to prevent the introduction of slaves among them, but were restrained in their efforts by the positive instructions of the crown. Thus, in 1761 Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire was directed not to assent to any law laying an impost upon negroes imported into that province. The mother country, in fact, never did any thing to restrain or limit this trade in her American colonies. In 1772 Virginia petitioned the British government to adopt some measures for the purpose, but though the petition was received, no answer to it was ever given. Many of the colonies, however, took measures to discourage the trade. Public sentiment was, we believe, hostile to it through the country. In 1699 Virginia laid duties upon imported slaves, and from time to time passed other acts tending to check the trade, until 1778, when the further importation of slaves was expressly prohibited by that state. Pennsylvania, as early as 1728, imposed duties upon imported slaves, and if our time and space permitted us to go

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into the examination, we believe it might be shown that the laws of the other colonies promoted the suppression, or tended to the discouragement of the traffic in slaves. In New-England, certainly, the people were uniformly and decidedly opposed to the trade. In all the provinces north of the Susquehannah the condition of those who were slaves had little of the character of negro slavery, as it had any where else existed. They generally worked no harder than the white laborers, and were well fed, well clothed, and kindly treated. In Massachusetts this was peculiarly the case. Slavery had few terrors here to those who were the subjects of it. Public sentiment was always opposed to it. The Pilgrims, as it were by inspiration, and at a single effort, founded institutions which, by diffusing knowledge and a spirit of free discussion through the community, presented a barrier against slavery in every form, which no power has been able to surmount. Though there were slaves here from the first settlement of the state, and though the trade was open for the citizens, few, comparatively engaged in it.

When Governor Winthrop arrived here in 1630, he found negro slaves in the family of Mr. Maverick, a wealthy and hospitable gentleman who resided upon one of the islands in Boston harbor.

The first settlers in Massachusetts, as is well known, in establishing a system of civil polity, had a great regard to the laws and institutions of Moses. Thus, in 1641 it was enacted that there never should be any bond slavery, villanage or captivity amongst us, "unless it be lawful captives taken in just wars, or such as willingly sell themselves, or are sold unto us; and such shall have the liberties and Christian usage which the law of God, established in Israel concerning such persons, doth morally require." There was also existing at that time a law for disposing of insolvent debtors, at service, for the payment of their debts, with the restriction, that they "should not be sold to any but of the English nation." In 1673 a writer in speaking of the people of Boston says, they "are well accommodated with servants, — of these some are English and some negroes."

There were also, about that time, a few Indian slaves. During the war with Philip, which began in 1675, many of the Indians who had been considered as civilized and in friendly alliance with the English, joined Philip and were held by the colonists in the light of rebels. When these were taken in

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arms they were either put to death, or sold into slavery. In 1712, however, a law was made against importing any Indians into the colony, unless the importer gave bonds to the secretary to export them again within the term of one month.

In 1703 a law was made to prevent manumitting slaves unless their masters gave bonds to save the towns where they dwelt, from charges on their account, and in the same year a law was passed to prevent Indians, mulatto and negro servants and slaves from being absent from the families to which they belonged after nine o'clock at night, "unless upon some errand for their respective masters or *owners*." Two years after this a law was made whereby, "if a mulatto or negro shall presume to strike any person of the English or other Christian nation," he should be whipped "at the discretion of the justices" before whom he should be convicted.

We have alluded to these colonial enactments rather as a sample of the laws which, as our fathers seemed to consider, were required by the state of society that then existed, than as an historical detail of the laws of Massachusetts or any of the other colonies.

It is impossible to ascertain the precise number of slaves at different periods in our history. There were only two censuses taken in Massachusetts before the revolution, one in 1763, which was imperfect, and the other in 1776. They were most numerous about the year 1745, when they bore the proportion to the whites of about one to forty. In 1758 there were about 2700 black slaves in the province, of whom 1200 belonged to the county of Suffolk. The trade, though open to all, was, as we have said, pursued but by a few. Not more than three ships a year from Boston were engaged in it, and most of the slaves were sold in the West Indies or the southern provinces. Very few whole cargoes were brought to Boston, and no other port in Massachusetts was engaged in the trade. Dr. Belknap, who wrote in 1795, relates that one man, then living, remembered two or three cargoes being brought into Boston, and he himself remembered but one which was about thirty or forty years before that time.

While the colony and province were obliged to make laws regulating slavery, they were taking measures from time to time to restrain and abolish it so far as was in their power.

In 1649 "man stealing" was made a capital offence, in conformity with the law of Moses. Four years before that

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time a Captain Smith had stolen and brought into the colony from the coast of Guinea, two negroes, and the subject coming before the legislature, they expressed their horror of man stealing, and ordered these negroes to be sent back to their own country at public charge, "and a letter with them of the indignation of the Court thereabouts." This they did, as is stated in an act passed by them upon the subject, "to prescribe such timely redress for what is past and such a law for the future, as may sufficiently deter all others belonging to us to have to do in such vile and most odious courses, justly abhorred of all good and just men."

In 1701, the representatives of Boston were requested by that town to take measures to put a stop to negro slavery. This instruction coming as it did from that part of the province which was chiefly interested in the trade, indicates the estimation in which it was then held in the community. In 1705, a heavy duty was imposed upon slaves imported, and a drawback given to such as were exported within a year after having been landed. Of the condition of these slaves, we have already spoken. There were generally not more than two in a family, and in many families none. Their children were considered rather as an incumbrance, than a source of profit or wealth, and were given away like the young of some domesticated animals. Sabbath was always a day of rest to them; and when at work they labored no harder than white men, and were, in every respect, as well fed as other laborers. And when at last they were all emancipated, many of them voluntarily continued at service in their master's families as long as they lived.

As early as 1710, there were distinguished men in the colony who began to discuss, in public, the lawfulness and morality of the slave trade. Chief Justice Sewall was of the number. The Quakers in this and other colonies were always zealously opposed to it. Anthony Benezet, of Philadelphia, wrote against it, and his writings were republished in England, and had a decided influence in awakening public attention there, even before any one had openly entered the field of discussion.

When the colonies began to discuss their own political rights, this feeling of opposition to the slave trade gained strength, and as early as 1767 an attempt was made to pass a law in Massachusetts, "to prevent the unnatural and unwarrantable custom of enslaving mankind, and the importation of slaves

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into the province." In 1773, another attempt was made to put a stop to this trade, and a bill passed the two Houses in 1774, to prevent the importation of slaves, which Governor Hutchinson refused to sign, because, as he said, his instructions forbade it. General Gage, when he came into office, refused his assent, also, to a similar bill, and pleaded his instructions as the reason; so that no law for the suppression of the trade was ever passed, while the province remained subject to the crown.

There were, however, in the meantime, judicial decisions, which, like the case of Somersett, in England, were found far in advance of the tardy action of the legislature. In 1769, a suit was brought by James, a negro, to recover his freedom, against a wealthy gentleman by the name of Lechmere. Sewall, who was afterwards attorney-general of the province, was counsel for the plaintiff, and Dana, afterwards chief justice of the supreme court, was the defendant's counsel. The suit terminated in 1769, in favor of the negro; and thus was settled a question similar to the one determined by Lord Mansfield, in Somersett's case, and more than two years earlier than the decision of that celebrated case. Other suits followed in other counties, and in most, if not all of them, decisions were in favor of the slaves. The ground upon which these decisions are said to have been made, was, that all persons resident in the province were, by its charter, as free as any of the king's subjects in England, and that there slavery was not recognized by law.

During the revolution, many towns voted that they would have no slaves. And it is related of a distinguished officer of the Massachusetts troops, (Colonel Bigelow, father of the late Hon. Timothy Bigelow,) that when solicited to dispose of a slave whom he owned, he replied, that "while fighting for liberty he would never be guilty of selling slaves." In 1777, a prize ship, with a cargo of slaves on board, was brought into Salem, and advertised to be sold; but the legislature, then in session, interposed, prevented the sale, and ordered the slaves to be set at liberty.

In 1780 the constitution of Massachusetts was adopted, the first clause of which declares, that "all men are born free and equal." It was, however, doubted whether this would operate to set at liberty those who had before been slaves. The constitution of New Hampshire, with a similar provision, was not

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considered as emancipating any except those who were born after its adoption. This question was put at rest in Massachusetts by a trial which took place in the county of Worcester, in September, 1781.* The action was brought by a negro against his late master, for beating him. The defendant justified on the ground that the nego was his slave. Eminent counsel were engaged. Among others, Governer Strong, and the older Levi Lincoln, afterwards attorney-general of the United States. The result of the trial was, that the constitution was held to abrogate slavery altogether in Massachusetts. The trade, however, was not abolished until 1788, when an act of the legislature was passed, which prohibited any citizen, under very heavy penalties, from being engaged in what is called "that unrighteous commerce." Slavery, therefore, it will be perceived, was abolished in Massachusetts eight years before Mr. Pitt made his first motion upon the subject in the House of Commons, and twenty-seven years before the English act of abolition was passed.

The constitution of New Hampshire was adopted in 1783, and slavery was abolished by law, in Connecticut, in 1784. We might give, in detail, the periods at which slavery has been abolished in what are known as the "free labor states;" but it can serve no particular purpose, and we omit it.

The peace of 1783 found America independent, but impoverished, burdened with debt, and, what was far worse, burdened with a slave population, which had, in most of the states, been forced upon them by the British government.

From 1783 to 1788, little, if any thing, could be done upon this subject by the people unitedly, because of the discordant elements of which the confederacy consisted; and when the constitution was formed, it was found to be a cause of great embarrassment, which could only be removed by the spirit of concession and compromise. Representation and direct taxation were apportioned among the states, by a principle, which gave to the slave-holding states a numerical influence, somewhat proportioned to the numbers of their slaves.

Mrs. Child devotes a chapter in her book to this part of our subject, in which she attempts to show the injustice of the compromise above referred to, and the disastrous influence of slavery upon the politics of the country. We need not quote

* For the facts relative to this trial, we are indebted to J. Willard, Esq., of Boston.

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her language, nor need we attempt to defend this compromise. But before any one condemns it altogether, he ought to call to mind that gulf of ruin towards which our country was hastening, and from which she was only saved by the adoption of the federal constitution.

By the provisions of the constitution, no prohibitory laws could be passed upon the subject of slavery before 1808. But so far as Congress could go they went, in restraining it, by a series of laws begun as early as 1794, and continued up to the time of the total abolition of the trade, which took effect on the first day of January, 1808, the earliest day when, by the constitution, the act could be enforced. Since that time laws have been passed from time to time, by Congress, more effectually to repress the trade. In 1820, it was made piracy to be engaged in it, and in 1824, a convention was formed between the United States and Great Britain to put a stop to the trade by a coöperation of their powers.

Still, slavery exists amongst us. By the census of 1830 there were upwards of two millions of slaves in the United States, and their number is constantly increasing. Of the States, twelve hold slaves, and twelve do not. Of the territories, slavery exists in Florida and Arkansas, as well as the District of Columbia, but is not admitted into Michigan. But when this baneful institution shall have spread over the wide and fertile regions beyond the Mississippi, to which it is accessible, while the slave population of the older states shall have gone on multiplying in their accustomed ratio, the imagination cannot reach the magnitude of the evil which hangs over our country.

No man can contemplate the existence and increase of slavery in the United States, without inquiring whether something may not be done to check it?

Even now the number of slaves is formidable, and when their numbers and their means of acquiring a knowledge of their condition, and of their physical power shall have increased to any considerable extent, can it be expected that they will remain slaves? It was the progress of the age, the growth and development of the human intellect, and not any legislative enactment, which raised the serfs and villains of England, and France, and Germany to the condition and capacity of free men. If the black population of our country is susceptible of intellectual cultivation, who can say that they will not *grow* free, and that, too, at no distant day?

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Mrs. Child has devoted a chapter of her book to prove the natural equality of negroes and white men in intellect, and "that the present degraded condition of that unfortunate race is produced by artificial causes, not by the laws of nature." We have not room to follow her in her argument and her facts. But if the truth of this doctrine be admitted, where is the progress of their improvement to stop? Where intelligence is so widely diffused through the community, it is impossible to shut out the light of knowledge by any artificial barrier whatever. The most penal and severe laws may be enacted against teaching slaves to read and write, yet they are gregarious in their habits and propensities, and there may still be a communication of that which may arouse the attention and excite inquiry in minds that have never received the discipline of a school.

We feel that we are approaching almost dangerous ground. To a portion of our countrymen, slaves are their wealth, the possession and enjoyment of which, are guaranteed to them by the most solemn compacts. Whoever is ready forcibly to interfere with these rights, must be ready to give up and cancel the compact by which they are held. Men may talk about the dissolution of the union of these states, and may speculate ingeniously as to the probable consequences of such a catastrophe. And there may be ardent and chivalrous spirits who would snatch the slave from his bondage, though to reach him they would trample upon the prostrate necks of every slave-owner in the country. But before others are called upon to take a part in such measures, they should pause and consider well the consequences. The public mind at this moment is in a state of feverish excitement upon the subject. Every one feels that something must be done, and yet few are decided in their own minds as to what that something shall be.

Two schemes are now before the public, that of colonizing the blacks abroad, and that of immediately emancipating them here. As a means of introducing Christianity into Africa, and of preventing hereafter the prosecution of the slave trade, the colonization plan is entitled to great credit and confidence. But it is not considered we believe by any one as likely to effect the entire extinction of slavery at home. Mrs. Child has devoted one pretty long chapter to a discussion of the claims of the Colonization Society upon public patronage and confidence.

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She prefers the course of those who are engaged in the scheme of emancipating the slaves, without removing them.

But if the design of the "abolitionists" be to emancipate the slaves at the South without the consent of the governments of those states, and thereby throw upon the community a population with all the vices of degraded ignorance, and none of the virtues of civilized life, it must be a scheme full of danger and peril.

That we must be rid of slavery at some day, seems to be the decided conviction of almost every honest mind. But when or how this is to be, God only knows. If in a struggle for this end the Union should be dissolved, it needs not the gift of prophecy to foresee that our country will be plunged into that gulf which, in the language of another, "is full at once of the fire and the blood of civil war, and of the thick darkness of general political disgrace, ignominy and ruin."

There is much error upon this as well as other subjects, to be corrected, before the public can act deliberately or wisely in relation to it. It is too common to associate with the slave-holder the character of the slave-merchant. And we regret to see the abolitionists of the day seizing upon the cruelties and abuses of power by a few slave-owners, in regard to their slaves, in order to excite odium against slave-holders as a class. This is alike unreasonable and unjust. Very many of them are deeply solicitous to free the country of this alarming evil. But no feasible means by which this is to be accomplished has yet been offered for their adoption. Such denunciations are no better than the anathemas of fanaticism, and ought to be discountenanced by every well-wisher of his country. The subject of slavery is one, in regard to which, more than almost any other, there are clouds and darkness upon the future destinies of these states. It is one upon which all think and feel more or less acutely, and it is, moreover, one upon which all may be called upon to act. It is, therefore, we repeat, with regret that we see intellects like that of Mrs. Child, and pens like hers, which may be otherwise so agreeably and beneficially employed, diverted from their legitimate spheres of action, and employed in urging on a cause so dangerous to the Union, domestic peace, and civil liberty, as the immediate emancipation of the slaves at the South.

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ART. IX. — *Audubon's Biography of Birds. Ornithological Biography. Vol. II.* By JOHN JAMES AUDUBON. Boston. 1835.

OUR readers, we doubt not, will join with us in giving a hearty welcome to the gentle lover of nature, who returns, after an absence of four years, ready to redeem the promise which was given in his former volumes. We have heard of him at times from the icy regions of Labrador, and the burning sands of Florida, countries sufficiently distant from each other in reality, but standing side by side in the history of his unwearied adventure. Wherever he goes, the good wishes of many go with him; and though he may not hear the cheering of their voices, it may be a gratification to him to be assured, on our critical authority, that there are intelligent persons, not a few, who feel a deep interest in all his enterprises, and rejoice in his success. The measure of success which has thus far attended him, is certainly enough to encourage him. His fame, as an enthusiastic, penetrating and scientific observer, is established beyond all cavil; he has secured, moreover, what is better than respect, and that is the sympathy and regard of his readers; whatever his success in other points may be, this consciousness, which he cannot but have, of the affectionate interest which follows him, will make other rewards, should he gain them, doubly welcome, and console him under reverses, should they chance to come.

What the circulation of his work may be, — an earthly consideration, it is true, but one which cannot be disregarded in this world of dollars and cents, — we do not profess to know. We are glad, however, to hear him say, that his own country is now affording him a support equal to that of Europe. It was not so in the beginning; and had he not received encouragement abroad, his great enterprise might have been delayed for years. That encouragement was freely given, and he has, as he ought, freely and warmly acknowledged it. But far from regretting this circumstance, we are glad to see that the spirit of science, like that of Samaritan benevolence, makes of no account the boundaries which separate nations, and regards the honor of all such enterprises as belonging, not to a particular region, but to the whole intellectual world. Where property is so equally divided as it is in our country, there are not many who are able to buy such expensive volumes; prob-

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ably there are more now, who can afford this expense, than there were twenty years ago, who were able to answer the humbler claims of Wilson; but in that day as well as this, those who had wealth in their possession, were men who had earned it by their own exertions; and who, in the course of their exertion, had slender means and chances for forming such tastes, as would enable them to estimate and take an interest in undertakings, which were not recommended by a utility more obvious to common eyes.

When Wilson's name is mentioned, we are at once reminded of his hardships and discouragements; it seems as if Audubon was a fortunate man, thus to have the path broken before him, and made comparatively easy to his feet. But things are not always as they appear to common observers. Audubon has had his discouragements to contend with, as many and as serious perhaps as those of Wilson, though not so easily understood. The resistance of outward circumstances, is a difficulty which all such men are prepared to meet; they expect to find obstacles thrown in their way by the indifference of others; they know, that it is not reasonable to expect to find such tastes already existing, but that it must be part of their labor to form them; and as for money, they are well aware, that if such resources abounded, the kind of self-created necessity which drives men to exertion, would in all probability be wanting. Human hearts must be more open than they are now to human eyes, before one man can undertake to pronounce upon the happiness, or even the good fortune of another; and in the case of such men as these, particularly, the joys and sorrows flow not from things that are seen, but from fountains within the breast. If Audubon is to be regarded as a more fortunate man than Wilson, it is because his disposition is more cheerful and social, and such as enters with readier sympathy into the cares of those about him; for though Wilson was one of the most generous of men, he was reserved in manner, and slow to express his feelings, except to an intimate few. But, after all, we believe that the greatest happiness of the determined naturalist, is to be found in his surrender of soul, his deep devotion to his favorite pursuit. And here they were equal; both successfully explored the forests, mountains and shores of America; both snatched the fearful joy of wandering beyond the limits of civilization, with no other companion than their dog and gun; both saw their fires

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lighting up woods, and shining in waters, which never before felt the presence of cultivated man, where the rose-breast sung them to repose at night and the woodthrush waked them with its matin strains; if Audubon gained any thing in point of facility, by striking later upon the march, it was made up to Wilson, by the glory of moving in the van. There is, however, one point in which Audubon has been signally favored; and that is, the improvement in modern art, which has enabled the engraver to give so faithful copies of his own fine drawings from nature. It is true, there is a freedom and life in his own coloring, which the print can never possess; but compare him with Wilson, striving to make himself an engraver for the sake of accomplishing his design, and able to publish his work, only on condition of coloring the plates himself; here he was made to feel his own helplessness: but the result was, that the illustrations are the least important part of his work; he was compelled, not unfortunately for his own fame, to color in words, and no one ever managed them with more freedom, boldness and skill. While we give full credit to Audubon for his own life-like descriptions, we believe he will join with us in saying that this is a point in which Wilson cannot be exceeded.

We just now remarked, that Audubon had met with discouragements: but is it possible to stand in an enviable position, and not to be envied? Truly, this world must be very much altered, before such an unheard-of exemption can be enjoyed by any distinguished man. And to be the absolute sovereign of this department of nature; to know that one's works are admired in both worlds, and to feel that these works are the result, not merely of genius or happy discovery, but of honorable and weary labors; to see hoary heads nod their approbation, and bright eyes kindle, as this new revelation of the treasures of nature is spread before them, and more than all, to feel that one has extended the boundaries of things known, would be enough to sustain the spirit, under greater hardships than are often encountered. If we were inclined to break the tenth commandment, we should certainly covet the destiny of a naturalist, whose heart is in love with nature, and who has leisure to give to his favorite pursuit, the engrossing attention which it requires.

But there are some things which are more trying than depressing circumstances, and, to have one's veracity called in question is assuredly one of them. It seems that Audubon

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had long suspected that birds, which, like the Black Vulture, feed on carrion, were guided to their banquet by the sense of sight and not of smell; in fact, that the latter sense was wanting or imperfect, — a defect which, considering the diet of such creatures, would be rather a blessing than a privation. Professor Jameson remarks, that he had suspected the same thing, from the accounts of birds in India, which move directly to their prey, though the wind bears the fragrance in an opposite direction from that in which they happen to be. When Audubon observed this, he immediately began a course of experiments, which we think must have made him wish that his own senses were reduced in number by at least one, but which established to his own satisfaction the fact, that the sense of sight was the means, by which these birds are assembled in such numbers wherever their table is spread. Upon this disclosure, which was first published in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, a warfare began between the eyes and the nose, similar to that which Cowper has recorded. The advocates of the nose accused Audubon of want of veracity in pleading the cause of the eyes. The charge was singularly absurd; since, had it been made clear that the nose was entitled to its former honors, what would it prove? Simply that he had been mistaken, and that some other observers were more correct than he. If a man build theories upon facts, then indeed, if his fabric be overthrown, his intellectual reputation is endangered; but if he merely aim at establishing facts, it is no dishonor to his mind, even if he should not succeed; and it is perfect nonsense to talk of his moral character being affected, one way or the other. But the question, such as it is, has been completely set at rest, by a series of experiments, conducted by some friends of Mr. Audubon. It was fully established, that the Vultures do not depend upon the sense of smell, which might destroy their appetite, while it leads them where they might indulge it. It was also made evident, that, contrary to vulgar prejudice, the Vulture's eye, sharp as it is, when once extinguished, cannot be restored; and in opposition to those who considered these birds epicures, it was shown, that it was matter of perfect indifference to them whether their meal was fresh, or in the early or latter stages of decay. We commend the zeal of these friends to science; it certainly was not for their own gratification, that they entered on such a course of experiments; but they thought and cor-

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rectly, that it was not beneath the dignity of scientific investigation, to establish any fact, to remove any prejudice, or to defend any good man's reputation, however unworthily assailed.

We would not intimate, in what we have said, that Mr. Audubon betrays much solicitude to vindicate himself from this and similar charges. It is impossible to exhibit better taste than he has, in relation to such matters. He is profuse in his acknowledgments for acts of kindness and services, both great and small; but he says very little of the charges brought against him, knowing that his reputation is able to sustain itself, and that the public have, in general, but little interest in that kind of discussion. To that sagacious tribunal the longest and most laborious defences are apt to convey the impression of something which is not easily defended. Every man of conscious integrity, who repels charges in few words, and leaves it to time to do him justice, finds that time is not wanting to its trust; it is perpetually rendering this service to the injured, — both to the living and to the dead.

But where has the ornithologist been, since the first volume of his Biography was given to the world? He is as rapid in his motions as one of his own birds of passage; and he thinks so little of distance, that it is not always easy to trace the direction of his flight. After that publication in 1831, he came to this country, amply provided with letters to the British colonial authorities, from English noblemen and ministers. We are happy to find, too, that our own government stood ready to do its part. He received flattering attentions and offers of assistance from our civil and military officers, which were of essential service to him in his later expeditions. While at Washington, he was very much impressed with the error of Wilson, in writing to the president of his day, instead of presenting the living letter, by going himself to Washington. The letter sent by him never reached its destination; and, if it had, might have been thrown aside, together with those innumerable applications for appointments, with which the chief magistrate is perpetually besieged. If Mr. Jefferson had seen Mr. Wilson but for a few minutes, he would have singled him out from the herd of adventurers, and there cannot be a doubt that he would have aided him to the utmost of his power.

Mr. Audubon is not in the habit of losing time which he can employ to advantage. Shortly after his return from Eu-

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rope, he proceeded to St. Augustine, in East Florida. He pursued his researches there as zealously as the winter would permit, but not with very encouraging success, when the schooner Spark came to St. Augustine, on her way to St. John's river. In consequence of letters from Washington, he and his assistants were received on board. No sooner had they entered the mouth of the stream, than his eyes were regaled with the objects which he most wished to see. The guns, fired at day-break to call the pilot from the shore, started thousands of snowy pelicans from their resting grounds, and sent them in graceful circles through the air. Thousands of cormorants were on the waters, and the fish-crows took the sound as a signal for beginning the labors of the day. The lovers of fine scenery would not find much to admire on the banks of this river, nor in any part of Florida. But it affords a good field for the naturalist, and this probably is the reason why everything should have seemed so rose-colored to Bartram; he thought the country worthy of its name, and so, botanically speaking, perhaps it is; but later travellers have found no paradise amidst its rocks and sands. The climate, which Volney pronounced the finest in the world, must, at times, be somewhat oppressive; since so early as the middle of February, Mr. Audubon found the mercury at 75° on the water, and 90° on the shore, and this in the evening of the day. There is something charming in the description of this winter evening. The fog hung so heavily on the stream, that the eye could not discern either shore, though it was not a mile wide. The moschetos covered everything, in such numbers, that they sometimes extinguished the candles in the cabin with heaps of martyrs; and that none of the senses might lose their share of delight, the zephyrs came heavy-laden with the odors from a slaughter-house on the shore. Let those who mourn over the severity of a northern winter, when the mercury seems sinking to the earth's centre, think of this description, and be comforted. The inconveniences of this earthly ball are more equally balanced than discontented man believes.

After several attempts to draw the portrait of an alligator, who was not inclined to sit, Mr. Audubon left the vessel to continue its voyage up the river, and returned to St. Augustine. His return gives a lively idea of the country. Leaving one of his attendants to take care of his baggage, he set off

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on foot with the other. They had eighteen miles to go, and the sun was but two hours high. The country was level as a floor; the path was distinctly marked, having been trodden by the Indians for ages; here and there a rivulet offered them the means of quenching their thirst, and magnolias and other flowering shrubs varied the uniformity of the woods. But meantime, the sun went down in a cloud, the wind began to howl dismally through the tall pines, and a black mass of vapor, lifted from the east, spread itself over the whole heavens. The dog was for a long time their only guide in the darkness; heavy drops began to fall, and he at last became doubtful, and refused to proceed. The wind soon increased to a gale, — the lightning streamed through the heaven, occasionally setting fire to a pine, which shone magnificently bright in the darkness, — and the water rose so high on the level ground, as almost to cover their feet. While in this perplexity, they at length discovered the light of the beacon at St. Augustine, and were guided by it to their lodgings, where they arrived drenched with rain, steaming with perspiration, and covered to the knees with mud.

Tragical accidents often happen in Florida, in consequence of losing the way. Every one who has been bewildered in the woods, knows that the feeling is one which entirely destroys the moral and physical strength; the lost one is helpless as the dreamer in troubled sleep; "to stop too fearful, and too faint to go," he feels as if a resistless destiny was forcing him, almost with a visible grasp, to his doom. Mr. Audubon gives us an account of a "live-oaker," — the name of the men who are employed in cutting that valuable timber. Leaving his cabin one morning, in a fog, to proceed to the place of his labor, he found, when the fog cleared away, that all the objects about him were strange to his eyes. He retraced his steps, but in vain; the night found him in the unsounded depth of the woods. After a cold, dull, moonless night, he spent the next day in vain attempts to recover the path. The next night found him in agony and terror; and the following day brought no relief, except that he was able to destroy a turtle with his axe, and with savage desperation to eat the warm flesh, and drink the blood of his victim. In this manner, forty miserable days were passed, and he lay down on the banks of a river to die, when he was discovered by the crew of a boat, and restored to his home. He was

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then at the distance of thirty-eight miles from his cabin, and had probably travelled more than ten times that distance, wandering in circles in the woods.

Toward the close of April, the season became more propitious to Mr. Audubon's enterprise. He then proceeded to Sandy-island, the southernmost cape of Florida, a great resort of birds. As they were on the way, the pilot conducted the boat into a thick shrubbery of mangroves, where they shot a multitude of pelicans. They shortly after saw hundreds of cormorants' nests, directly over their heads. When the party fired, nearly all the birds fell, as if dead, into the water, and the sportsmen were marvelling at the unexampled effect of their shot; but the mystery was solved, when they saw the birds first peep cautiously out of the water, then rise upon the wing and fly away. In the morning, the night-heron and the owl were seen, retiring into the swamps, where none could follow; the gulls and terns skimmed lightly through the air; rose-colored curlews stalked under the mangroves; purple herons started up before their steps; gallinules and other water-fowl were on the waves, and every cactus supported a white ibis's nest. When the party had built a shed, and lay down to rest at night, the waters were almost at their feet; when they rose in the morning, the beach was naked, and the waters at a vast distance, so level are these shores. Meantime, the birds could laugh at the disappointment of the ornithologist; his boat was far enough from the sea, and no human foot could venture upon the vast fields of mud. He took his revenge upon the nests of the ibis; the eggs supplied a delicious food, which the naturalist ate with becoming resignation, since nothing better could be done.

But a little time changed the scene; when the tide rose a foot or two, the immeasurable plain was again covered with water. Then the birds were driven in towards the land, and the party fired on them with such effect, that they had soon thrown up a heap, like a haycock, of the dead. But when they were returning with their treasures, they had an opportunity of witnessing another exhibition of nature, which, situated as they were, in a small boat on the sea, was rather more curious than welcome. A black cloud suddenly folded the setting sun; a low, murmuring sound was heard, and lightning shot from the cloud, which seemed as if it were chasing the boat for some purpose of revenge. The pilot quietly

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said, " sit still, gentlemen; I should not like to lose you overboard just now; the boat can't upset, my word for that, if you will but sit still; here we have it!" In an instant, the wild hurricane struck the boat, and dashed it on the shore. The waters drifted like snow; the strong mangroves were bent to the earth, and washed by the waves which rose out of their bounds; the rain fell, not in drops, but masses. Such are the fierce winds which sometimes rage in tropical climates, carrying destruction with them over land and sea; on shore, destroying more in an hour than an age can repair; on the sea, making over many a gallant vessel to the mercy of the wrecker or the waves.

Mr. Audubon makes a remark with respect to his residence in Florida, which deserves to be remembered. He says, that while enduring constant hardship, and exposed to alternate heat and moisture, both by day and night, he and his party restricted themselves to fish and soaked biscuit for food, and drank nothing but water and molasses; believing, and no doubt correctly, that diseases would be produced by ardent spirits and more substantial food. What a change in men's views on this subject within a few years! Southey, in his life of Wesley, sharply censures General Oglethorpe, for prohibiting the use of ardent spirits in his colony, since they were necessary to health, and it was unreasonable to deprive the sober of an important luxury, because it was abused by a few. Jacquemont, the enterprising traveller in India, preserved his health by a course of prudence resembling that of Audubon; it is true that he fell a victim, at last, to the climate, but it appears to have been owing to a feeling of security, which grew out of his long exemption from disease. Unfortunate it was for that young man, that he had not something of that religious feeling, which ought to be inseparable from the love of nature, and which Audubon so happily expresses on proper occasions; a man of prudence, energy, fine intellect, and large attainments, making a boast of indecency and atheism, is a spectacle inexpressibly painful to every thoughtful mind. It seems impossible to doubt, that if moderate caution is observed, every climate of the earth may be inhabited, transiently or permanently, by travellers from every other. There is scarcely an instance of the death of foreign travellers, even in Africa, which may not be traced to some needless exposure. Every remark of an experienced traveller, that tends to

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give right views of this subject, should be carefully treasured for the use of the world. Audubon says, that his party, and the officers who followed their example in respect to diet, never were troubled with so much as a headache, arising from the damps of night, or the noonday sun.

Mr. Audubon took an opportunity to visit the Tortugas, which are about eighty miles from Key West. They are low, uninhabitable banks, covered with shells and sand, and are resorted to by turtlers and wreckers; the former, aiming at profit, by affording the means of luxurious indulgence to epicures; the latter, engaged in enterprises which they are in nowise anxious to publish, either to the government or the world. The turtles are of four kinds, of which the green is considered the best for food. The hawk-billed stands next, in point of flavor; its shell is the one so much in demand. The loggerhead and trunk turtles are little sought for food, and are accordingly bold, compared with the others. The account which he gives of their habits is curious and interesting. They pass the winter in the deep waters, but in spring they approach the shores, not the Tortugas only, but the many sandy capes and islets of that region. On coming near, generally on clear moonlight nights, the turtle raises its head above the water, and attentively examines all around. Should it discover nothing unpropitious to its movements, it makes a loud, hissing sound, which alarms its enemies, and drives them from the spot. If all continue quiet, she advances slowly to the beach, and crawls over it, with her head raised, and her neck fully extended, till she has selected a place to deposit her eggs. She then scrapes a hole in the sand, to the depth of about two feet, a work which Mr. Audubon saw accomplished in nine minutes; and in this, she deposits the eggs, in regular layers, to the number of one hundred and fifty or two hundred. She then replaces the sand, and makes it so level with the rest of the beach, that the place cannot be detected except by an experienced eye. In order to secure these animals, the turtlers overset them on the beach, and sometimes in the water, though this is considered a hazardous operation. They are sometimes so large, that to throw them on their backs, requires the united efforts of several men. The animals are not unprovided with means of defence. One of the loggerhead species, which was brought on board the vessel, made, with its bite, an indentation in one of the flukes of the

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anchor. The smaller turtles are the most valued. Mr. Audubon, in buying some for his friends, — we mean his feathered friends, — found that one weighing seven hundred pounds, cost but a trifle more than one of thirty. The turtlers take them in various ways, some of them cruel, but successful in proportion, and humanity is a thing but little regarded in matters like this. One thing, which Mr. Audubon relates on the authority of turtlers, is interesting, as an evidence of that mysterious reach of instinct, which appears in various animals. If a turtle is carried in a vessel several hundred miles from its favorite haunts, and then let loose in the ocean, it will be found in the spot from which it was taken, either immediately after, or certainly in the next spring.

While in Florida, Mr. Audubon took occasion to visit a celebrated spring, near the sources of St. John's river. It presents a circular basin, about sixty feet in diameter, from the centre of which the water rises with great apparent force, though not much above the general level. On the edges are deposited vast quantities of shells, gravel, pieces of wood, and other substances, which have gathered into masses. The water, though dark colored, is transparent, and so impregnated with sulphur, that the smell is offensive. Its depth is about seventeen feet. Not far from it was another in former times, which had, from some unknown cause, dried entirely away. The only use to which the waters are applied, is that of turning a mill, which grinds the sugar-cane of a neighboring plantation.

Mr. Audubon passed the summer of 1832 in Boston, devoting his time, however, not to society, but to those labors which are never remitted even so much as health requires. While here, he was seized with an illness, owing to his incessant application, which had nearly brought him to the grave. During his residence in Boston, he made an excursion into the British provinces, and the state of Maine. After exploring the woods at the eastern extremity of that state, he proceeded to St. John's; ascending the river of that name, he reached Frederickton, where the Governor, Sir Archibald Campbell, treated him with much regard. Wherever he went, he was attentive to every thing worth observing, even though it was not strictly within the line of his own profession. We cannot permit ourselves to pass over the testimony which he bears in favor of the lumberers of Maine. As a

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lover of nature, he was delighted to witness their humanity to their cattle; and though it seems like an incredible Arcadian description, he avers that the drivers neither beat nor cursed them, — a kind of unusual self-denial, which says much in their praise. The explanation is not distant; for he tells us that in many of the villages of Maine, when he applied for brandy, rum, or whiskey, he could not obtain one drop; insomuch that he, temperate as he is, could not help feeling as if the temperance amounted to excess.

He gives an interesting account of the habits of these hardy men. They go forth in parties to the spot, which they are soon to make desolate with their axes, and begin by providing a shelter for their cattle; then they construct their own log hut, making bedsteads of the rudest cabinet work, in the corners, and a "*rung chimney*," as it was called by our forefathers, on one side, meaning a chimney formed, by securing together four ladders, filled in with clay between the rounds. In the neighborhood of the camp, they set their "steel-traps," "dead-falls," and "spring-guns," to catch the bears which are apt to prowl round such establishments, — guests unbidden and unwelcome, save that their skins answer good purpose for raiment, and their flesh is no contemptible food. The appearance of one of these woodmen is sufficiently odd, with a rackoon's skin over his head and brow, and moose-skin "leggins" reaching up to the girdle round his waist, stalking forth on snow-shoes, to cut down the noble pines, and destroy the growth of centuries in an hour. These trees are sawn into measured logs, and drawn by the cattle, to be left on the ice of the rivers; so that when the winter breaks up, they may be ready to float down the stream.

When the labor of the season is completed, they devote themselves to pleasures; not, however, of the unprofitable kind, as the deer, bears, sables and martens, will bear witness; the moose hunt, also, is recommended to them by the dignified associations of hardship and danger; this large and powerful animal makes his way through snows several feet in depth, faster than the hunters can follow him on their snow-shoes. A veteran hunter knows the direction in which to pursue them, by the marks of their teeth on the branches, left in browsing; these are found more distinct and frequent, as he draws near them; but the moose have senses so acute, that before the hunter can reach them, they have taken the

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alarm and moved away. They have surprising strength and activity in overcoming obstacles in their flight; when hard pressed, they will turn and defend themselves with great fury. Mr. Audubon's party took a young one, which was so exhausted, that it made no opposition when it was led to the camp; but on the next day, it was so powerful and violent, that it was found impossible to preserve it alive. The common deer, which but a few years ago were found in Massachusetts, are now hardly seen in New England, except in Maine, and the northern parts of New Hampshire.

The newspapers of the last winter gave us an example of the danger to which these lumberers are sometimes exposed, from the burning of their camps; and Mr. Audubon has given us an account, as he received it from the lips of a forester, of one of these conflagrations of the woods. They are sometimes thought to be kindled by Indians; others ascribe them to the friction of dry trees upon each other; but where so many fires are made, and this element is treated as cavalierly as it generally is in new countries, it is not wonderful that these accidents should abound, since insects often destroy trees in vast numbers, and leave their dry remains in a fit state to receive the flame. This man, with his family, was awaked one night by the outcry of their cattle, and starting from their beds, saw the glare and heard the crackling of the fire; they arose and fled for life on their horses; but the flames pursued so fiercely, that they could feel the withering heat; their only resource was to gain a lake, and secure themselves on the lee side of it; there they released their horses, which they never saw again, and threw themselves down among the rushes on the water's edge. The frighted wild beasts dashed into the water, swam across to the place where they were, and stood still at their side. Perhaps no condition in life can be imagined, more full of horror and dismay than this, and yet it is not uncommon in the forest regions of our country.

Many of the logs sent down by the lumberers do not reach their destination; they linger, in tangled heaps, within the banks of the stream, where they are suffered to remain, till the miller has done his office upon those that have reached him. Mr. Audubon has given an animated account of the operation, by which these wayfarers are brought down. Vast numbers of them were lying in the gorge of a stream, which, though broad and powerful in the spring, was then shrunk to

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the centre of its dusty bed, and had left the logs white in the sun. A dam was made at the outlet of another gorge above, which slowly filled itself with the diminished waters of the stream, and formed a broad sheet of water, a mile in length, with a depth of ten feet. When it was filled, the temporary dam was torn away, and the waters were suffered to pass into the gorge choked with logs below. They flowed out with conscious power; presently, a slow, ponderous motion was seen, as if a monster beneath was struggling to throw off a weight; then, the logs rose in masses, lifting, crashing, and dashing each other aside, some springing into the air, others diving under the roaring tide, till at last the waters bore all away, cleaving some into splinters, and striking others against the banks, with a noise that resounded like thunder. He could compare it to nothing but the confusion of a battle, with the roar of cannon, the shouts of the victorious, and the groans of the dying. It gave him a profound and tremendous impression of the force of the waters.

Mr. Audubon, when he left New Brunswick, proceeded on St. John's river. He and his party were landed at Woodstock, a youthful settlement, and went by land over an unpromising road, to Houlton, in Maine. He remained for a day or two at that military station, laboring in his vocation, though with small success. Of the road cut by the garrison through the woods from Houlton to Bangor, Mr. Audubon speaks in high terms, describing it as one of the best turnpikes in the Union. In one place, where it was unfinished for some miles, he met with difficulties and delays, which made him sensibly feel the advantage of such a thoroughfare. But when he came in sight of the Penobscot river, all the hardships of the way were forgotten in the view of the glorious landscape before him. Canoes, filled with Indians, were plying in every direction, scaring the game from the broad, bright waters. The eagle and fish-hawk were floating over it, on their motionless wings; the rich colors of early autumn were over all the fields, and mountains rose in the distance, an appropriate boundary for the scene.

This tour to New Brunswick, which most men would consider of itself a tolerably extensive journey, was to him only a preparation for one. He had always been desirous of visiting the northern regions, in which so many birds which pass through New England, fix their summer abodes. Not to

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speak of the geese, which seem, like the vessel whose fate Mr. Balwhidder commemorates, to "sail north into utter darkness," there are many interesting birds which pay us a flying visit in our gardens, as they hurry to their arctic home. Such is the fox-colored sparrow, which sings us a farewell just before he goes, to which we have often listened, wondering if any sound in nature was ever half so sweet. The tree-sparrow, also, with their inseparable friends, the snow-birds; when they linger so long with us, what attraction is it which forces them away at last? There are many questions of the kind which cannot be answered, except by one who goes himself to explore the recesses of their polar home; a voyage to Labrador was therefore indispensable, and the purpose was hardly sooner said than done.

While his eldest son went to England to superintend the publication of the work, Mr. Audubon went to Eastport, where he engaged a fast-sailing vessel, and made preparations for his voyage. To leave no moment unemployed, he took advantage of the cruise of one of our revenue cutters, to visit the Bay of Fundy. This was in May, when nature was just waking from her wintry sleep. He was in raptures, when he was once more in motion, and it is curious to observe, what an ornithological aspect his favorite taste gives to most of his beautiful descriptions. As they passed under the cliffs of the island of Grand Menan, "the prudent raven spread her pinions, launched from the crag, and flew away before us; the golden eagle soaring aloft, moved majestically in wide circles; the guillemots set on their eggs on the shelvy precipices, or plunging in the water, dived and rose again at a great distance; the broad-breasted eider duck covered her eggs among the grassy tufts; on a naked rock, the seal basked lazily, its sleek sides glittering in the sunshine; while shoals of porpoises were swiftly gliding through the waters around us, showing that though doomed to the deep, their life was not devoid of pleasure. Far away stood the bold shores of Nova-Scotia, gradually fading in the distance, of which the grey tints beautifully relieved the wing-like sails of many a fishing bark." But on landing, the prospect was still more to the purpose. On White-Head islands, he found the nests of gulls on almost every tree of a wood that covered several acres. "What a treat, reader, was it, to find birds of this kind, lodged in fir trees and sitting comfortably on their eggs!"

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At another time he sailed in the revenue cutter's tender, the "Fancy," a name that seems to have inspired his descriptions. We do not mean that anything is overdrawn or overcolored; we refer to that wild delight which the sight of nature, in her happiest aspects, awakens in such minds as his. It seems to him as if the "old wives" that covered the bay, were cackling a welcome, and cormorants and gulls appeared as if they wanted nothing but words, to offer their services to pilot him into Head-Harbor bay. In the morning, the delightful trills of the winter-wren, the red-squirrel "smacking time with his chops," the clear notes of the robin, the rolling melody of the rosebreast, filled him with such enthusiasm, that he burned with the thirst of knowledge, and longed to learn from their own lips, what every one could teach of the wondrous works of Heaven. When he saw the water birds, towering on firm and graceful wing, away to regions where none have followed, he longed to "take the wings of the morning," and pursue them to the lands where the presence of man has never yet disturbed their quiet abodes. It is such imaginations as this, that warm the heart of the lover of nature; the world at large may have little sympathy with them; in fact, may not understand them; and yet these are the "maintaining power," which enables men to go through with hard enterprises and memorable deeds.

Mr. Audubon had the opportunity of verifying the accounts given of the tides of the Bay of Fundy, which he could not believe without the sight. At Windsor, in Nova Scotia, he sat on the bank of the river, about eighty feet above its bed, which was almost dry. Many vessels lay in this sandy wilderness, where it seemed as if no water could ever come to float them. The next morning, he watched the rising of the tide, and ascertained that it rose at the rate of three feet in ten minutes, or eighteen in the hour. At high water, the surface was sixty, five feet above the bed of the river; and on looking for the vessels which he had seen the evening before, he was told that most of them had sailed with the night tide.

Mr. Audubon found some things even in Labrador to interest him, apart from his professional researches: and soon had occasion to make a remark, which we have not the hardihood to deny. "Go where you will," he says, "if a shilling is to be had, you may expect to find some individuals in search of it." The first of these adventurers that he discovered, was a French-

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man, who had established himself in a small island, separated from the main land by a narrow channel. He saw this person with his telescope engaged in kneeling before a cross in the attitude of prayer. Mr. Audubon visited the island, and asked the man why he chose that place for his devotions. He replied, that in spring and summer he prayed fronting the ocean, because that element supplied him with food. In winter, for a similar reason, he prayed fronting the mountains, from which the deer came down. Mr. Audubon thought his answer reasonable, and went with him to his hut, which was formed of stones plastered with mud, and thatched with weeds and moss. Eight Esquimaux dogs formed his family. The stranger kindly welcomed him to this mansion, the fragrance of which was overpowering, and went away; but soon returned with a face expressive of horror and dismay. It seemed that some "eggers," or other knaves, had discovered his barrel of rum, which he had hidden in a sequestered spot, and, engaged doubtless in the service of the Temperance Society, had conveyed it entirely away. So true it is that there is no escaping from chance and changes. But the unfortunate man, even in this moment of bereavement, with tears in his eyes, declared that for ten years, the time which he had resided here, collecting skins, he had met with no affliction that would bear a moment's comparison with this irreparable loss of his rum.

Proceeding further along the coast, he came to another resident of a higher order, who had come to this inhospitable region in search of fortune. He was a gentleman in his manners, with a wife and children. He said that he had no relish for the world, and that he lived out of the reach of lawyers, taxes and all exactions. As for his children, he intended that they should live and die in the country, and such being their destination, he could teach them all that they needed to know. But wherever man is, there is trouble: even his repose was disturbed by fishermen and eggers, whom he abominated; he felt no joy in the visits of the navigators, who bought his salmon, seal-skins and oil, and supplied him in return with the necessaries of his chosen life. At Bras-dor, a distance of seventy miles, they found the brother of this recluse, who was also weary of the world, of which he had seen much, and resided in this secluded place with his wife and children. The lady descanted upon the fine arts, as exhibited in certain prints upon the walls; Mr. Audubon was out of patience with her

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pretension; but he should have considered, that these were the finest in all the country, and that, if they were satisfied with works which cost a shilling, it was useless to go to Dresden or Florence for wonders of art, which they could neither value nor understand. She regretted very much that she could not entertain him with music, in which she greatly delighted; her instrument had been sent to Europe to be repaired; but from her enthusiastic description of it, it was evidently a hand-organ. She admired it, because it was played with a winch, and because without much instruction in the art, her children soon became interesting and able performers. The visiters were disposed to smile; but truly, we think that the instrument was chosen with great discretion, and might be introduced even in more southerly latitudes, with manifest advantage. When we see the many pale, tired and tuneless children, who are compelled to belabor a piano for years, in hopes that music, which can "create a soul, under the ribs of death," will call into existence a voice and ear where nature has provided none, we do think, that it would be a wise and happy exchange, to take an instrument, which will produce the harmony ready-made, such as it is, and leave hours and years of valuable time for things which are now sacrificed to this accomplishment. Where there are natural gifts, they should by all means be cultivated; but we see no advantage in teaching the lame to dance, nor the daughters of discord to sing. It may be true that all can be made singers; and so far as the power can be cultivated to any good purpose of use or pleasure, it should be done: but we fancy, that, after all, though the peacock and sea-gull are allowed to have voices, they are not the birds to which we shall go for melody, when the baltimore or the red bird is nigh. The lady, however, had virtues more substantial than accomplishments, and her husband lived a quiet, busy and inoffensive life. His name was in good odor through the whole region; not so his establishment; the carcases of fifteen hundred seals lay in a heap near his mansion, sending forth a fragrance which would have drowned all the perfumes of Araby the blest. Mr. Audubon derived from it a conclusive argument in favor of the eyes, and fatal to the pretensions of the nose; since, had the vultures possessed the sense of smell, in as great perfection as some naturalists believe, they would have hurried to Labrador, rejoicing, from all parts of the United States, in which they are found.

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While at Labrador, Mr. Audubon had an opportunity of seeing the cod-fishing, which is carried on with so much vigor. He had been astonished at the numbers of fish which he saw in Florida: but here they were far exceeded. The business is laborious to the men who are engaged in it, and their wages are proportionally high. The hours of rest on any of the week days, do not much exceed three in the twenty-four. At three in the morning the cook has the breakfast ready for the master and the crew; immediately after, they proceed in boats to the fishing grounds, taking with them their dinner already prepared; there, they employ themselves till their boat is laden almost to the water's edge. When they return to the vessel, they count the fish as they throw them on board; this ceremony is repeated as often as the boat is filled, which is generally once in each half of the day. The fish are cleaned upon the deck, cast into the hold to be salted, and thus, six experienced men dispose of what the other six catch in the course of the day. They afterwards take them to the shore, where they dry them in the sun, either on scaffolds made for the purpose, or on the bare surface of the rocks. The life of a Labrador fisherman is not one of indolence and ease. In midsummer, they sometimes throw out seines to catch their fish as they are chasing the smaller fish to the shores. In proof of their numbers, Mr. Audubon mentions, that the young men of his party often caught codfish alive with their hands, and large trouts with a mackerel hook, suspended by a line from their gun-rods; and if two of them walked knee-deep along the rocks, holding a handkerchief by the corners, they swept it full of capelings. The men engaged in this hardy employment are generally well repaid for their labor. He tells us that he has known those who were in independent circumstances, only ten years after they went their first voyage as boys; but they still continued to resort to the fishing, liking its exertion better than idleness at home.

But the account of Mr. Audubon's expeditions is so entertaining, that we had almost forgotten the purpose for which they were made. In Florida, he lived among the ibises, herons and pigeons, and had the best opportunity of studying their habits. In Labrador, he became acquainted with the summer plumage of various water birds, and their modes of breeding. The results of these tours will not fully appear, till the next volume, which, in consequence of the solicitation of

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various persons, will contain the water birds. His own plan was, as set forth in his prospectus, to go through with the land birds first. It is a matter of very little importance in itself; but such suggestions from abroad are very embarrassing, because they interfere with the arrangement which he had adopted in his own mind; and which, if not the best, certainly has the advantage of being the most familiar to him.

But let us see what he has added to our former knowledge, on this interesting subject. And here we would remark, that we honor him for his readiness to make acknowledgments for information afforded him by others, engaged in the same pursuit. To be grateful for services, hospitality, and aid, is one thing; to be warm in acknowledgment of information received, is another; and naturalists, like other men, are apt to feel like the monk of the middle ages, who, when told that many of the good things in his book, had been said by the ancients before him, replied, in wrath, "*pereant, qui nostra ante nos dixissent.*" Mr. Audubon takes pleasure in stating that he was indebted, not only for many important facts, but some new discoveries, to his friend, the Rev. Mr. Bachman, of Charleston, South Carolina. One of these, is the *Sylvia Bachmanii*, first made known to the world in this collection. It was discovered by Mr. Bachman, in July, 1833. He described it as a lively, active bird, gliding among thick branches, occasionally mounting on the wing and seizing insects in the air, in the manner of a fly-catcher. Others have since been seen in the same neighborhood; so that we may, at some future time, receive a full description of its habits, which are now entirely unknown. The name of this bird was quite appropriately given. To have one's name thus attached to a natural object, and engraven in the world of nature, is, of all honors, the most enduring. It should not be lightly bestowed, and there are none to whom it so properly belongs, as to those who have distinguished themselves in this particular science; there are certainly those who deserve it.

A species of finch has also been discovered by Mr. Bachman, in the salt marshes of Carolina, and with his approbation, Mr. Audubon gave it the name of McGillivray's finch; in this, he did not transgress the rule stated above, since the gentleman thus honored, possesses a thorough knowledge of this science, and according to Mr. Audubon, no mean authority in such matters, is unquestionably the best of all portrayers

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of the feathered race. This bird does not appear in company with the description. It was sent to London for the purpose, but did not arrive in season; it must now be delayed, till the appearance of the fourth volume.

Mr. Audubon discovered a new species of finch in Labrador, to which he gave the name of "Lincoln's," in compliment to one of the young gentlemen who went with him in his northern expedition, and who was so fortunate as to shoot it. Going forth, one morning, into one of the small valleys which are found here and there in that country, Mr. Audubon heard the notes of this bird, resembling those of the wood-lark and canary united, and forming a melody that was new to his ears. He immediately gave chase to it, which was difficult, on account of its wildness; but though he succeeded in gaining the bird, he could not discover its nest. Where this bird passes the winter, is unknown. Mr. Audubon never met with it in the southern states, though he has seen specimens in the collection of William Cooper, Esq., of New York, which were found in the vicinity of that city. The fourth of these new birds is an *Emberiza*, called "Townsend's," because discovered by Dr. Townsend, of Philadelphia.

Beside the warbler above-mentioned, Mr. Audubon has given to a new finch the name of Bachman. No one can say, that this naturalist is not entitled to the honor, inasmuch as he himself discovered the bird; but to avoid the repetition, it might have been better to have bestowed the compliment elsewhere; nor need he have looked far, for he acknowledges many obligations to the sister of this gentleman, who, it would seem, shares her brother's tastes. Mr. Bachman found this finch on the Edisto river. He had heard its note before, but took it for that of the ground-robin, or towee-bunting, though the note is softer, and in other respects not precisely the same. The bird is easily discovered, and passes for the finest singer of all the family of sparrows; no search has yet been able to trace it to its nest.

But the list of Mr. Bachman's discoveries is not completed. In 1833, he discovered another warbler, near the Edisto river. To this, Mr. Audubon has attached the name of Swainson, in honor of a distinguished naturalist, who has traversed a large portion of our country.

The Carolina titmouse is one of his own discoveries. The print of this little bird had been distributed among his sub-

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scribers, before he found that it was not the same with the *Parus bi-color* of the middle states. When he was at Eastport, in May, 1833, an officer of the army brought him a titmouse, which seemed to him larger than the southern bird of the same name; and on inquiring carefully into the subject, he ascertained that they were specifically distinct. This new kind is found only in the south; the other is found in the northern, but abounds most in the middle states. They differ, also, in their habits, the Carolina titmouse being a more retiring bird than our peto, as he is sometimes called, from the peculiar sound of his song.

The list of new species is closed with the wood-wren, a bird with which Mr. Audubon became acquainted in Maine. It had often been seen, but was supposed to be one of the kinds which are familiarly known. The notes, however, differ considerably from those of the house-wren, and other differences appear, on a comparison of the two. They breed in hollow logs in the woods, and seldom approach the farms; a point in which they are exceedingly unlike the house-wren, who, with that easy composure, which is so unjustly thought to be a part of the New England character, makes himself perfectly at home, wherever he may be. Of these eight additions to the birds of America, Mr. Audubon claims the honor of discovering but three; and evidently takes as much pleasure in setting forth the success of others, as if it were his own. This is well; there is no greater proof of conscious poverty of merit, than to be avaricious of praise; and no one, who cannot rejoice in the honor of others, ever deserves to have any honor of his own.

Mr. Audubon has introduced several birds to our notice, which were never before known to visit the United States. At Key West, he first saw the pigeon, to which he has given the name of the island where he found it. The commanding officer there sent a serjeant with him, who happened to be familiar with the pursuit, and soon put him in possession of this treasure, which he gazed on again and again with perfect delight; he says, that the Egyptian pharmacopolist never embalmed the remains of a Pharaoh, with more reverence, than he paid to the corpse of this most beautiful of the doves. Though covered with moschetos, flowing with perspiration, and sinking with heat, he thought of nothing but the richness of his prize, and with a joy which was only abated by seeing

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how difficult it would be to give any adequate representation of its brilliant, varying, metallic hues. This bird, the *Columba Montana*, had always been considered the same with the Zenaida dove. The blue-headed pigeon, *Columba Cyanocephala*, is another, which Mr. Audubon has added to the list of transient residents in the United States. Though some of them migrate every year from Cuba to Florida, they are seldom seen, on account of the deep thickets in which they reside. He saw a pair of them near the water; but on approaching them, they escaped to the bushes. He afterwards searched for a whole day, in a place where fishermen and wreckers said they were more abundant, but not an individual could he see. He saw a pair which had been caught when young, on the "Mule Keys;" so that the fact is established, that they are embraced within the limits of our ornithology.

It was never generally known that the *Caracara*, or Brazilian-eagle, comes within our boundaries, till Mr. Audubon published it; though Dr. Strobel informed him, that this bird undoubtedly breeds in Florida. He saw it first, flying at a great elevation, and, convinced that it was new to him, determined to watch its motions. He was not long kept in suspense; for the bird proceeded to a dead horse, on which some vultures were regaling themselves, and without much exchange of civilities, made one of the dinner party. But hungry though it was, it did not lose its caution. He fired on it without effect, but did not succeed in securing it till two days after. It differs most from the American vultures, in its power of carrying its prey in its talons. Mr. Audubon found it no easy matter to represent the plumage of these birds. In any climate the plumage loses its brightness soon after the bird dies; but in those warm regions, the colors will almost entirely fade, before the most rapid hand can paint them.

In one of the Florida keys, Mr. Audubon first formed an acquaintance with the *Muscicapa Dominicensis*, or pipiry fly-catcher. This bird comes from Cuba to Florida in the spring, and would probably have been observed in the United States before, had it not been mistaken for the king-bird, which it resembles in appearance, manners, and the way of building its nest. Mr. Audubon gives an example of the necessity of paying proper regard to the statements of others. Report was made to him and Mr. Bachman, by a young gentleman of Charleston, that he had seen a pair of fly-catchers in the

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college yard, different from any which he had ever observed before. He requested them to come to the spot, where they might see both the birds and their nest. They paid little regard to his first account, but after a time went to the place, where they found that the nest had been destroyed, and happening to see a common king-bird, rallied the youth upon his new discovery. Some time after, the birds formed another nest, and Mr. Bachman on visiting it, found it was the work of the bird in question. The anecdote is honestly recorded, to the credit of the youth, and for the warning of all the wise.

The Hudson's Bay titmouse is slightly described by Nuttall, in his valuable work, on the authority of others, he himself not having found it. Wilson, who knew it only by description, imagined it the same with our black-cap or chicadee. Mr. Audubon ascertained that it breeds in the state of Maine, and is, therefore, one of our citizens; but he never could find it, till his visit to Labrador. There, he was so fortunate as to discover the bird and its nest. The nest was in the hollow of a small decayed stump, not more than three feet from the ground; it was composed of fur, so ingeniously matted, that it seemed like the work of human art. This species is more common in Newfoundland than in Labrador; it is found in Maine, but no one has yet been seen so far south as Massachusetts.

Again and again has it been said, that only one species of humming-bird ever visits the United States; but lo! here is another. But the world may be forgiven for not having known that there were two, since Audubon himself never seems to have met with the mango humming-bird, as it is called; the one that now figures in his plates and descriptions. This species was communicated to him by Mr. Bachman, who received a specimen from Dr. Strobel, which he had brought from Key West. It was captured from a bush, where it was sitting, exhausted, perhaps, with its migratory flight. Whether it is numerous or not, Dr. Strobel had no means of ascertaining.

Thus there are five species of birds, which were previously known to exist in other countries, but not suspected to enter ours, which are ascertained by this unwearied observer, to be occasional visiters or residents in the United States. The mangrove-cuckoo might, perhaps, be included; for though Nuttall described it, and gave it the name of *Coccyzus Seni-*

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culus, he declares that he never saw it, and that it was admitted only on the authority of Vieillot. Mr. Audubon often noticed these birds at Key West, but took them to be the same with the common yellow-bill; when one was sent him by an officer, he discovered that it was not the common species, though it resembles it in many of its habits, particularly those in which it is least worthy of imitation. It feeds on the eggs of other birds, and builds a nest in the same slovenly manner, but is even more timid and shy. The fishermen and wreckers declared to him, that it went to the nest of the white pigeon, and destroyed the helpless young; a kind of trifling with life, which doubtless grieved the souls of those worthy men. But there is some reason to hope that the reproach is undeserved. Mr. Audubon, in his own researches, could find nothing to confirm it. To discover new species, or to ascertain these new facts, must be the thing wished for by him who was desirous of inventing new pleasures; we doubt whether any bloody triumph was ever so luxuriously enjoyed.

We must next take a view of the new facts which Mr. Audubon has established. He has exalted our crow to the dignity of a distinct species, and given it the name of *Corvus Americanus*. It has always been regarded and described as the same with the carrion-crow of Europe; but in this country, that name is wanted for the black vulture; and assuredly no creature can more eminently deserve it. Mr. Audubon considers our crow less in size than the European bird; this difference however, if it exists, is trifling: but the voice, the form of the tongue and the habits of the two, afford more important differences. Montague says of the *Corvus Corone*, that they keep in pairs all the year, seldom collecting in numbers, except to feed on some carcass or to roost in winter; this does not describe the American crows, which are a remarkably social people. He also says that he has seen a crow strike a pigeon dead from the top of a barn; in fact, his whole description gives the impression of a bird, more bold and less cautious than ours.

Mr. Audubon with his usual generosity pleads the cause of this unfortunate bird, which is exposed not only to the shot of idle boys, but to the acts of legislatures, and regularly receives the ominous benedictions of the farmer as often as the spring arrives; being compelled to bear the sins of the grakle in addition to his own; while the latter bird, saving himself by

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turning evidence against his neighbor, builds his nest upon the high tree over the chimney, and riots undisturbed upon the fields and garden. The raven, which is the head of this sable family, has been placed by Mr. Audubon, at the head of the procession in his second volume; a more discreet file leader could not have been selected, though in point of beauty, it must be acknowledged, many others would have the advantage. The raven is a much larger and more powerful bird than the crow, and there is no tie of relationship or love between them. Wherever the ravens choose to reside, they give warning to the crows, that a change of air will be good for their constitutions; but, with a generosity unknown to human parties, civil, military or religious, they permit the crows to inhabit those regions which they do not want for themselves, and thus the whole country is parcelled out between them. These birds resemble each other in their familiarity and ease, when they are domesticated. The raven perhaps is the more desirable inmate of the two, since it treats its master like a friend; the crow too loves its master much, but its joke more: and nothing can exceed the troublesome ingenuity of the pranks, by which it taxes the patience of the household. The caution of the raven in protecting its young is most remarkable. On the coast of Labrador, Mr. Audubon discovered a nest, and he and his whole party attempted to shoot one of the proprietors, but in vain. One afternoon, he lay concealed under a pile of rocks for two hours; the young in the nest croaked for food, but no parent came; as soon as he was out of patience and had left the place, the female, in an instant was seen from the vessel, to go to the place to relieve her clamorous children. He observed that in the deepest fogs, these birds by their peculiar instinct, could move from any distance, straight toward their nest. Of the crow, Mr. Audubon says, that, "the state of terror in which he is always kept is enough to spoil the temper of any creature." We honor him for his humanity, but we fear it will be lifting up his voice in vain. We shall be satisfied, if we can see public opinion prevent the destruction of harmless birds. And much we wonder what that parent can be made of, who will suffer his child to destroy life and regard it as pleasure. If the boy have that taste, and the parent be disposed to indulge it, let him take the boy to a slaughter house, and there pay a sixpence for the privilege of knocking an ox in the head. If there be any sport in the case, it must

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be greater in proportion to the size of the animal, and if such a propensity deserve to be cultivated, let it be indulged, where it can be of some service to men.

Mr. Audubon has pointed out the difference between the American golden-crested wren, *Regulus Tricolor*, as Nuttall has named it, and the *Regulus Cristatus* of Europe; showing that the former is longer, and differs also in its claws and bill. This bird breeds at Labrador, where he saw it feeding its young in August; common as it was there and in Newfoundland, he never was able to discover its nest. The family remain in a group, as they go to pass the winter in our southern and western states. In January, he saw great numbers of them in the woods near Charleston, and so careless were they of his presence, that he could go within two or three feet of them, without giving any alarm.

Mr. Audubon shows that the *Sylvia Palmarum* or palm warbler of Bonaparte, is the same with the *Sylvia Petechia* or yellow red-poll. That able naturalist, introduced it for the first time as a bird of the United States, saying that in winter, it abounds in the vicinity of St. Augustine; but Mr. Audubon maintains, that the true *Sylvia Palmarum* is never found within the limits of our republic. Nuttall had corrected the error of Bonaparte before, though in a quiet way, without note or comment; Mr. Audubon was for a long time persuaded that they were distinct species, and under that impression had attached the name to the sixty-third plate of the second volume; but Mr. Bachman convinced him that they were the same bird, with its plumage differing at different periods of its life.

The rough-legged falcon, *Falco Lagopus*, Mr. Audubon takes to be the same bird with the black-hawk, *Falco Niger* of Wilson; the difference in their markings, being ascribed to the time of life at which they were taken. And, to show how much the color of the bird might mislead us, he tells us that while he was in Boston, he received eight of these birds at one time, in consequence of a premium which he offered, and found that the plumage of no two of the number was the same, while there was no difference whatever in the more important signs by which the kind is determined. Bonaparte thought, that the effect of increasing knowledge on these subjects, would be to increase the numbers of species of birds already known; but such examples as this seem to show, that the effect will be different, and that many, which now stand apart in their dignity

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of class and order, will hereafter be included in the same description. These birds were shot at the same time, in the same marsh, and their flight and attitudes were the same: it was observed that the dark ones were the most shy, which he thinks was owing to the circumstance that they were the oldest. This natural association and the perfect similarity of their voices, taken in connexion with the other circumstances, satisfied him that they were all of the same family of birds. The very specimen which Wilson described and painted as *Falco Niger*, is still in the Philadelphia collection, and as Mr. Audubon says, serves to show, that, apart from color, which is not much to be depended on, there is nothing to distinguish it from the rough-legged falcon.

Wilson was provoked with those who said that the American crossbill was only a variety of the European species; but Mr. Audubon, with due deference to his predecessor, firmly maintains that the American does not differ in any respect whatever from the European bird. He says that he has shot great numbers, and opened as many as sixty,—an examination which has resulted in his present conviction; but, knowing that he may be mistaken, after all his care, he invites his reader to go through a similar course of experiments if he will. The great American shrike, called by Bonaparte *Lanius Septentrionalis*, he, like Wilson, considers the same with the *Lanius Excubitor* of Europe. The singular practice for which this bird is remarkable, of impaling insects on sharp points of twigs and thorns, is a mystery, which he does not attempt to solve.

Mr. Audubon takes particular delight in the swallows, those "light-hearted wretches," which are perpetually wheeling in their rapid and graceful circles, as if there were no such thing as care in the world. They sport together in perfect harmony all day, and what is a little remarkable, considering the quick temper of most birds, they assemble in perfect harmony at night, though so many are tenants of the same barn. Mr. Audubon describes their flight with great animation. "In fine calm weather," he says, "their circuits are performed at a considerable elevation, with a lightness and ease that are truly admirable. They play over the river, the field or the city, with equal grace, and during spring and summer, you might imagine that their object was to fill the air around them with their cheerful twitterings. When the weather lowers, they move swiftly in tortuous meanderings over the meadows and through

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the streets of the town; they pass and repass, now close to the pavement, and now along the walls of the buildings, so rapid, that you can scarcely follow them with the eye. But try:— there she skims against the wind over the ruffled stream: up she shoots, seizes an insect, and wheeling round, sails down the breeze, with a rapidity, that carries her out of your sight almost in a moment." Wilson combated the opinion, which regarded this favorite bird as the same with the chimney-swallow of Europe. He remarks, that there is some difference in their colors, and still more in their habits, the European kind confining itself to chimneys, while ours never selects those places for its nest. But Montague observes of this chimney-swallow, that, though in England the chimney is its favorite retreat, in Scotland it builds in barns, out-houses and straw-built sheds. White found their nests in the shaft of a deserted well, and Mr. Rennie remarks, that he had repeatedly seen them in the shafts of coal-pits, not at all dismayed by the presence of the workmen, who, fortunately for the birds, consider it unlucky to injure them. In Sweden, the chimney-swallow is equally indifferent as to the place where it builds; so that nothing can be found in the place of their nest, to constitute a marked distinction of one kind from another. Our barn-swallow builds sometimes in old wells, and under bridges, as well as in sheds and barns, but never was known to make its nest in a chimney. Whatever the explanation may be,— and Mr. Audubon thinks it possible that they are prevented by the chimney-swift, a more powerful bird,— he does not admit that the *Hirundo Rustica* of Europe, differs from the barn swallow of our country.

Mr. Audubon remarks, that he saw these birds in flocks at St. Augustine at the beginning of December, but after the first frost, they had all disappeared. He believes that they pass the winter on the southern coast of the Gulf of Mexico, not going much farther south, for the want of proper food. He takes no notice of the ancient superstition, which maintained that they dived into the mud. It is a difficult matter to account for the numbers of these birds, which are found in mill-ponds and similar places, where they have evidently been drowned at nearly the same time. Montague observes, that once in spring, when the mercury had suddenly fallen to 42°, these birds were all missing. But he accidentally discovered a retreat, in which hundreds of them were collected, near a large pool, where they seemed to have found some insects for sub-

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sistence, but were so exhausted, that they could hardly support themselves upon the wing. In our capricious climate, they must often be exposed to similar troubles. Such was the case in the cold weather at the early part of June in 1832. Almost all kinds of birds suffered more or less from cold, and consequent inability to supply themselves with food. In this state, the birds came in from the forests to the villages and farms, and the summer birds, particularly the scarlet tanager, were found dead in our gardens. The red-start, generally a shy and retiring bird, came on that occasion, day after day, to a twig, within three feet of the window where we were writing. The swallow is easily affected by cold, and perhaps would suffer more than any of our visiters by such changes; and changes of the kind abound, after their coming, in the beginning of May.

Mr. Audubon adds much to our knowledge of the habits of the barn-owl, which he does not consider precisely the same with that of Europe, though he says he can point out no specific marks of distinction. This elegant bird has been less known to science than to superstition. Its complaint from the ivy-mantled tower, and the dreary sound of the cry, which we so often hear in the stillness of night, have made it rather a subject of fear than of enlightened interest: but Montague, with whom it was domesticated, found it, instead of an evil genius, a familiar and affectionate friend of man. He bred an owl of this kind, a sparrowhawk, and a ring-dove together, and found that they lived in harmony, which was only broken by the pretensions of the ring-dove, which governed the rest, by virtue of being weaker and worse-tempered than the other two; a kind of despotism, which we did not know to exist among other animals, though it has prevailed for ages, in families of the human race. When he at last dismissed them, the owl was the only one which returned to visit him again. Wilson, diligent as he was in gaining knowledge, declares that he could get no account from his own researches or information of others, concerning the habits of this bird. Audubon has supplied information concerning its breeding, in which it is peculiar, particularly in respect to time. The European species breeds in March or April: he found the nest of the American at Charleston in the depth of winter, and was told that they bred at all seasons of the year.

When in Charleston, in October, 1833, he received information of a nest in the upper story of a deserted sugar-house.

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It was lighted with windows, one of which had two panes broken. He approached the young, guided by the sound of their hissing, when the parent bird, discovering him at the distance of a few feet, glided silently through the aperture. The young were three in number, covered with a cream-colored down, which was beautifully clean. A cotton rat lay beside them, which must have been brought from a distance of three or four miles. On visiting them a month after, he found that their feathers were beginning to grow; the parent now supplied them with less food than formerly, and brought it only by night. This was on the 25th of November. On the 18th of January, he visited the place again, and found the young fledged, but still unable to fly. He has satisfied himself that this kind of owl lives entirely upon the smaller quadrupeds, — a subsistence which the ornithologist would consider more pardonable than the destruction of small birds, which it was supposed to use for food. But Audubon could never discover the trace of a single feather near the nests; the pellets, which they throw up after having swallowed their prey, were invariably composed of bones and hair. He has never seen any propensity in this bird to fish, whereas Nuttall gives the account of one which was known to steal gold-fish from a pond. It may, nevertheless, be true, that it resorts to birds and fish, when it cannot find a supply of its usual food. It is a little singular, that Mr. Audubon should never have heard from them any cry or note whatever; all ornithologists, as well as common observers, dwell much on their hollow scream; but he avers, that excepting the hissing, expressive of alarm, he has heard no sound proceed from any of the number. They are remarkable for the silence of their motions. In a room, their flight is so noiseless, that one finds them removed to the opposite side, without having heard the least sound from their wings.

Mr. Audubon has added much to our knowledge of the great crow black-bird, an inhabitant of the southern states, which was alluded to by Wilson, but not painted nor described; an omission which was probably owing to his desire to acquire more knowledge respecting it, before he published it to the world. Bonaparte, who supplied the defect, says but little concerning the habits of the bird; but Audubon gives a description full of interest and beauty. He describes it as mating in February, when the male delights in perching on the

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topmost bough of a high tree, where his motions throw out all his variety of colors, glancing in the sun. The pair build, generally, in the island of a lake, where they refit the last year's nest, or hastily construct a new one, from twigs, grasses, and the long Spanish moss, that streams from every tree. But no sooner does the female begin to sit upon the eggs, than the males fly away, leaving to the females the whole charge of supporting and educating the young. It is a strange provision of nature. Why is it, that the male wild-turkey would destroy, not only the eggs, but the young themselves? Perhaps, in the case of the black bird, which has a passion for eggs, the male emigrates, to be out of the way of temptation to destroy his own. And yet why wonder at such things in the lower animals, when you cannot go to any part of the civilized world, where you do not find, in abundance, widows with living husbands, and orphans with living fathers?

It would take too much time to say, how much Mr. Audubon has added to what was known concerning the architecture of birds; but one or two examples will show the difficulty which he encountered. He was desirous to inquire respecting the spruce-partridge, or Canada-grous, which breeds in the state of Maine. Mr. Lincoln, of Dennisville, who afterwards accompanied him to Labrador, undertook to guide him to their favorite retreats; but after groping through tangled brush-wood, over fallen trees, and through miry ponds, their advance contested at every step by armies of flies and moschettos, they were compelled to return at sunset, without having seen a single bird. He afterwards succeeded in reaching their breeding places, in the hacmatac woods, sinking every step or two in mud to the waist, his feet fast in the mire, and his body wedged between the trees. The birds delight in these inaccessible retreats, and hardly ever leave them; but when approached, they seem to be fearless, from their unacquaintance with the savage reputation which man bears among the feathered race. Bonaparte, who first noticed this bird in connection with our ornithology, described its eggs as varied with white, yellow, and black; Audubon says, that they are fawn-colored, and irregularly splashed with brown.

In his pursuit of the willow-grous, he was exposed to similar trouble. In Newfoundland, he was giving chase to this bird, in an extensive miry flat, where one of the party sunk so deep that it was with the utmost difficulty he could be res-

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cued by the others. They were covered from head to foot with black mud, and so exhausted, that they were obliged to sit down, every few yards, upon the damp sward, which threatened constantly to give way and let them down beyond human reach. These birds, both males and females, manifested the strongest attachment to their young; whenever they approached a covey, the parents would give battle in its defence, and attack the intruders with great violence, while the young were hiding themselves in the moss and leaves.

Mr. Audubon took much pains to become acquainted with the American goshawk, the *Falco Atricapillus* of Wilson, who suspected it to be the goshawk, though he called it by a different name. This bird is not common in the United States, but wherever it is found, is bold and spirited; in Maine, they have been known to descend to the door of the farmer, and to carry off his chickens and ducks before his eyes. He observed some of them near the Ohio river, engaged in chasing vast numbers of pigeons. One of them suddenly left the pursuit, to attack a flock of crow black-birds, which happened to be crossing the stream. The affrighted birds fled swiftly, gathering themselves into a mass so dense, that it resembled a black ball. The goshawk soon overtook them, and seizing one, strangled and dropped it, without suspending his flight. In the same way he made sure of several others, letting them drop into the stream. When the black-birds plunged into the woods, he gave over the pursuit, swept down to the water where his prey were floating, and taking them up singly, one after the other, carried them to the shore. This bird was one of those which were formerly used in falconry, a kind of amusement which has been consecrated by many lordly and chivalrous associations, though without them it would probably have stood on a level with cock-fighting. May we not hope that the time will come when men can find amusement for their idle hours, without requiring the torture and death of other creatures of God?

Mr. Audubon seems often to reproach himself for the severity which he employs in making these accessions of knowledge. He searched out the breeding habits of this species, and of the Mississippi-kite, both of which are described for the first time by him. In pursuit of the latter, he one day heard a prolonged cry of distress, which he traced to a dark, motionless thing, that seemed to have lodged on the branch of

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a tree. It proved to be the young of this bird. As soon as he fired upon it, the old bird came and fed its young. He then fired again, but without success; and the parent, seeing the danger, gently took up the young one, and sailing through the air, deposited it in another tree. He could not help admiring the daring and affectionate action; still he fired again, and brought them both to the ground. After carefully hiding them, in order to take them on his return, he proceeded on his expedition; but when he came back to reclaim his prey, some marauder of the woods had destroyed them both. His punishment, he says, was deserved. Its nest, of which Nuttall professes himself entirely ignorant, was found in tall white-oaks and magnolias, formed of sticks, slightly put together, of Spanish moss, and dried leaves. Only one brood is raised in the season.

We have now, for the first time, an account of the breeding habits of the tree and the fox-colored sparrows, two beautiful wayfarers, which remain but little time with us, and yet are generally known. Who has not seen the rich brown of the latter, glowing in the setting sun; and who does not know the voice of its tender and plaintive farewell? Though they are so silent while with us, when they go to the northern regions they are overflowing with song. "Would that I could convey to your mind the effect which it produced on my feelings, when wandering on the desolate shores of Labrador! That I could intelligibly tell you, of the clear full notes of its unaffected warble, as it sat perched on the branch of some stunted fir! There, for hours together, was continued the delightful serenade, which kept me lingering near the spot. The brilliancy and clearness of each note, as it flowed through the air, were so enchanting, the expression and emphasis of the song so powerful, that I never tired of listening." During the breeding season, the plumage has a brighter color than with us. Its nest, which is large, is placed on the ground, amidst the moss or tall grass, and under a creeping fir, the branches of which entirely conceal it. The eggs are laid at the last of June, or the beginning of July. Mr. Audubon mentions the singular circumstance, that in an aviary in Charleston, some of these birds were killed, by what offender, it was for sometime difficult to discover; till, one day, a mocking-bird was seen to alight on one of them, and peck it in such a manner as to cause its death. A blue-jay had been suspected of the crime, but so

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far from being the murderer, the jay was at length one of the victims. The eggs of this species do not answer to the description of Richardson, neither are those of the tree-sparrow brown, as represented by Nuttall; the latter are of a deep blue, so much resembling those of the chipping-sparrow, that it would be difficult to tell them apart.

If any one suppose, as men are apt to do respecting pursuits which they never tried, that such facts as the author of this great work supplies, are easily ascertained, the contents of this book will undeceive him; it is hard to verify matters of fact in an extensive library; it is harder still to ascertain them in the open volume of nature. At Camden, in New Jersey, he watched the movements of the warbling-vireo, a sweet little bird, whose note is admired by many, to whom its appearance is unknown. He saw two of them, evidently conversing on the subject of building in a poplar, and shortly after saw them making the frame-work of their nest, by disposing blades of grass in circles. On the second day, they began to weave in bits of hornet's nest and corn-husks, pushing them between the rows of grass, and there securing them. On the third day, they were absent; but on the fourth morning, he was awaked by their song, and saw them working extremely slender grasses within the frame. Wishing to know where they procured their materials, he followed them from tree to tree, toward a large meadow, where they drew the grass from an old hay-stack. This was done for two or three days. On the seventh, the female spread wool and horse-hair for the lining, and the eighth was devoted to smoothing the inside. On the fifteenth, five little birds were standing on the borders of the nest; and on the sixteenth, they quitted their home. All this time he had constantly observed their habits and motions. The feelings of the reader would probably be expressed in one of Dr. Johnson's courteous remarks to a gentleman, who took much time in speaking of a flea. "Sir, if a thing so small has taken all this time, a larger animal would probably take you a year." Still, these facts are well worth the labor and the time which it costs to ascertain them; they afford materials for some of the most inspiring and intellectual contemplations on which the mind can dwell.

But this devotion of Mr. Audubon to his favorite pursuit, must make immense demands upon the physical constitution. He exposes himself to all weather, in all climates, caring neither

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for the freezing cold nor the burning sun; and when he has gained the object of his hot pursuit, sits down to study and draw it with an intenseness of application, which is even more exhausting than his active exertions. In Boston, he secured a noble specimen of the golden eagle. By the advice of his friend, Dr. Parkman, he attempted to destroy its life with the fumes of burning charcoal, to avoid injuring his plumage, and to spare him unnecessary pain. After the bird had been exposed to its effect for hours, Mr. Audubon opened the door of the little apartment in which the experiment was tried, and though the air was perfectly suffocating, saw the eagle "with his bright, unflinching eye, turned towards him as lively and vigorous as ever." When he had succeeded in destroying it, for which purpose he was obliged to resort to other means at last, Mr. Audubon proceeded to draw it, and engaged in the employment so unremittingly, that he brought on a spasmodic affection, which nearly cost him his life. But, after devoting so many years to this pursuit, we may suppose that less demand will in future be made upon his exertions. He is not the man who will ever rest, but he may continue the employment of his life less laboriously; and when the work succeeds, as succeed it will, may find leisure to enjoy his well-earned and lasting fame.

We trust that many of our readers will soon be familiar with the descriptions of Mr. Audubon; the illustrations can be in the hands of but few; but this is of the less consequence, as the originals are to be seen by all, and the great proportion of them save us the trouble of seeking them, by coming directly to us. The biography alone, will answer every purpose of aid, to those who desire to investigate the subject for themselves. We consider it fortunate, that our ornithology should have fallen into the hands of such a man: his qualifications are great, and his success has been in the same proportion. A man of the world in his manners, his courtesy secures all the information which others can give, and makes them regard it as a privilege to render him all the aid in their power. A lover of nature in his feeling, he dives fearlessly into the deepest forests, and wanders alone over the most savage regions of our country; intelligent and observing, he discerns easily and rapidly whatever the naturalist desires to know: an accomplished artist, he strikes out with a bold pencil the spirited attitude and lifelike colors of the subjects of his art. And he has one advantage

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which is greater than all beside. He loves the pursuit for its own sake. In former days, he offered to Wilson the valuable materials he had collected; and when the offer, fortunately for the world, was declined, he supplied information to Bonaparte, Wilson's able successor. It is evident, therefore, that he entered upon the pursuit because he loved it, and not with the view of erecting this monument to his own fame. Indeed, mere ambition would have fainted and despaired under the many difficulties which he had to encounter. Nothing, short of an enthusiastic passion for his pursuit, would have borne him up to the eminence on which he now stands. He suffers nothing to draw him aside from it, and never disdains the most trifling information; his only enjoyment seems to consist in gaining accessions of knowledge. We remember his asking letters from us, to some gentlemen of a certain place distinguished for intelligence and cultivation. We supplied them, with the assurance that he would highly enjoy the society in question. He replied, that he did not doubt it, but his object was, not to enjoy pleasant society, but to see a stuffed owl.

It is only as a literary production, that we undertake to criticise the work; for on the subject of American birds, he doubtless knows more than any other man; and they who come to criticise, will retire to be instructed. His style, though there is a foreign aspect about it, is expressive, animated, and often very eloquent, particularly in the description of fine scenery. It is a style perfectly natural, and not at all in bondage to any rules of art: but it tells us precisely what he means to say, and when he would make us share his own feelings, is evidently dictated and inspired by the heart. He has not the solemn enthusiasm of Wilson; who found little sympathy in those about him, and therefore lived in a world of his own. Audubon's passion for the science, is, as might be expected in a man familiar with the best aspects, indeed all the aspects of life, more easy, graceful, and such as others know better how to share. Perhaps this volume will not seem so attractive as the former, to most readers: but if it should be so, the explanation will be, that it is the second not the first. The public often uncharitably require, that the works of a popular writer should increase in interest, at least in geometrical progression: and if this unreasonable demand is not answered as it of course never can be, they are apt to say, that he has fallen below himself: but, we consider this volume as equal to the

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first, which in our opinion is sufficient praise for any man's ambition, and we shall look forward with impatience to its successor.

ART. X. — *Webster's Speeches.*

Speeches and Forensic Arguments. By DANIEL WEBSTER. 2 Vols. 8vo. Boston. 1835.

THE first of these volumes appeared five years ago; the second is just published. Nothing perhaps illustrates more strongly the affluence of modern literature, than the feelings, with which such a work as this is received, by the reading public of Europe and America. We do not, of course, intend to say, that the publication of volumes like these is an event of very familiar occurrence; or that the frequency of their appearance is such, as seriously to weaken the impression, which they ought to produce on the minds of an enlightened age. Still, however, when we recall the names of Irving and Channing, on this side of the Atlantic; of Mackintosh, of Scott, of Canning, on the other side, and of others on both sides, not unworthy associates of these leading minds of the English language, in the present generation, we shall readily admit, that the appearance of volumes, like these before us, — masterpieces as they are of forensic and parliamentary eloquence, — is an event, which may reasonably be calculated upon regularly, from time to time, as an ordinary occurrence. We mean to say, that such is the present lofty state of civilization, so much mind is in high and constant action, that without going out of the circle of the English language, there is annually laid before the reading world, some one production at least, that may be called classical; something equal to the works of the first class of any age. We do not mean that a new Plato Demosthenes, or Newton appears every twelvemonth, on the stage. It must be left alone to time to bring to his unerring test, the merits of this as of preceding generations. But this we may safely say, — that in addition to whole branches of science, unknown to antiquity, — there are appearing every year, in almost every department of learning, works, which, if they had come down

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to us as the productions of any of the ancient masters, would have been thought to do no discredit to their names. But so strong is our reverence for antiquity, that we feel a reluctance, to place any thing modern, on a level with that, which time and the consent of ages have canonized.

The reading world, since the middle of the eighteenth century, has been on the stretch of expectation, for the wonders of lost literature, which should be discovered among the cinders of the charred *papyri* of Herculaneum. The royal treasury of Naples was lavishly expended in the investigation, and not many years since, that of England came to the rescue. The learned men of every country in Europe eagerly watched the tedious process of unfolding and decyphering the manuscripts, which seemed indeed all but miraculously preserved, under a torrent ten fathoms deep of molten lava;—owing their preservation, in fact, to the heat of the superincumbent mass, by which their moisture was instantly absorbed, and the air forever excluded from them. The continually renewed chagrin at finding little besides the everlasting Philodemus, whose vapid metaphysics have, from the beginning, haunted the concern, has scarcely even yet repressed the ardor of anticipation, with which the scholar looks for some real treasure, to come from the shelves of a library of two thousand volumes, collected before the year seventy of the Christian era.

But suppose, instead of the almost worthless trash, with which this expectation has been three or four times baffled, there should have been disengaged from their place of burial, in the volcanic rock, and unrolled, and spread before the world,—free from all question of authenticity,—two such volumes, as are now before us, containing such a series of compositions in Greek or in Latin;—Historical Addresses like the Centennial discourse at Plymouth, or the Oration on Bunker Hill;—an argument before the Prætor or the Centumviri, like the argument in the Dartmouth College case:—an appeal at a public festival at Corinth or Elis, like the Address at the New York dinner, or that, in which the character of Washington was commemorated on the hundredth anniversary of his birth:—or an harangue before the 'fierce democratie' of Athens or the Senate at Rome, like the speech on Foote's resolution or on the protest. The very thought is enough to make the ears of a scholar, a lover of ancient letters or ancient eloquence, tingle. Did the rescued treasure bear the name of one of the great

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ancient masters; is it likely it would be thought inferior to any of the relics of their genius, which time has spared us? If they were ascribed to some hitherto unknown author, — to some one of the forgotten great men, who moulded the destinies and led the councils of Carthage, Tyre, or any other of the famous states of antiquity, which, for want of literary monuments, have failed to hand down to posterity the names of their lawgivers and orators, — who does not perceive that we should feel, by universal consent, that we were put in possession of the long-lost productions of a mind, worthy to be classed with the strongest and richest of those, which have inherited the admiration of ages?

If this supposition be fairly stated, — and if, under the circumstances assumed, we have not exaggerated the tribute of admiration which would be paid to such a collection as that before us, — we may gather from it the most satisfactory illustration of the opulence of modern literature, in which treasures like these can make their appearance without being regarded as phenomena. In fact, we are not sure that we are prompt enough to do justice to contemporary merit, or the literature of the modern world, as compared with the ancient. Since the question between them has been made the subject of a controversy, there has been a disposition to run to extremes on both sides. We have, within a twelvemonth, heard forensic eloquence spoken of as a lost art; and there is, on the other hand, a fashionable tendency, produced by the mechanical philosophy of the day, to undervalue the importance of classical learning. One paradox is as false as the other. The mechanical part of oratory was more assiduously cultivated by the great ancient masters, than it is possible it should be by those, on whom the weight of affairs devolves in modern times. Cicero, led by his passion for the Grecian discipline, or driven by the dangers of the times, was wandering through Greece and Asia Minor, studying under the philosophers, and practising in the schools of declamation, for ten or fifteen years after the period, when the weight of kingdoms and republics rests upon the shoulders of modern statesmen. No person can doubt that a man like Cicero, practising till he was thirty years old the art of rhetorical delivery, would be apt to bring that art to perfection. But Cicero was only a man. He brought to his profession no superhuman gifts; and who is so bigoted a pedant as to believe, that Pitt, or Fox, or Canning,

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or Clay, Calhoun, or Webster, could fail in any of the essentials of eloquence while discussing the greatest questions of state, — in the British House of Commons or the American Congress, — not as an exercise of declamation, not beneath the critical guidance of a hired rhetorician, and him a foreigner; but in the responsible discharge of high official duty; in the strenuous effort, practically and effectually, to dispose of the most momentous subjects? We are no believers in any magical power of genius. The true inspiration is that of a resolute will, a generous heart, a cultivated understanding, a clear conscience, and an untiring perseverance. In these the great modern masters have no need to be inferior to the great ancient masters; nor do we believe they are inferior. Training, discipline, practice, are good, nay, indispensable; but whether is the better discipline, that of Cicero in the school of the rhetoricians at Rhodes and Athens, or of Pitt in the British parliament; — of Cicero, composing themes on imaginary topics, and rehearsing them every day, or of Fox going down to the House of Commons every evening, determined to address that fastidious assembly on whatever matter of business might be before it?

Let us not be mistaken. We are no scoffers at the ancients; on the contrary, we are of the humblest, but of the most enthusiastic worshippers at their venerable shrine. But do not let us sacrifice reason and common sense; do not let us vilify the age in which we live; do not let us be insensible of the progress of the human mind. The very greatest masters of antiquity, — Demosthenes and Cicero, — were probably, nay, unquestionably, as rhetorical artists, superior to any of the great modern statesmen-orators. In that skill, which is possessed by a first-rate actor, of pouring the whole soul of the poet into the most familiar passage of the most familiar play; — making a man's heart bleed at the sorrows of Hecuba, as he would at the sorrows of the mother who bore him, — rendering King Lear's peruke as touching as his own father's grey hairs; in this talent, and it is a talent of a very high order, capable of being wielded, in a good cause, to the noblest ends, we take the great ancient orators to have been decidedly superior to all the moderns. The public taste smiled on the cultivation of this talent in ancient times. It is admired and applauded, but not demanded, nor in any degree inferior to the highest much relished in the business convocations of modern days. Being

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sanctioned or rather exacted by public sentiment in Greece and Rome, it grew up into an art *sui generis*, wonderfully developed, rewarded with princely endowments, and finally carried to perfection. To this art Demosthenes and Cicero were trained. But we hope we shall not be charged with over refining, when we question whether it was precisely this art, which gave to either of these men his mastery in the state. It was one of the instruments of their power. But they were men of talent, men of sense, men of ambition, men of industry, and they lived in stirring times. They were called to take a part, each of them, in a state of public affairs as critical, as momentous, as pregnant with vast consequences, as any that ever existed in the history of man. Demosthenes lived when all the glories of republican Greece, — her arts, her genius, her literary fame, her intellectual treasures, her ascendency throughout the civilized world, her empire, more nearly one of mind, than perhaps any political system of equal extent on record, — were rapidly shaping themselves into an instrument by which the Macedonian dynasty was to subject the world. She had studded the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean with her colonies, and filled her cities with bondmen from every nation, to whom she had taught her language and arts. She had driven her own disaffected children into exile in the remotest despotisms of the East, and surrounded their voluptuous thrones with Grecian hearts, discontented indeed, but yearning for "sweet Argos." She had drawn the whole commerce of the known world into the channels of her navigation; — her philosophers had penetrated the recesses of Egyptian and Chaldean lore; — her travellers had visited, explored, described every soil and every people; — and, in short, the civilized world was thoroughly mercurialized, saturated, with the spirit of this volatile, importunate, restless, audacious, all-daring and all-accomplishing people. At this juncture, an iron mastery sprang up beyond the Thessalian barrier. Demosthenes was of the few who perceived it, comprehended it, and foreboded its march to universal power, over the ruins of his country. He saw the elements of its ascendency not merely in its own structure and composition, but in the growing demoralization, the senseless feuds, the merciless rivalries, and detestable selfishness of his countrymen. He placed himself in the breach against the march of that iron phalanx, not merely of physical force, but of political domination, which,

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lowering and terrific, was in motion from the hills of Macedon: literally in the breach, — for he not only shook the arsenal with the thunders of his eloquence, but stood in the ranks at the dreadful battle of Chæronea, where the independence of Greece was cloven down; and with the fall of her independence the decisive blow was struck, (not then indeed understood, save by those piercing minds, whose sagacity is prophetic,) by which Tyre, and Persia, and Egypt, and India fell. Had the policy of Demosthenes prevailed, the career of Alexander would not have been run. Do we need any curious accounts of schools, and training, and masters of rhetoric, to explain the eloquence of a man placed in a crisis of affairs like this, with the talent to comprehend, and the nerve to face it? Did the grammarians, the music-masters, the actors, — the men who cured the impediment in his speech, and taught him to pronounce the letter R, — did his shaved head, his cave, his mouthful of pebbles, and his declamations on the sea-coast, make the orator who fulmined over Greece, to Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne? Alas, no. How many elegant minds, — well-disposed but timid patriots, — amateurs of art, — exemplary and faithful citizens, — following the taste of the times, devoted themselves to the same discipline, the same vigils, the same masters! Greece was full of them; mother country and colonies, continent and islands, Asia Minor and Magna Grecia, from Athens to Marseilles, from Syracuse to the Halys; nor is it to be doubted, but among the thousands who crowded the schools, and talked, and wrote, and declaimed, and disputed, and recited in Greek, throughout the universe, there were many, who, in the mere skill of the rhetorician, equalled Demosthenes. But the discipline, in which he excelled them, was that in which the lofty spirit is its own instructer. The school in which he learned his real eloquence, was the great school of affairs; responsible administration; actual conflict with mighty adverse influences, with powerful and malignant opposers, with the irresistible gravitation of a falling state.

So, too, with Cicero, no doubt an all-accomplished speaker; but the eloquence, for which the senate saluted him the saviour of his country, and which, when he returned from his banishment, brought forth the admiring throngs of his fellow-citizens, throughout Italy, to line his pathway back to the city, as with a triumphal procession, was not learned under Archias, in his childhood, nor under Philo, in his youth; it was not acquired

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in the groves of the Athenian academy, nor in the school of Milo, at Rhodes. It was the outpouring of a great mind, thrown on great times. His school was the Roman senate, not yet subdued, though sorely threatened by the most ambitious spirit that ever trod the earth, — the human Lucifer, all-grasping, but not remorseless, who laid the foundation-stone of the gorgeous pandemonium of imperial Rome. Not yet subdued, tributary kings yet asked justice at the bar of that senate, and Cicero was their counsel. But though not subdued, not yet wholly broken down, at least not while Cicero was at the meridian of his fame, the Roman republic was in that convulsive state which announced the approaching crisis of its fate. Life was the sport of rival chiefs and remorseless factions; — fortune was as unstable as the winds; — the senate-house was blockaded by hosts of hired gladiators; — the voice of the tribunal was deafened in the multitudinous roar of the armed throngs that besieged it. At one moment a grateful province made its acknowledgments for some professional service, in offerings of gold, statues, pictures, plate, — an overwhelming tide of opulence; at another, some factious tribune pointed the battery of plebeian vengeance at the unpopular patriot, and surprised him in his luxurious villas with an interdict of fire and water. At the height of his fame, Cicero was banished, his house razed, burned, and the spot where it stood consecrated to the gods. And it was, after living through scenes like these, that he delivered the Philippics. This was the school of his eloquence. Its theatre, the temple of Jupiter Stator; its teachers, not Æschylus the Cnidian, nor Dionysius the Magnesian, nor Menippus of Stratonice; but Clodius, who drove him into exile, Catiline who planted assassins at his door, and the plausible and cruel fop that set a price upon his head, and nailed it up in the market-place.

If, then, we are at times disposed to think, overborne by the conspiring tribute of the admiration of ages, and subdued by the reverence of antiquity, that these great masters did excel all the great and eloquent of modern times, let it be ascribed rather to the influence of the state of affairs, at the periods in which they lived, than to any supposed mechanical effect of a more exquisite rhetorical training. It is not, perhaps, possible for the imagination to place bounds to the efforts which it is in the power of the human mind to make, in a commonwealth organized upon a basis of free institutions, and in which in-

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terests like those at stake in Rome, in the time of Cicero, depend upon the decision of deliberative and still more of popular assemblies; with the additional stimulus growing out of the irregular action of furious parties, led by military chiefs, who have the wealth of plundered provinces to squander, and legions of veteran mercenaries at their beck. It is needless to say, that no community could long subsist under such tremendous excitements. The human nerve would lose its sensibility, from too long continued and spasmodic a tension. Domestic peace, the calm action of the faculties, the sober business of life, the gentle affections, the ordinary relations of men in well-regulated societies, go to wreck in such a storm of the fierce and lawless passions. The pendulum performs but one full vibration, — from anarchy to despotism.

Perhaps the transition state from one to the other is the condition of things most favorable to the rapid development of popular and parliamentary eloquence. If this be so, it may readily be admitted, that a well-regulated and tranquil system, — a constitutional action of the political elements, — under the soothing influence of the civilization of the modern world, which is vastly more versatile, expansive, and popular, than that of antiquity, — is incompatible with those gusts and paroxysms of intellectual energy, which constitute the eloquence of the highest order of the Grecian and Roman republics. It is not easy to conceive a state of things, in which, in modern times, an oration like the first against Catiline *could* be pronounced. An undisguised traitor, actually concerned with his fellow-traitors in raising troops and levying war against the republic, and sending his confederates to the house of the chief magistrate to assassinate him, — calmly entering the senate chamber, after the evidence of these nefarious attempts is in possession of the government, — his guilt so notorious, that the senators recede from before him in loathing horror, as he moves to a seat, — his impunity under the forms of the constitution, or from motives of state policy, so complete, that in the face of his detected treason he dares walk the streets, and make his appearance in the public assembly, there to encounter not a sheriff with a warrant, which would be served upon him now-a-days, but a passionate denunciation, to which he may reply or succumb, as he lists, — all this presents a concatenation of ideas and conditions, too remote from modern forms of criminal procedure, to be thoroughly appre-

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ciated. If we can bring the scene distinctly before our minds, we cannot well exaggerate its kindling effects on the intellects of gifted men, called to act and to speak under circumstances so strange and exasperating.

We hope we shall not be thought to have wandered far from the matter immediately in hand, in engaging in these comparative views of the eloquence of ancient and modern times. Our readers will probably gather from what we have said, that we are disposed to concede to the ancients the superiority in that kind of rhetorical skill, which may be acquired by study and discipline; and that as to all the rest, there is a fair comparison, man with man, topic with topic, occasion with occasion, between the ancients and the moderns. We believe there are specimens of senatorial eloquence to be adduced from the records of the British parliament and the American Congress, that would have adorned the best days and not discredited the greatest masters of Greece or Rome.

Such specimens are contained in the volumes before us; and it is the first remark which suggests itself, in estimating the degree of praise, which ought to be awarded to them, that Mr. Webster, like so many others of our most distinguished men, owes comparatively nothing to early opportunities of education. We say comparatively. He had the advantages of a New England village school, enjoyed at intervals, and of a respectable collegiate institution, at which he studied under the usual inconveniencies created by the *res angusta domi;* and with this preparation he passed, after a brief legal noviciate, to the practice of the law. Compare this with the training of Cicero, who, at the age of five years commenced a course of education, under an accomplished Greek poet, historian, and orator; which was continued under various teachers, the most respectable philosophers, rhetoricians, and jurists of the age, at Rome, at Athens, and in Asia Minor, for near twenty years. We certainly should be the last, to disparage in any respect the importance of education, as received at the various institutions, primary and academical, by the youth of modern times. They are absolutely essential to secure the existence of the learning, requisite for the formation of the average mass of cultivated intellect, in the several professions. They are of all institutions, which can be imagined, the most republican; for they daily elevate the sons of poverty to the same level with the sons of wealth; and do more than all other causes combined to break

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down the inglorious domination of mere monied influence. But brilliant instances continually show us, as in the present case, that the truly great man educates himself. No wonder he makes progress, he goes to school to a great mind; a teacher induced by no mercenary consideration, not even by the most generous feeling of professional duty; but inspired by ambition, glowing with the twofold delight of master and pupil; — deriving, from the rapture of knowledge acquired, the keen and ecstatic stimulus to its farther acquisition. No teacher, however skilful, can wholly measure the capacity, — the wants, — the acquisitions of his pupil; — no teacher, however patient and conscientious, can wholly abdicate his own personality, and sink interest, and pleasure, and indolence in the progress of his pupil. The mechanical impulse of another mind, however judiciously directed, cannot supply the place, to an intellect of a high order, of the kindling energy of its own self-developing powers; — the hungry appetence, with which it grasps at, appropriates, and assimilates the congenial food of the soul. In fact in all education, the great effect is produced, not by positive infusion from one mind into another. Books now take the place of this species of communication, which formerly was of considerable importance. It is the method and punctuality, which result from supervision, — and much more, the animation which flows from the sympathy between the mind of the teacher and the mind of the pupil, — to which we must principally ascribe the benefits of education. We do not allude, of course, to the aid, which the young learner requires, to help him over elementary difficulties.

We shall not attempt, on the present occasion, to lay before our readers a biographical sketch of the author of these volumes. That task was very ably performed, at the period of the publication of the first volume, by one of the most accomplished scholars in the country, in an article, in the eighteenth number of the American Quarterly Review.* That sketch having, in addition to its original circulation in the pages of that respectable journal, been subsequently published in a separate form, it would be a work of supererogation to go over the same ground. Referring our readers to that essay, for a biographical account of Mr. Webster, we shall confine ourselves in the remaining part of this article, to a few desultory remarks on the contents of the two volumes.

* George Ticknor.

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No man can even cast his eye over the table of the contents, without being struck with their great variety; — the versatility of talent they imply; — and with the severe requisitions made upon the mind of the statesman and lawyer in America, who holds a place as conspicuous as Mr. Webster, in his profession and in the councils of the nation. The first volume commences with his address delivered at Plymouth on the 22d December, 1820. The address on occasion of the foundation of the Bunker Hill Monument, and the Eulogies on Adams and Jefferson, and Washington, are of the same general class. They belong to a species of oratory neither forensic, parliamentary, nor academical; and which might perhaps conveniently enough be designated as the patriotic style. They are strongly distinguished from the forensic and parliamentary class of speeches, in being, from the necessity of the case, more elaborately prepared. The public taste, in a highly cultivated community, would not admit, in a performance of this character, those marks of extemporaneous execution, which it not only tolerates, but admires, in the unpremeditated eloquence of the bar and the senate. We would not have it supposed, that we imagine an orator like Mr. Webster, to be slavishly tied down, on any occasion, to the use of his notes, or to a repetition *memoriter* of their contents. Nor are we ignorant, that perhaps the noblest bursts, — the loftiest flights, the last and warmest tints in his discourses of this kind, — were the unpremeditated inspiration of the moment of delivery. The contrary opinion would not only be an absurd conception of the power of a highly gifted mind; but it would contradict the very laws of the understanding. A man could not, if he would, anticipate in his closet, the excitement of the moment of delivery; — he cannot forestall the sympathetic influence upon his feelings, his imagination, and his intellect of the mute, the listening, and the applauding throng; — and he must be but an unpractised and timid speaker, who, however severe the method, which he may deem to be imposed upon him by the nature of the occasion and subject, should yet feel obliged, as was said by a brother critic beyond the water, to confine myself "to pouring out fervors a week old." We take it that a man, who wishes to do justice to a great theme, must thoroughly study and understand it; — must accurately and minutely digest in writing the substance and the form of his address; — must entirely possess himself before hand of what he means to say; — and then

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throw himself on the excitement of the moment, and the sympathy of the audience. In those portions of his discourse, which are purely didactic or narrative, he will not be apt to rise, — he will not have occasion to rise, — above his notes; though even here new facts, illustrations, and suggestions will spring up before him, as he moves on. But when the topic rises, — and the strain becomes loftier and bolder, — the thick-coming fancies cannot be repelled, — the whole storehouse of the memory is unlocked, its most hidden shrines fly open, — all that has been seen, read, heard, felt, returns in vivid colors, — the cold and premeditated text will no longer suffice for the glowing thought, — the stately balanced phrase gives place to some fresh and graphic expression, that rushes unbidden to the lips, — the unforeseen locality or incident furnishes an apt and speaking image, — and the whole discourse, by a kind of unconscious instinct, transposes itself into a higher key. As the best illustration of our remark and proof of its justice, we subjoin one of the most eloquent passages, that ever dropped from the lips of man, the address to the survivors of the battle of Bunker Hill, and the apostrophe to Warren. These were topics of course, too obvious and essential, in an address on laying the corner-stone of the Monument, to have been omitted in the orator's notes. But the man, who supposes that the apostrophe to Warren was elaborated in the closet, and committed to memory, may know a great deal about contingent remainders, but his heart must be as dry and hard as a remainder biscuit. He knows nothing of eloquence or the philosophy of the human mind. We quote it the rather, because in the slight grammatical inaccuracy, produced by passing from the third person to the second in the same sentence, we perceive at once one of the most natural consequences and a most unequivocal proof of the want of premeditation. When the sentence commenced, "But, — ah, — him," it was evidently in the mind of the orator, to close it, by saying, "how shall I commemorate him?" But in the progress of the sentence, — forgetful, — unconscious of the words, but glowing and melting with the thought; beholding, as he stood near the spot where the hero fell, his beloved and beautiful image rising up from beneath the sod, 'with the rose of heaven upon his cheek and the fire of liberty in his eye, — the blood of his gallant heart still pouring from his wound,' — he no longer can speak *of* him; he must speak *to* him. The ghost of Samuel

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did not more distinctly rise before Saul, than the image of Warren stood forth, to the mental perception of the orator. He no longer attempts to tell his audience what Warren was, but passing from the third person to the second, he can only say "how shall I struggle with the emotions, that stifle the utterance of *thy* name." The sorriest pedant alone would have turned away from that touching appeal to Warren himself, present, visible, to the mind's eye, on the spot where he fell, — because he had commenced the sentence in the third person. But we quote the whole passage: —

"Venerable men! You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you may behold this joyous day. You are now, where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same Heavens are indeed over your head; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon. You see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strowed with the dead and dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death; — all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children, and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you, with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position, appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

"But, alas, you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! Our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to

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your country, in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know, that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty, you saw arise the light of peace, like

'another morn,
Risen on mid-noon;'

and the sky, on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

"But — ah — Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him, the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands; whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit; Him, cut off by Providence, in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! — how shall I struggle with the emotions, that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure! This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever amongst men a heart shall be found, that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!"

In the class of addresses, to which those under consideration belong, the eloquence of other countries in modern times and of our own in other periods has furnished few if any examples. In antiquity among the Greeks patriotic commemorations were not unknown, and funeral orations were pronounced at Rome under the most imposing public ceremonies in the forum. The funeral discourses of the French pulpit and some of the addresses of the Italian academies may be ranked, perhaps, in the same general class. Our statesmen of the revolutionary age, absorbed in the pressing avocations of the crisis, bestowed none of their strength on tasks, not exacted by the imperious demands of duty. The state of the public mind and the condition of public affairs were such, that the occasions did not present themselves. From obvious causes connected with the early settlement of the country, the management of topics and occasions of commemoration was left to the pulpit. Perhaps the addresses delivered in Boston on the anniversaries of the 5th of March were the first commencement made of public addresses of this description; — and they were succeeded and

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superseded by the orations on the fourth of July. Of late years the range of occasional performances of a patriotic, historical, and commemorative character has greatly extended itself. The most eminent minds, in most parts of the country, have been enlisted in this branch of the public literary service. The addresses already enumerated in the volumes before us, are among the very happiest specimens of this species of composition, and are sufficient to shew that it is likely to become a rich department of our literature.

In the second of the volumes before us, are contained one or two beautiful efforts of a character somewhat different from those just described, combining the patriotic and the political; but assuming from the occasions which called them forth, a highly cheerful and animated tone. Such is the address, which commences the second volume, delivered at the dinner given by the citizens of New York, in honor of the efforts of Mr. Webster, in support of the constitution, and such also is the address, on a similar occasion, at Pittsburg. The entire collection contains nothing more beautiful than the first of these Speeches. It seems to us justly characterized, in the following passage, in the introduction to the second volume.

"It will be recollected, that, at the close of the session of 1831, Mr. Webster was invited by a large number of the most respectable citizens of New York and its vicinity, including among them distinguished gentlemen of both political parties, to meet them at a festival, prepared as an expression of their satisfaction, at the part, which he had taken in the great constitutional struggle, that had occurred in the Senate of the United States. There were persons uniting in this tribute of respect and gratitude to Mr. Webster, who had perhaps never acted together before, in any matter connected with party politics. The principle and the feeling, which had brought them together, for the purpose named, are emphatically stated, in the address made to Mr. Webster, by the president of the day, (Chancellor Kent,) and which we have prefixed as the proper introduction to the report of Mr. Webster's speech, at the commencement of the present volume. It was a principle of attachment to the Union, and a feeling that the maxims of constitutional law, on which the stability of the Union rests, had, 'by the discussions in the Senate and the master genius that guided them, been rescued from the archives of tribunals and the libraries of lawyers, and placed under the eye and submitted to the judgment of the American people. *Their verdict is with us and from it there lies no appeal.*' The speech of Mr.

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Webster, which we have already ventured to name, as one of the very happiest of his efforts, is conceived in the full spirit of the occasion. It is the outpouring of a full heart, the breathing of a pure patriotism, kindling with the sentiment of the worth of the Union, as illustrated in the history, the growth, and the prosperity of the great metropolis, in which he spake, and in the lives and services of the patriots, who in all the states contributed to establish the independence and framed the constitution of the United States. What citizen of New York, but must have glowed with honest pride, as Mr. Webster unrolled, on this occasion, the long list of her illustrious men! What lover of the Union but must have caught new views of its inestimable value, as its connexion with the prosperity, the industry, and the whole social system of the country was pointed out with the eloquence of a master!"

Among the miscellaneous contents of these volumes, we notice with peculiar satisfaction the "Introductory Lecture read to the Boston Mechanics' Institution at the opening of the course of lectures, Nov. 12, 1828." This, also, is an effort, and a most successful one, of a class quite without the professional or public range of the distinguished men of the last generation. It is a species of composition, which, like the institution to which it was addressed, was unknown in antiquity. Even in modern England, the parent country of the Mechanics' Institution, Lord Brougham is, we believe, the only one of the distinguished public men of the day, who has found leisure to co-operate in the noble work of encouraging the efforts of those for whom these associations are intended, to improve their minds. It is not easy for any man, in however high and powerful a sphere, to work out more good for the mass of his fellow-men, than, in the natural effect of social and moral influence, may be expected to flow from an address like that to which we have alluded, delivered by a man like Mr. Webster, before an assembly of inquisitive mechanics, and in the presence of hundreds of young men, who are to acquire their livelihood by the joint energy of manual and intellectual power. How mean compared with the service thus performed, are the ostentatious and selfish labors, beginning and ending in personal aggrandizement, of the mere partizan politician! How wide the contrast between the time devoted and the pains taken by one who adorns the highest stations in political and parliamentary life, to cheer, to instruct, and aid the industrious artizan in the circle of his pursuits, and the insidious craft which knows

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no object but that of stimulating the jealousies of the laboring classes, and stinging them into a fancied consciousness of unreal wrongs! The true friend of those classes is he who aids and encourages them to the acquisition of knowledge, and the improvement of their minds, not merely with a view to facilitate and make more productive that industry which is their support; but as the only sure basis of permanent progress and advancement, either of individuals or classes. It is one thing to organize parties, and to obtain a factious ascendency, — a power residing in a numerical majority, to be wielded, for selfish purposes, by skilful leaders. But such a power, in its very nature, requires the *continued ignorance* and *personal insignificance* of those who compose the *guided mass*, in order to assure the *continued sway* of the *guiding few*. The true friend of his fellow-citizens is he who bends a liberal portion of his energies, and encourages them to bend theirs, toward the improvement of their mental powers, — the acquisition of the knowledge, first, which is most immediately required, and next, which is most variously useful. It is the acquisition alone of such knowledge, which contributes to success in the particular calling followed, and to a steady and permanent elevation in society. There is no other elevation either steady or permanent. Distinctions of property are mean and fluctuating, — and the hope of office, the worthless bait by which the duped partizan is caught, is, of all others, the most delusive. It is continually wrested from one, to be thrown out to another. But the influence and the consideration, the self-respect and the happiness, which repose on the cultivation of the mind, are as durable as they are pure.

The first volume of these speeches contains some of the most distinguished of Mr. Webster's professional efforts, — the argument in the Dartmouth College case, — on the great steamboat monopoly question, Gibbons and Ogden, — and on the question on the constitutionality of the insolvent laws of the states, Ogden and Saunders. There are one or two other professional efforts, — as the defence of Judge Prescott, in the first volume, and of the Kennistons, in the second. But the three arguments first named, on questions of constitutional law, may justly be considered as forming a class by themselves. It was by these arguments that Mr. Webster first distinguished himself as a great constitutional lawyer; and in the studies connected with these and other great causes of a similar character, prepared himself for the eminent part he has since performed as a great constitutional statesman.

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Constitutional law, as understood in this country, is also a branch of learning which may be said to be peculiar to the United States, and to the present and immediately preceding generations. The constitutional law of Great Britain, owing to the unity of their political system, is vastly less rich and complex than that which has grown up in the United States, from the peculiar character of our confederacy. It assumes, on a few points, in that country, the aspect of laborious antiquarian research, but the absence of all co-ordinate jurisdictions of associated and limited sovereignties; and the want of any fundamental law, (or constitution,) of obligation paramount to the ordinary power of legislation, have kept out of the British tribunals all those delicate, momentous, and singularly imposing questions, which give such unrivalled dignity and consequence to the Supreme Court of the United States; and of necessity, raise those who appear with credit at its bar, to the rank of expounders, not to say framers, of constitutions. Framers, we might almost say; for, whereas language is too poor, and human sagacity too limited, to foresee and to express the infinite shades of circumstance and fortune, which are to manifest themselves in growing communities, it is the high province of the constitutional lawyer, with wisdom and good faith, to trace the true analogy of the charter, to preserve its spirit, to prevent a real violation from growing up under cover of a formal observance, and so skilfully to interpret and apply the fundamental law to the change of circumstances, that the grave inconvenience of its frequent alteration may be avoided, without bringing its text into conflict with the impatient temper of a restless and rapidly progressive age. It would be foreign from our purpose to attempt an analysis of the great constitutional arguments of Mr. Webster above alluded to. They are familiar to every well-read member of the profession, and every politician in the country, and will take rank with the ablest expositions which have been made of the constitution.

From them the transition is direct to the parliamentary efforts of a constitutional character, which form so important a portion of the contents of these volumes; the speeches on the great Carolina controversy, and on the control of the public finances. It is our object, in the present article, to avoid a party view of the volumes before us, and of Mr. Webster's political relations to the country. But no generous adversary finds it difficult to award to an eminent opponent the just meed

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of praise. No person is likely to honor our pages with a perusal, who, whatever may be his political preferences as to men or parties, can wish to withhold the tribute of respect involuntarily paid, by a discerning mind, to high displays of intellectual power, on the part of a countryman. Party divisions happily, in this country, are likely to be transitory. If we have reason to fear that they will never cease to exist; if our peculiar situation exposes us to an unmeasured diffusion of their baneful spirit, past experience and the nature of things not less conclusively authorize the hope, that the particular divisions will generally prove of short duration. Our institutions, and the state of society in the United States, furnish no basis for permanent distinctions. The party in power has always been, and always will be, obnoxious to the charge of seeking to extend, and to perpetuate that power, *per fas et nefas;* the party out of power, by a tendency equally natural and strong, assumes the popular ground of limitation, correction, and reform. Circumstances, varying in particular cases, decide the duration and success of the controversy. The opposition may, for a long time, be so strong as to keep those in power effectually on their good behavior; or so weak, that their ranks will rapidly become too crowded for concert and unity. They then fall to pieces, and new combinations are formed. The course of the patriot may not always be as clearly defined as he could wish, as to measures of honest temporary expediency; but he cannot hesitate as to great points of public policy. He must love the Union, reverence the Constitution, study and aim to promote the great interests of the country, disdain to compromise his principles, — learn to estimate, at their just nothingness, the petty bribes of office, — deeply imbue his mind with an ever-present sense of the vast good or mischief to be wrought out or sacrificed for millions, by an honest or corrupt administration of government; and though last, not least, prize and cherish, as a portion of the best wealth of the republic, *the fame of its distinguished sons.*

It is this last object, and no less liberal purpose, that we would gladly be thought to have had in view, in the present desultory and imperfect notice of a book, which will undoubtedly be considered hereafter, as one of the most distinguished specimens of American eloquence, as the depository of some of the proudest efforts of American talent and statesmanship. We wish to regard it with a proportionate increase of that feeling of satis-

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faction with which the South-American patriot prizes, even on the other side of the Cordilleras, the powerful appeal which it contains on behalf of the new republics; the masterly exposition of the principles on which the prosperity of the Hispano-American commonwealths must rest. We would not be cold in our commendations of that eloquence which has kindled enthusiasm on the plains of Greece, and in the hearts of the patriots, who, under obstacles and discouragements, here almost inconceivable, have built up a constitutional state on the ruins of a Turkish satrapy. Here, at home, we would have all men, of all parties, contemplate these powerful productions of a great American mind, with those feelings of honest *compatriotism*, (if we may venture on the word,) with which an American in Europe looks back to all that is great and worthy in his native land. As he crosses billow after billow of the great Atlantic, the lines of party difference, like the geographical features of the country, should fade from his sight; and if he have a true heart in his bosom, not more surely will the outlines of the landscape melt into the mist, than sectional and party prejudices will vanish from his mind. He lands in a hemisphere whose institutions, whose social system are uncongenial with our own, and he feels all his honest championship called into requisition. He hears his country misrepresented, derided, and vilified; he cannot spare one of the bright names which are her just boast. He will not deprive himself of the aid of one robust arm, nor shut his ear on the music of one eloquent voice. What is local party to him? He has another battle to fight. What are tariff, and nullification; administration, and opposition? He is an American citizen, and an American patriot; his prejudices subside; his national instinct rises, and he holds up to admiration whatever his country has produced, for which he can challenge respect and applause, from whatever pen it may have proceeded, from whatever lips it may have fallen.

Who now knows, who wishes to know, anything of the party divisions of other times? Who remembers that the Scipio, who destroyed, and the Cato, that counselled the destruction of Carthage, were bitter opponents? Who recollects that there were times when Samuel Adams and John Hancock did not speak to each other; that even in the revolutionary congress, there were parties, feuds, and intrigues? Time and the grave, the great reconcilers, have healed the

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dissensions, and patriotism has embalmed the common good, which was sought, promoted, and established by willing or reluctant co-operation. Shall nothing but time teach the lessons of wisdom and kind feeling? Shall the tomb be the only temple from which the voice of patriotism shall speak with full effect? Is it impossible, before the last end, to tame the rage of detraction, — to do justice to contemporary worth?

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NOTE.

Memoranda of the Conversation of Sir James Mackintosh.

The article on the life and writings of Sir James Mackintosh, which appeared in our number for October, 1832, included in the form of a note a few memoranda of remarks made by that distinguished statesman and philosopher some years before in conversation with the writer of the article. In a recent anonymous British notice of Sir James's "Life, Writings and Speeches," prefixed to the fragment of his history of the Revolution of 1688, we find the following allusion to these memoranda.

"Some *pretended* memoranda of his conversation have been printed in an American periodical work. He is made to say, Homer is the finest ballad-writer in any language. Sir James Mackintosh, like most Scotchmen, had an imperfect education in Greek. He must however have known enough of Greek and of Homer as well as of epic poetry and of ballads, to avoid an absurdity so outrageous. The reported conversations, on the whole, would grievously let down Sir James Mackintosh. They are not those of a man whose success was unquestionable in the most fastidious and intellectual society of the British capital."

And further in a note:

"The person who thus chose to make Homer a ballad-writer had doubtless heard something of the foolish paradox that the several books of the Homeric poems were unconnected rhapsodies, recited through the cities of Greece."

As to the genuineness of the memoranda which this writer describes as *pretended*, we could produce the original manuscript sent out from England at the time when it purports to have been written, and could have it verified in the good old English form by affidavit before a justice of the peace; but this, we presume, is hardly necessary. A statement resting upon the authority of this journal does not require, we suppose, to be substantiated by evidence against the naked denial of a nameless writer, who cannot possibly have had any knowledge of the matter in question. In regard to the value of the memoranda, we have certainly no

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interest in overrating it, and we are quite willing that they should pass for what they are worth and no more. It is of course not to be expected that a few brief remarks, occupying two or three pages of this journal, would give a complete idea of Sir James's style of conversation. But as the responsibility for these observations, such as they are, rests upon him, it is but just to him to say, that at the time of their publication they attracted a good deal of attention, were copied into several of the newspapers and were incorporated entire into an article upon the life of Mackintosh, which appeared soon after in one of the best British reviews. They are certainly thus far curious that they are the only written memoranda that have yet appeared of the conversation of one who enjoyed for twenty years the reputation of one of the most brilliant talkers of the age.

We are so much accustomed to the discourteous tone in which the British writers express themselves in regard to every thing American, that we are hardly surprised at any new example of it, but we were not so well prepared for the want of familiarity with the most common points of classical learning, which is implied in these remarks of Sir James's biographer. That the poems of Homer, before they assumed their present shape, were unconnected songs, sung by wandering minstrels at private entertainments and public festivals, — that they were consequently in form as well as substance *ballads* in the strict sense of the term, — instead of being, as this writer imagines, an outrageous absurdity and a foolish paradox, is an historical fact of public notoriety. If he had proceeded as far in his classical studies as the title of the first book of the Iliad he would have found it numbered as Ραψῳδια Α', — *Rhapsody the First*; and a little research into that recondite authority, the Greek Lexicon, would have informed him that the meaning of the word *rhapsody* is a "collection of songs," or, more literally, *songs sewed together*. The Homeric poems carry with them, therefore, internal evidence in the very name of their present divisions, of having existed previously in the shape of unconnected songs. If this writer after mastering the title of the first book, had possessed perseverance enough to sound the depths of the note upon it in Clarke's edition, Vol. 1, p. 1, he would have found a little collection of historical authorities in support of the same fact. Homeri poëmata, says Clarke, ex Asia in Græciam primum transvexisse Lycurgum refert Plutarchus in vitâ Lycurgi sub initio et Ælian. L. xiii, c. 14. In Græcia diu circumferebanter non uti nunc habemus in duos libros disposita sed tanquam cantilenæ quaedam disjunctæ. Τὰ Ὁμήρου ἔπη (inquit Aelianus ub. sup.) πρόπαλαι διῃρημένα ἦδον οἱ παλαιοί οἷον ἔλεγον, "Τὴν ἐπὶ ναυσὶ Μάχην" καὶ "Δολωνίαν" τινὰ, καὶ "ἀριστείαν Ἀγαμέμνονος" καί "νηῶν Κατάλογον" καὶ ποῦ "Πατροκλειαν" etc. Libellos istos primum ordine disposuit, contexuit et quasi

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consuit (ἐῤῥαψῴδησε) Pisistratus, qui primus Homeri libros, confusos ante sic disposuisse dicitur, ut nunc habemus." Cic. de Orat. L. iii, § 34. Πεισίστρατος ἔπη τὰ Ὁμήρου διεσπασμένα ἠθροίζετο. Pausanias Achaic. 7. 26.

Here are Plutarch, Ælian, Pausanias, Cicero and Dr. Clarke concurring in what our anonymous critic is pleased to pronounce a foolish paradox.

If there were any doubt about this matter, which is a fact, as we have seen, within the knowledge of every well-read school-boy, we might refer to Dr. Bentley, the greatest Hellenist that England has ever produced, who remarks in his Phil-eleutheros Lipsiensis, p. 18, — "Homer wrote a sequel of songs and rhapsodies to be sung for himself for small earnings and good cheer at festivals and other days of merriment. The Iliad he made for the men and the Odysseis for the other sex. These loose songs were not collected together in the form of an epic poem till Pisistratus's time, about five hundred years after." Whether all these poems were written originally by one person is a point upon which Hellenists are a good deal divided, although the current of opinion for the last half-century has strongly inclined to the negative; but all agree in what this writer calls the *foolish paradox*, that the Homeric poems, previously to their collection into their present form by Pisistratus, had existed for centuries in that of "unconnected rhapsodies recited through the cities of Greece."

So much for the classical learning of this very courteous and candid person. We may add, that he has made a quite gratuitous display of his ignorance, as Sir James, in the remark in question, makes no allusion to any critical theory on the subject of the origin and composition of the Homeric poems. The conversation had turned upon Shakspeare, of whom Sir James had spoken in the very highest terms, specifying particularly as one of his great excellencies the union of profound and just philosophical thought with an exuberant richness of imagination. The writer of the memoranda remarked in reply to this, with a view of drawing out more fully Sir James's opinion on the subject, that perhaps the reflections which we find in Shakspeare, and which strike us with so much force, may in part derive their point from the fact, that they lie very near the surface of practical life, and may have been for the same reason more accessible to a writer not possessing the habit of philosophical investigation. In answer to this Sir James remarked: "We do not however find such reflections in Homer:" and then added the observation at which his biographer now cavils: "Homer is the finest ballad-writer in any language. The flow and fulness of his style are beautiful, but he has nothing of the deep piercing observation of Shakspeare." If this writer had

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not been blinded to the natural import of the language by the desire to sneer at an American publication, he would have seen, what every one else of course sees at a glance, that Sir James, as we have said, makes no allusion to any critical theory on the subject of the Homeric poems. *Ballad-writer,* as he uses the term, is synonymous with *epic or narrative poet.* He meant to say that Homer possessed the qualities required for excellence in epic or narrative poetry in the highest perfection, but that he did not combine with them the power of profound, philosophical thought which belonged to Shakspeare. This is what his biographer describes as an *outrageous absurdity.* With how much justice we leave it to the reader to decide for himself.

We cannot close these remarks without expressing our regret, that the task of furnishing the biography of Mackintosh should have fallen into the hands of a person every way so ill-qualified for it as the writer of this notice, who does not even agree with Sir James in his political opinions. The work is apparently from a Tory pen, and wears in many passages an air of studied and almost malignant depreciation. We take for granted that the family and friends of the illustrious deceased will feel the propriety of erecting a more valuable literary monument to his memory, and we trust that some of those who lived in his society will be able to enrich it with copious notes of his table talk. Conversation was one of the fields in which he chiefly delighted to display his powers, and his fame will not be sustained by the written memorials of his life unless there should be some fuller record of his sayings than the scanty collection, which we had the good fortune to preserve, and which we ventured to incorporate in our humble tribute to his memory, certainly without suspecting that we should subject ourselves by so doing to the "scoffs and sneers" of his pretended friends.

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QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Martha, a Memorial of an only and beloved Sister. By Rev. Andrew Reed. New York. Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 316.

Biography of the Saviour and his Apostles, with a portrait of each. New York. General Agency Office. 18mo. pp. 78.

Memoir of Miss Caroline E. Smelt. By Dr. Waddell. Philadelphia. Henry Perkins. 12mo.

Memoir of the Life of Daniel Webster. By Samuel L. Knapp. New York. J. S. Redfield. 12mo. pp. 108.

The Memoirs of Benjamin Franklin, written by himself and continued by his grandson and others. Philadelphia. McCarty & Davis. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Life of Aaron Burr. By Samuel L. Knapp. New York. Wiley & Long. 12mo. pp. 290.

Memoirs of Mrs. Charlotte Sutton. By J. G. Pike. Boston. 1835. 18mo.

EDUCATION.

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